The Saturday Evening
POST
April 18, 1959 – 15¢

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APR 13 '59

Los Angeles Coliseum: The Dodgers' Hectic Home

MALPRACTICE SUITS: DOCTORS IN COURT

PRESIDENT GOHEEN OF PRINCETON

6

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ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New 15-cubic-foot Straight-Line Refrigerator-Freezer with Swing-Out Shelves has automatic defrosting in the refrigerator. Big zero-degree Roll-Out Freezer, Magnetic Safety Door, Swing-Out Vegetable Bins, Mix-or-Match colors.

BIG, NEW SHELVES SWING ALL THE WAY OUT

in today's new General Electric Refrigerator-Freezers

NEW G-E Swing-Out Shelves in the big Automatic Defrost Refrigerator bring food right out to you! A flick of your finger—and the *whole shelf swings right out* to you. Everything is in full view—out in front and within easy reach. No fumbling. No spilling. No "lost" foods at the back of the shelf.

When you need more—or less—space between shelves, you simply press a button and lift—or lower—a shelf. To clean the inside of the refrigerator—or the shelves—you just lift the shelves right out of the refrigerator.

Find out how handy these General Electric Swing-Out Shelves are. See your General Electric dealer and try them for yourself. And ask about the easy-pay terms and generous trade-in allowance.

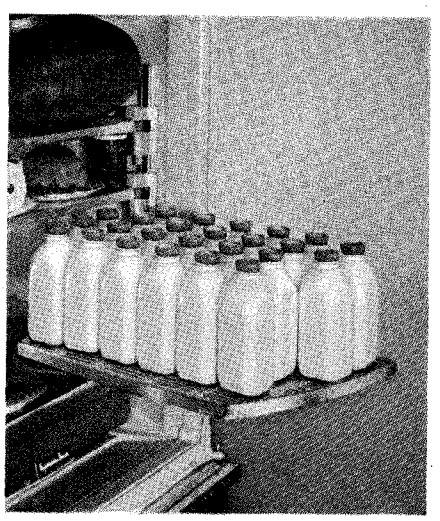
Household Refrigerator Department, General Electric Company, Appliance Park, Louisville 1, Kentucky.

LIVE BETTER ELECTRICALLY

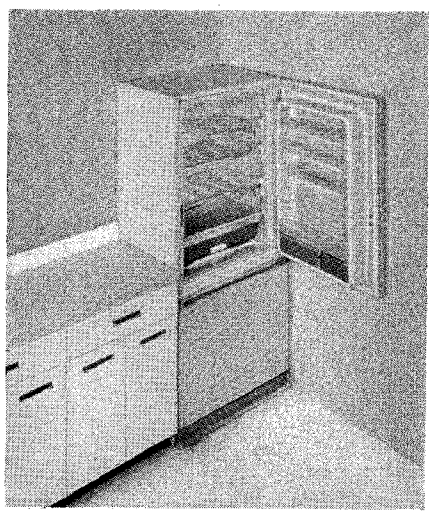
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

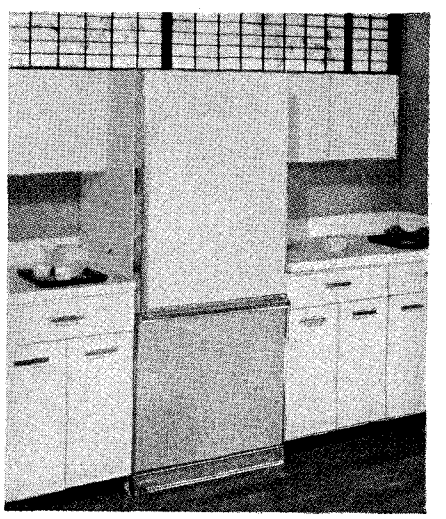
Easy shelf adjustment. You can raise or lower shelves to give you the exact shelf spacing you want. And, you can rearrange your shelf load for more convenience.



Shelves are so sturdy. Look! They will easily hold 25 bottles of milk. They're tested to support more than 150 pounds, more than you'll ever need to put on them.



Fits flush into corner with no wasted space at side for door clearance. No coils on back . . . no dirt-collecting waste space. Front lines up evenly with cabinets.



Straight-Line Design Refrigerator-Freezer with Swing-Out Shelves available in 3 sizes —15-cubic-foot shown above, also 13- and 12-cubic-foot models.

BUY THE BRANDS YOU TRUST
AT THE STORE YOU KNOW / BRAND NAMES WEEK

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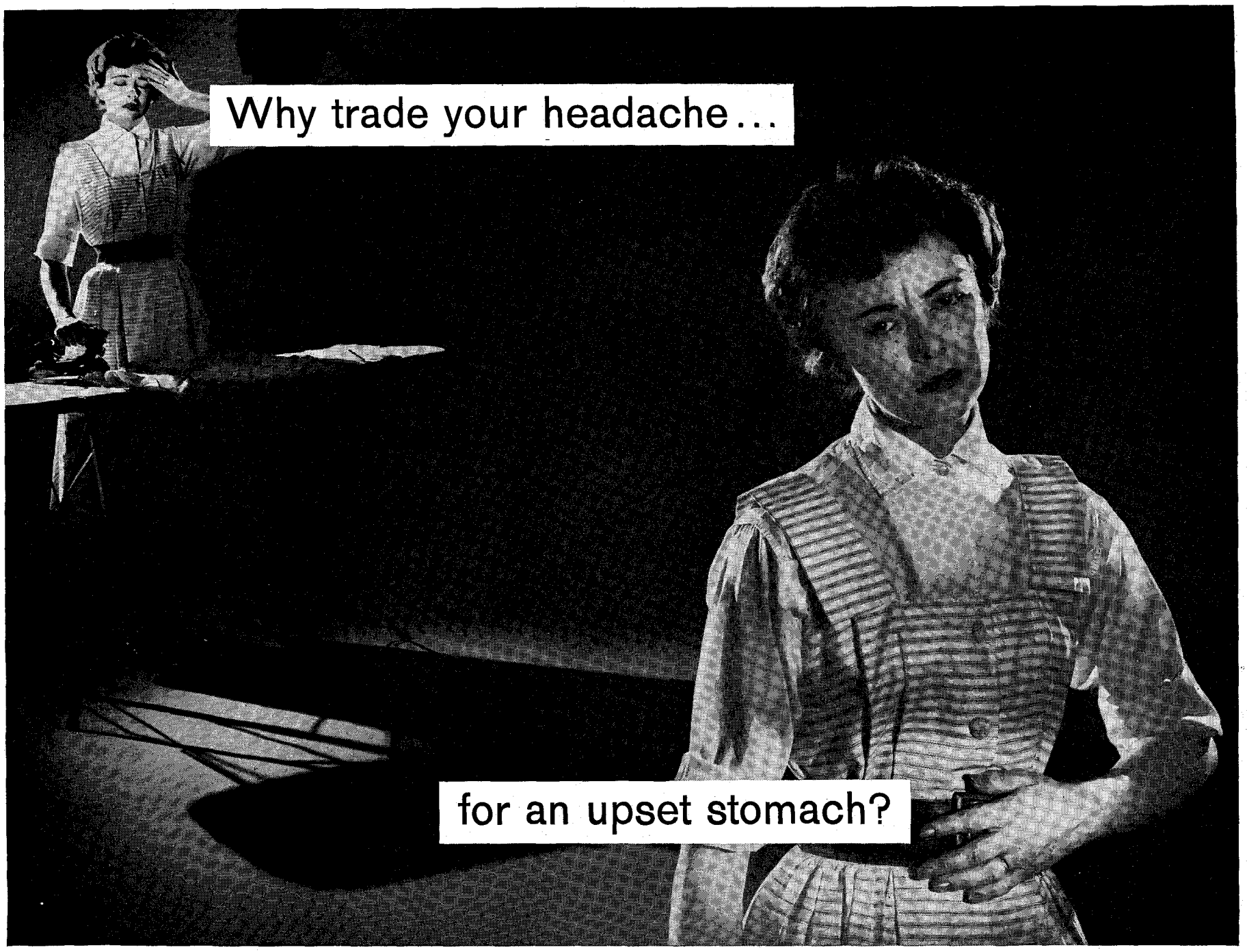
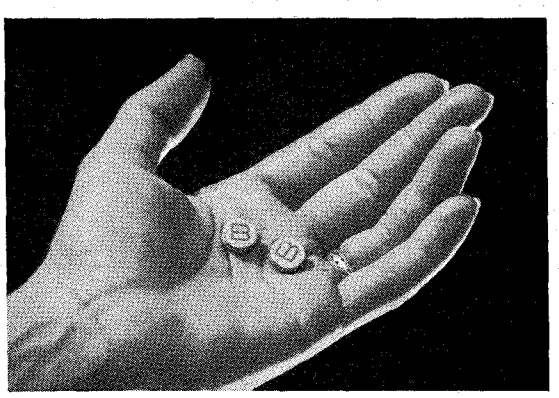


Bufferin® gives twice-as-fast pain relief without upset stomach!

1 **Aspirin can cause stomach upset!** All 3 leading pain remedies contain aspirin (the remedy advertised as a "combination of ingredients," plain aspirin and Bufferin). But aspirin alone is acid, *acetylsalicylic acid*. It can increase stomach acidity, upset your stomach.

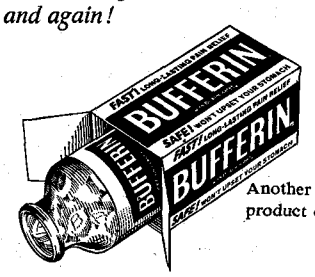


2 **Bufferin protects against stomach upset!** Only Bufferin contains Di-Alminate*, an exclusive combination of two special anti-acids that protects you against the *aspirin irritation* so often associated with the other two leading brands of pain relievers.

3 **Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin** for millions, even faster for many others. That's because Bufferin gets its pain reliever into the blood stream, where it must go to relieve pain, with truly incredible speed. *And clinical tests prove it again and again!*

FOR SAFE, FASTER RELIEF of headaches, muscular aches and pains, neuralgia and painful cold miseries, choose Bufferin, the modern pain remedy. It contains no nerve-jangling, sleep-disturbing caffeine.

*Bristol-Myers' brand of aluminum glycinate and magnesium carbonate.



Another fine product of Bristol-Myers.

Bufferin acts twice as fast as aspirin for millions... even faster for many others!

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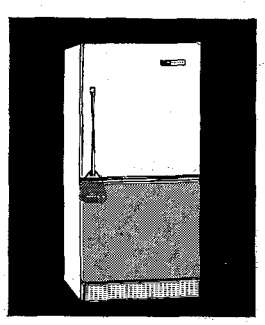
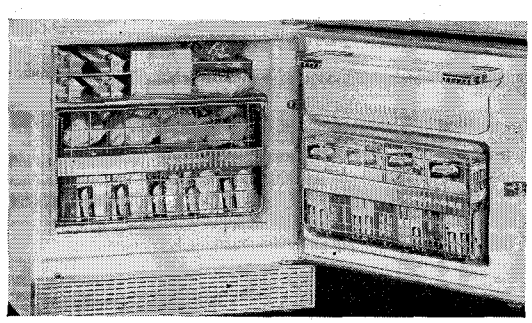
This is why I bought a Philco

THIS TAG MAKES CHOOSING PHILCO EASY because it makes comparing so easy. It's the new Philco Quality Comparison Purse that shows you how you can see, touch and compare Philco's outstanding quality for yourself — before you put down one dollar for *any* refrigerator.

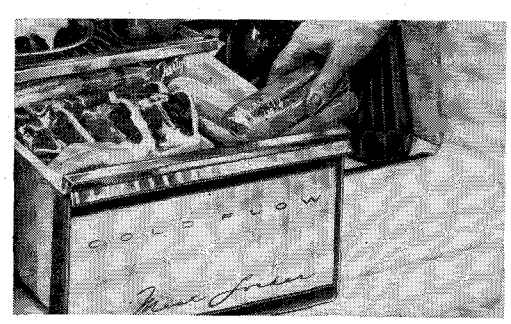
WHEN YOU COMPARE, YOU, TOO, WILL FIND true quality: careful construction, fine workmanship . . . only the sturdiest materials where strength is needed . . . plus ingenious features not found in any other refrigerator! Look for the new 1959 models with their red tags—at Philco dealers now.



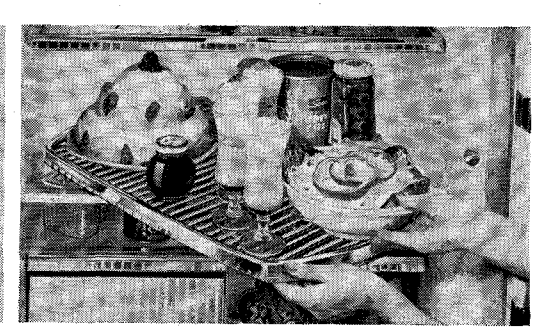
Quality! Philco RF-1498 with Tri-frigeration has "True Zone" automatic defrost refrigerator.



Quality! Zero Zone Freezer of nearly 5.18 cu. ft. has room for up to 181 lbs. of frozen foods. Glide-out basket. Stores large reserve of frozen juices, soups, ice cubes, etc.



Quality! Cold Flow Meat Locker holds meats fresh days longer without freezing or spoiling, at proper storage temperature. Smooth porcelain, easy to clean.



Quality! New Lazy-Susan Pull-Out Shelf is the easiest-to-use storage shelf ever designed. Pulls out, pulls to the right or left, revolves completely. There are no posts anywhere.

PHILCO

QUALITY FIRST!

BUY THE BRANDS YOU TRUST
AT THE STORE YOU KNOW / BRAND NAMES WEEK

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

This enraptured lass is going to attend a ball, and here she is having a preliminary ball trying on thirteen gowns before deciding to buy the first one. Her mother, also a member of the shopping gender, isn't having a bad time either. So we come to father, who is whiling away *his* time reading. Maybe he is a chemist, interested in directions on the tag about how to take care of this new noniron, supersynthetic raiment, or maybe he's a mathematician, absorbed in the numbers that follow the dollar sign. In the latter event, ah well, he who loves his womenfolk dearly is apt to find their clothes priced dearly. Artist Kurt Ard says that if you wonder how anybody can dance in very spiky-heeled shoes, a young girl at a ball doesn't dance—she floats. O.K., then how does she float?

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How to read expiration dates from your address label on the cover: The first number shows the expiration issue; the second the year. Post Number 1 is the first issue in July (the number of this issue appears on this page). A few examples: 47–59 or May 23, 1959; 23–60 or December 3, 1960.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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Send old address with the new, enclosing if possible your address label. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage. Duplicate copies cannot be sent.

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

A witty and deliciously daring picture about villas in France, breakfasts in the better beds, babes in the most sophisticated woods, fun and romance in high gear is M-G-M's "Count Your Blessings" starring Deborah Kerr, Rossano Brazzi and Maurice Chevalier.

And count your blessings, indeed, for seldom have the wrappings of CinemaScope and Metrocolor been packaged in so irresistible an entertainment, with as many eyefuls of beauty, from the Eiffel Tower to the Tower of London.

Deborah Kerr, an eyeful herself, is swept into a hasty wartime marriage by the smooth line of dashing, romantic Rossano Brazzi, a French Captain and nephew of Maurice Chevalier. After years of military duty, Rossano returns to resume his romance, which is thwarted in devilish ways by his young son whom he meets for the first time.

Count on Maurice Chevalier, the gayest star of them all, the charmer of "Gigi," the man America has discovered all over again, to cope with the scheming child and to provide spice with advice. ("*Don't try to change the man you love into a saint.*")

For your better enjoyment we will not reveal here how he and his handsome nephew combine to woo back jealous Deborah, troubled by her husband's continental attitude toward feminine beauty. ("*We must always smile at women. If they are pretty it gives us pleasure—if they are not pretty, it gives them pleasure.*")

From Nancy Mitford's bright, best-selling novel producer Karl Tunberg wrote his own witty screen play. The sprightly supporting cast, including Tom Helmore, was directed with finesse by Jean Negulesco.

Count on fun, frolic and fights—mostly pillow fights—but count on "Count Your Blessings."

© 1959 Loew's, Inc.

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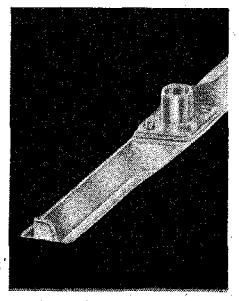
DON'T MAKE THE SAME MISTAKE AGAIN...

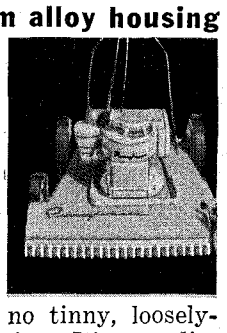
You can buy a mower that lasts more than a few seasons!

In the past few years, many people bought the cheapest power mower they could find...and learned they'd made a mistake *you* can avoid. To get a mower that *lasts* for season after season of efficient mowing, you need do just one thing...*look for quality!*

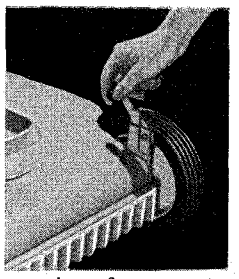


From the blades up, Pennsylvania mowers have proved the finest of precision-made grass cutting machines. Their quality begins with the blades that do the real work. They're made like precision cutting tools. They have a specially flame-hardened cutting edge which is visibly different from the rest of the tough, shock-resistant blade body. Unlike ordinary blades, these flame-hardened Pennsylvania rotary blades are precision-ground five inches back from the blade ends. This extra cutting length insures smooth, efficient grass cutting.

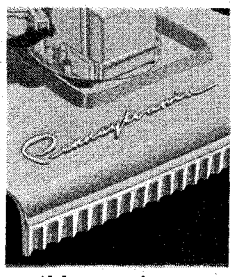
Cast aluminum alloy housing A strong, one-piece lightweight body makes a difference you can see and feel. No nut and bolt assembly to shake apart. A rap of your knuckle will tell you here is no tinny, loosely-built mower housing. It's non-distorting, never rusts, never corrodes, lasts and lasts!



Easy control of blade cutting height is important, too. Pennsylvania mowers have an exclusive flip-of-the-finger adjustment lever that works without tools...cannot clog or jam from rust or corrosion. Sets the blades at the exactly correct level for perfect lawn care. And all four wheels stay on the ground for sure, easy operation.

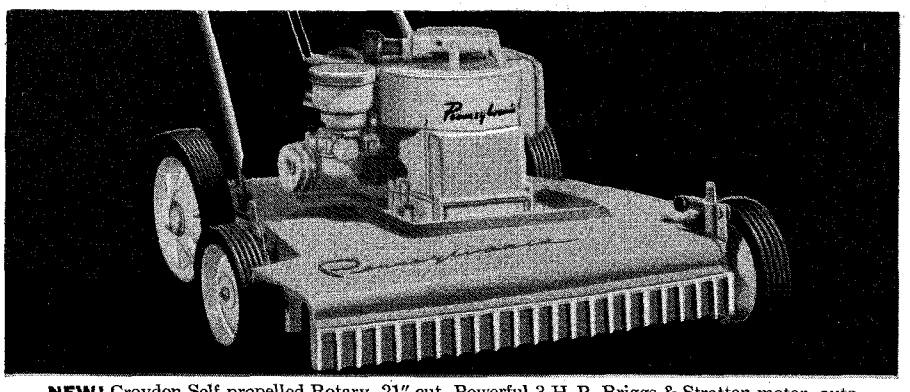


Don't forget service! Even the finest lawn mowers need service now and then. So be careful not to buy a mower that may be an orphan when it needs servicing! Be sure that the mower you get is backed by a responsible service organization. Pennsylvania's Authorized Service Stations cover the country. You'll find one near you.



Complete line. Pennsylvania makes hand mowers, power reel and rotary units, riding reel and riding rotary mowers, too. The Pennsylvania power reel mower is the ultimate in precision equipment for fine lawn care. Professionals use this type mower because of superior performance and long life. Ask your dealer for full information.

PENNSYLVANIA LAWN MOWER DIV.
AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE CO., INC.
BRIDGEPORT, CONN. PLANT: EXETER, PA.



NEW! Croydon Self-propelled Rotary, 21" cut. Powerful 3 H.P. Briggs & Stratton motor, automotive-type transmission plus other Pennsylvania quality features. See it at your dealer's.

From the blades up —finest of precision grass cutting machines

PENNSYLVANIA

BUY THE BRANDS YOU TRUST AT THE STORE YOU KNOW / BRAND NAMES WEEK

Letters

Acheson on Berlin

Dear Sirs:

Dean Acheson indeed! [WISHING WON'T HOLD BERLIN, Mar. 7]. . . .

The man who drew a line around Korea and announced as Secretary of State that American interests did not extend west of Japan, thereby inviting the Communist attack on Korea . . . now attempts to delineate our interests in Europe!

The man who "would let the dust settle in China" when pressed for positive action to save our friend Chiang Kai-shek, now attempts to tell the American people how to get positive action against Khrushchev!

The man who "would not turn his back on Alger Hiss" now affronts decent people with his diatribe on Berlin, and in the Post!

WILLIAM A. BOYCE
(1956 Eisenhower Elector)
Indianapolis, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

The article by Dean Acheson . . . was excellent and thought-provoking, and I wish that it could be made required reading for every news editor and publisher in the country.

It would do them a lot of good.

HARRY S. TRUMAN
Independence, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

It seems that you have turned the Post over to anyone who is opposed to the policies of our present Government. . . . All we need now is to have Mrs. Roosevelt write a . . . story about the wonderful margarine she has discovered.

DR. J. RICE GIBBS
St. Augustine, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Never expected to see the day that I could agree with Dean Acheson; but his Wishing Won't Hold Berlin is a pippin. . . .

Let's get ready for the worst—then we can take what comes.

RALPH N. LEIDY
Bentonville, Ark.

Houseful of Preps

Dear Sirs:

I read the short story CRAZY WITH RHYTHM in your Mar. 7 issue and thoroughly enjoyed it. It reminded me very much of a popular vocal group, the Four Preps [below] . . . .

The Prep Boys.

The minute I finished reading the story I looked back at the author's name, Nancy Pope Mayorga. I'm willing to slap down a bet of $20 that the lady who wrote that is either mother, sister, grandmother, or cousin of 20-year-old Linc Mayorga, who arranges and conducts the music for nearly all the Preps' records. Am I right?

ARNOLD NORRIS
Miami, Fla.

● *We sent a copy of reader Norris' letter to author Mayorga, who informs us that most of the Four Preps' records were rehearsed in her living room. See reply below.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Let it be known to reader Norris that any resemblance of my characters to persons living or dead is purely coincidental, and that goes for . . . my son, Lincoln, and the Four Preps, who, luckily for me, are contained at present in basic training. Incidentally, the Air Force has given them leave to tape a show for Ernie Ford which will be shown on TV April 30.

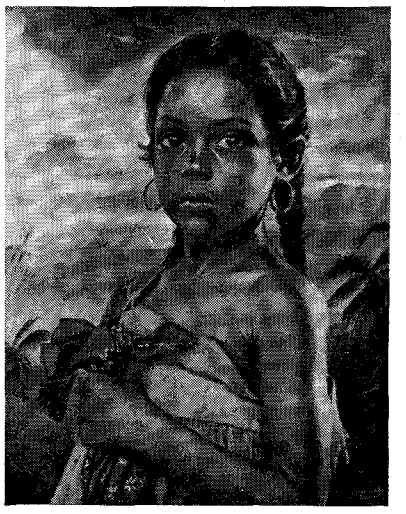
NANCY POPE MAYORGA
Los Angeles, Calif.

A Child's Quest

Dear Sirs:

The Saturday Evening Post is such a source of joy to me that I felt compelled this Wednesday morning to write you and tell you so. . . .

Particularly charming was the story by Hugh B. Cave, THE MISSION [Mar. 14]. Seldom have I felt more touched than by the lovely child Yolande and her



quest, and her effect upon all people she encountered. No one can read this story without determining in his own mind and heart to be a better person.

Congratulations to your artist Peter Stevens. The painting of Yolande [above] was superb, and I felt as though she were looking into my very soul.

HAZEL J. COLE
Sherman, Texas

Dear Sirs:

What an incredibly beautiful face—innocence, faith, honesty, serenity. Thank you for the pleasure this brings me.

MRS. J. D. WILLIAMS
Phoenix, Ariz.

Dear Sirs:

A masterpiece.

WILFRED NEVUE
Richmond, Ind.

Dear Sirs:

May we all see through this story that the words and works of the Creator are ever with us.

JOHN PAGE
Nebraska City, Nebr.

(Continued on Page 6)

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B.F.Goodrich

Would you say these B.F.Goodrich truck tires have traveled 100,000...150,000...200,000 miles?

Make your estimate

Win a Thunderbird or Corvette or one of 310 other prizes

Here's all you do!

Anyone who owns a truck or is employed in a transportation activity in a company operating trucks is eligible. Visit your B.F.Goodrich Smileage dealer for entry blanks and complete details. There's nothing to write, nothing to buy. Just make an estimate of the combined mileage of these two tires.

YOU CAN WIN . . .

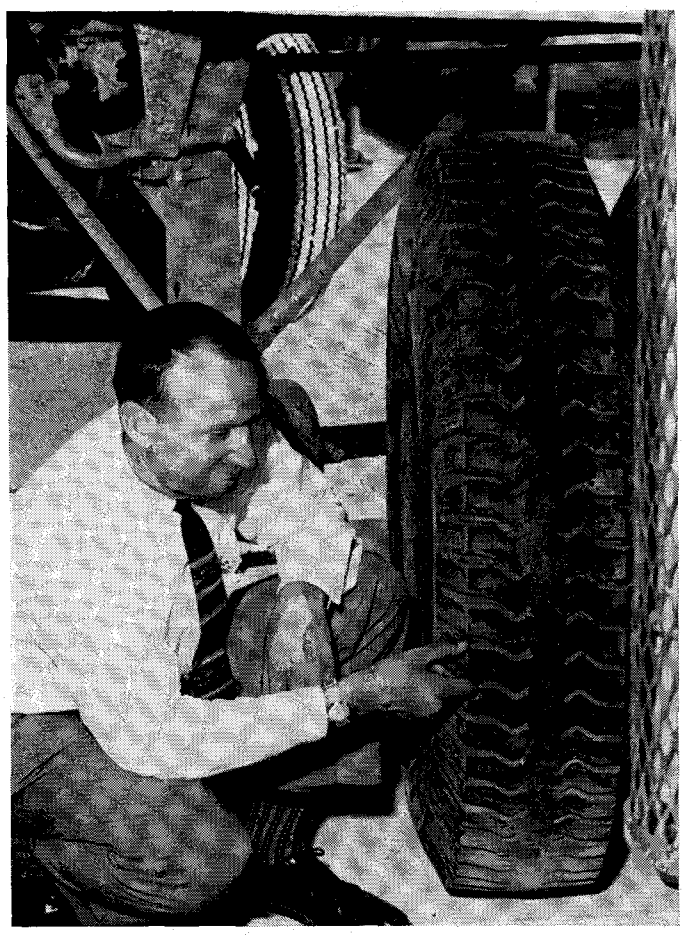
1st Prize
Your choice of a 1959 Thunderbird or Corvette

2nd Through 11th Prizes
Motorola Portable Television Sets

12th Through 61st Prizes
Motorola Transistor Radios

62nd Through 161st Prizes
Watch Cuff Link Sets

162nd Through 311th Prizes
Cigarette Lighters



CONTEST HINT: This has been called "The 100,000-mile" tire. The user of these Traction Express tires (size 10.00-20), a large freight operator, drove these all-nylon tires ten hours a day for five days a week in all kinds of weather, on all types of roads.

CONTEST HINT: This is the original equipment tire on many new trucks. These Power Express Tubeless tires (size 8-19.5) travel almost 100 miles per day making stop-and-go deliveries. This tire wear continues seven days a week, summer and winter.

GUESS the combined mileage on the two B.F.Goodrich truck tires pictured here and you can win one of 311 prizes.

Simply add your estimate of the mileage on the Traction Express tire on the left to the estimated mileage on the Power Express Tubeless tire on the right for your entry. The closest estimate to the nearest tenth of a mile wins.

These user reports will help you make your estimate.

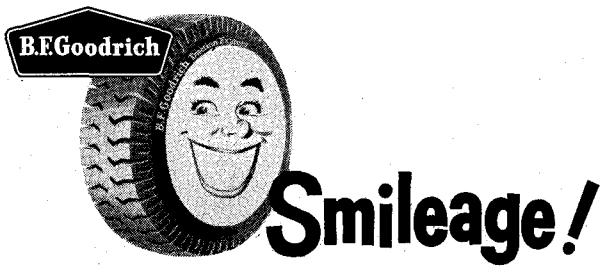
Consolidated Petroleum Corp., Oshkosh, Wisconsin . . ."All-Nylon Traction Express Tires rolled 165,000 miles without ever being off the wheels."

Brown's Bakery, Defiance, Ohio . . ."We obtain over 35,000 miles on the original tread of our Power Express Tubeless tires, in addition to reducing road delays caused by punctures by 20 per cent."

Chelsea Milling Co., Chelsea, Michigan : : ."B.F.Goodrich Traction Express tires roll 140,000 miles before retreading and have virtually eliminated failures and bruise-blowouts."

Your B.F.Goodrich Smileage dealer is listed under Tires in the Yellow Pages of your phone book. *B.F.Goodrich Tire Company, A Division of The B.F.Goodrich Company, Akron 18, Ohio.*

Specify B.F.Goodrich tires when ordering new equipment



B.F.Goodrich *truck tires*

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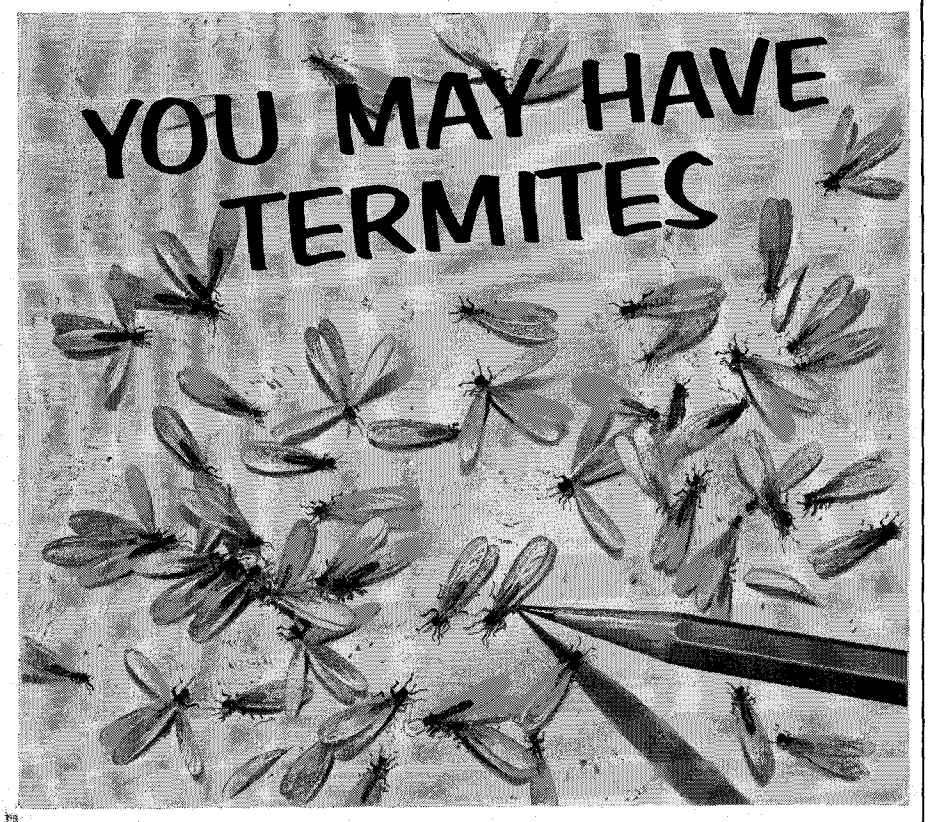
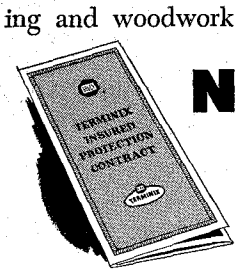
If you see "FLYING ANTS" near your home



Phone for a Terminix inspection to avoid costly termite damage

Those so-called "flying ants" you see around your home in the Spring or Fall may be swarming termites. These tiny insects come out of their ground nests to start new colonies, leaving behind countless worker termites to eat into timbers, carpeting and woodwork in your home.

Swarmer termites are a sure warning sign. Yet you may have termites attacking your property and never see swarmers. The certain way to find out whether you have a termite problem is to phone your local Terminix company for an expert inspection and recommendations.



NEW TERMINIX PLAN

protects you against all termite damage up to $5000

Old homes, new homes, and ones under construction are being protected against costly termite damage under the new Terminix Insured Protection plan. This service, at low annual cost, safeguards you against all termite damage up to $5000. It is guaranteed by E. L. Bruce Co. and insured by Sun Insurance Office, Ltd. Today, with building and repair costs so high, termite damage is doubly expensive . . . reliable protection doubly important.

Why take the risk of termite activity in your home? It costs less to protect your home *before* termites attack.

Termites? Call BRUCE TERMINIX®

WORLD'S LARGEST IN TERMITE CONTROL

Phone for inspection: Look for Bruce-Terminix in the phone book yellow pages and call your local Terminix company. Or write E. L. Bruce Co., Box 397-B, Memphis 1, Tennessee

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

The truth, beauty and love of little Marie Thérèse Yolande St. Juste will change the millions who met her in the Post.

FRANCIS R. MCGOVERN
Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Bellows

Dear Sirs:

Re Dick Sargent's superb Mar. 7 cover, I too look at Mrs. Bellows with amazement, not at the way she is singing, but simply because she *is* singing!

I invite her to join any of several congregations (my own included) in which people hold a hymn book with no evident interest. . . .

Yes, for goodness' sake, keep her out of the choir; but please, may her tribe increase in the congregations! . . .

I am framing that picture to place on my study wall so that I may capture some of Mrs. Bellows' fervor.

REV. JEROME J. HEVEY, JR.
The First Baptist Church
Norwood, Mass.

Dear Sirs:

The director of the Youth Choir in our church has often said that he is more interested in what the music does to the children than what the children do to the music. In that sense Dick Sargent failed completely to understand the nature and purpose of congregational singing. . . .

If she is doing nothing else, she is making "a joyful noise unto the Lord."

REV. CLAIR E. CARPENTER
Adirondack Community Church
Lake Placid, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I laughed 'til tears came. I wake up at night laughing. The comment on page 3 is equally funny—"she does sing on pitch, except for a few klinkers."

JOE TIMMER
Kansas City, Mo.

Dear Sirs:

To my knowledge, a clinker which is a sour note in music should be spelled with a "c."

ORLENE KLINKER
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

There may be a [second] reason . . . that makes the little boy stare—she has her hymnal open to the wrong page! The people in the row behind her have theirs open to a page much nearer the front of the book. My suggestion is that the rest of the congregation stop singing and let Mrs. Bellows finish *her* selection alone.

ROBERT D. PATTERSON
Columbia, Mo.

Uncle Herman Und der Sauerbraten

Dear Sirs:

I had to write you immediately! I just finished reading ONE WOMAN'S DREAM [by William Heuman] in the Mar. 14th issue. It's the best short story I've read in a long time. I know people like that, and I know Brooklyn. I'm tired of reading of all the sophisticates and their out-of-this-world ideas. . . .

Since I had a German grandmother, I make *Sauerbraten* like the story tells, exactly!

LILLIAN M. FLAHERTY
Glenville, Conn.

Dear Sirs:

I was intrigued by the "hero" of his story, *Sauerbraten mit Kartoffel Kloesse*. How about the recipe for the *Kartoffel Kloesse?*

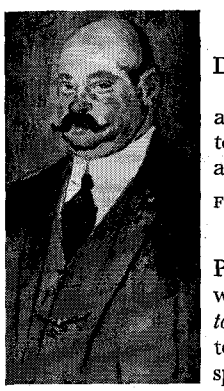
MRS. E. H. BRODIE
San Jose, Calif.

● *Author Heuman's recipe: "Boil six good-sized potatoes in their jackets, remove skins and put through ricer. Spread on a clean towel to dry for half a day; then place in large bowl and sprinkle in two level tsps. of salt. Make a hollow and break into this two eggs; then sift in ½ cup of flour and add ¾ cup bread crumbs and ¼ tsp. nutmeg. Work this all in together, then place on board and knead well until you can make mixture into dry balls. If too wet, add more crumbs. Roll this mixture into about twelve balls and drop into boiling, salted water. When the balls come to the surface of the water, allow them to boil three minutes. To test, cut one in half. The center should be dry. Do not boil so long that they become soggy or fall apart. Serves 3–4." —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Coby Whitmore made Uncle Herman [below] appear as if he sure did love *Sauerbraten.*

EMIL USINGER, SR.
Milford, Conn.



Dear Sirs:

A friend of mine and I have decided to sue you for damages—to our figures.

FRANCES D. TREIBER
Dade City, Fla.

P.S. Uncle Herman was right. The *Kartoffel Kloesse* are better the second day, split and fried.

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

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Just pocket change every day can buy a young family $10,000 more security!

New York Life's Whole Life policy protects your family at a low premium cost—assures funds for their future—or for your own retirement.

If you're like most fathers in their 20's or 30's, you're probably finding it rough on the family budget to give your wife and children the financial security you want them to have. New York Life's low premium Whole Life policy can be the answer. It assures your family immediate cash, if you should die . . . or promises you a lifetime income at retirement, if you wish.

Because Whole Life is issued in a minimum face amount of $10,000, savings are made possible which are passed along to you in lower premiums. For a man of 30, for example, the monthly premium for $10,000 of Whole Life is only $17.20 under Check-O-Matic, New York Life's special monthly premium payment plan. This means setting aside about 57 cents a day. And dividends, as declared, can be used to reduce premium payments.

Aside from the protection it offers your family, Whole Life holds many benefits for you, too. It builds cash values fast, so you have a handy source of cash for an emergency. And then when you reach retirement age, Whole Life can pay you a monthly income for the rest of your life.

Why don't you take this simple "pocket change" way to protect your family and yourself? Ask your New York Life agent for all the facts about Whole Life insurance today. Or send a postcard to the address below.

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in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

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Life Insurance • Group Insurance
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Really delicious coffee—every cup every time... AUTOMATICALLY!

New General Electric Automatic Coffee Maker gives you a PLUS... now in easy-to-clean lifetime stainless steel

Only a clean coffee maker, free from all rancid coffee oils, can give you really delicious coffee—every cup, *every time!*

General Electric's *new* Automatic Coffee Maker in lifetime stainless steel is so *easy* to keep clean! Stains quickly wash off the stainless steel inside. The delicate coffee flavor and aroma are retained for your enjoyment.

It's completely automatic—No watching, no timing. Set the brew selector for the strength you like. When the signal light glows . . . perking stops . . . your coffee stays hot until you're ready! Makes *2* cups as perfectly as *9*!

Have an extra cup for later! A special setting reheats cooled coffee—*without reperking!* Another PLUS General Electric gives you!

See this unique, graceful Coffee Maker at your dealer's! General Electric Company, Portable Appliance Dept., Bridgeport 2, Conn.

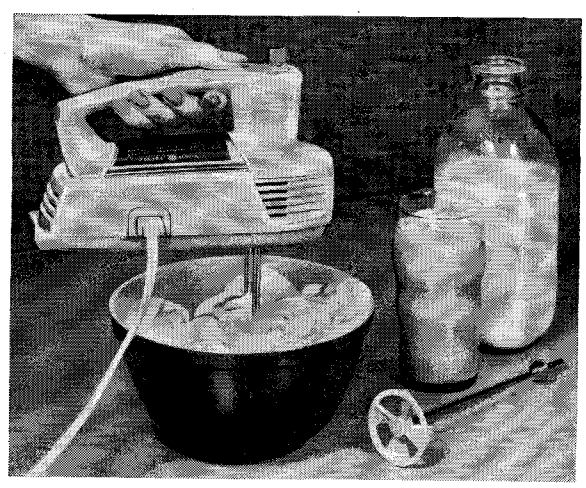
Progress Is Our Most Important Product

GENERAL ELECTRIC

There's always a PLUS in General Electric

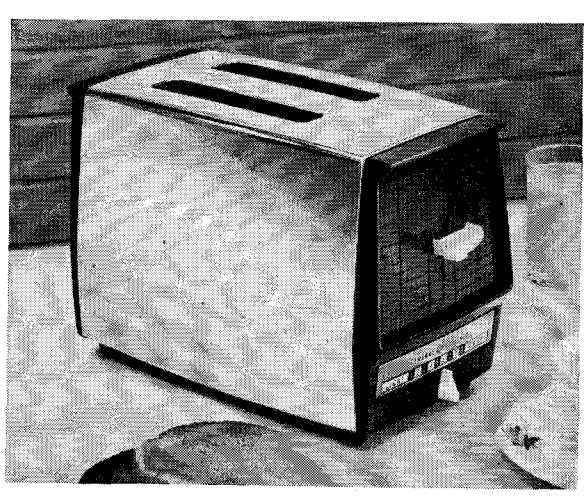
It's a steam and dry iron!
PLUS . . . a built-in sprinkler

General Electric Spray, Steam & Dry Iron lets you bring your clothes direct to your ironing board. Even heavy cottons, linens and starched things! This amazing iron sprinkles for you . . . *as you iron!*



Does any mixing job!
PLUS—new drink-mixing attachment

General Electric Mixer weighs less than 3 pounds, yet it's powerful enough for the heaviest cake batter. Has convenient heel rest, beater ejector, removable cord—plus special drink-mixing attachment.



Makes 9 shades of toast!
PLUS . . . new "Straight-Line" Design

New General Electric Automatic Toaster has a 9-position browning control. Now, you can have toast exactly the shade you like it—from pale golden to crisp-crisp brown. Extra-high pop-up!

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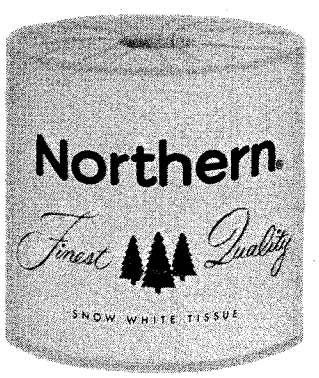
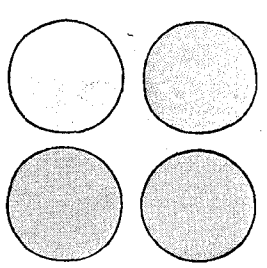
What is softness? Children know
Softness is where blossoms grow

Softness is Northern

Northern Tissue is
made with fluff
Nothing else
is soft enough





In fresh, clean colors—too

Another fine product of American Can Company

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Editorials

Is America Pricing Itself Out of its Own Markets?

A lively controversy has been raging around the ability of foreign producers of gigantic turbines and electrical equipment to underbid their American competitors. A bid by the English Electric Company for a set of turbines at the Greer's Ferry Dam in Arkansas was rejected by the Department of Defense in favor of a Philadelphia company, although the latter's bid was $300,000 higher than that of the British company. And TVA recently awarded a contract to a British company which underbid its American competitor by $5,000,000.

In both instances American producers have complained that considerations of national defense should restrict such installations to American corporations, although others suspect that unemployment in the areas where turbines are produced was the basic reason for barring the foreigners.

Undoubtedly there is merit to the national-defense argument. However, when security is a factor, outsiders should not be permitted to bid at all, instead of being invited to spend large sums working up plans and specifications, and then informed that the Buy American Act bars them from taking the job. On such clumsiness, good relations with our neighbors tend to founder.

As these episodes are repeated, people must surely begin to ask: "Why are American firms underbid in a field in which our industry has long been preeminent?"

The clue to our difficulty as a competitor in the international field was indicated by President Eisenhower in a recent press conference. "I believe," said the President, "that above everything else the United States should keep its costs down and try to liberalize trade—our costs are just too high."

One factor in this unwieldy cost structure was brought out in a set of studies by the National Industrial Conference Board showing that wage costs represent an extraordinarily large portion of the national income. The board's statisticians declare that "after exclusion of all taxes, labor gets eighty-three cents out of every dollar generated in the national economy." This leaves a narrow margin for capital investment—the source of new equipment and expanded plants—to produce more jobs.

Undoubtedly some of this gap is explained by the low standard of living of foreign workers; their willingness—at least from necessity—to work longer and harder than we want to work; the effect of depreciated currencies and government subsidies. But there is, just the same, a lot of fat in our cost structure which can work to our serious disadvantage. For example, Daniel P. Loomis, president of the Association of American Railroads, in a recent speech declared that featherbedding rules and regulations cost the country's railroads an estimated $500,000,000 a year.

According to Roger M. Blough, chairman of the board of United States Steel, "from 1940 through 1957, hourly employment costs in the steel industry have gone up an average of 7.6 per cent per year for seventeen solid years. And in contrast, the reports of the Department of Labor show that output per man-hour has risen by only 2.6 per cent per year."

Featherbedding and shotgun wage increases in unionized industries are, of course, not the only offenders. There are undoubtedly considerable featherbedding and expense-account shenanigans in the front offices of many corporations. Government compounds the felony by saddling the economy with the insatiable demands of an expanding bureaucracy.

By and large, the excessive demands of producers are restrained by competition. As for the unions, although they are often able to force wages for their members beyond the point justified by productivity, they must face the possibility that by too drastic wage demands they could price themselves out of jobs.

Our New-Found Leisure Won't Bore Us if Some of it Is Employed in Reading

By ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

"We are the hollow men."
—T. S. Eliot
"Reading maketh a full man."
—Sir Francis Bacon

There is plainly something threatening America today—not spectacularly and visibly, like a tidal wave or a prairie fire, but subtly, pervasively and ominously, like fatigue or melancholia or dry rot. No one has yet defined this threat in a way which satisfies everybody. But people everywhere are becoming aware of the existence of some deep spiritual malaise; and in the last years a number of our most brilliant minds have addressed themselves to the problem of diagnosis. The titles of several recent books sum up various aspects of this analysis—The Affluent Society, The Organization Man, The Lonely Crowd, The Great Audience, The Waist-High Culture, The Quest for Identity, Man's Search for Himself.

These contemporary philosophers differ on many points of emphasis and judgment. Nonetheless, a common impression emerges from a good deal of their writing. It is the impression of a society where modern science and technology have decreed the abundance of consumers' goods as the end of life and the great organization as the means; and where, in consequence, the ordinary man, bewildered, distracted, wearied, sated and drained by the processes of the mass-production society, loses his sense of individual purpose and ultimately of identity itself.

In many respects, our society, like our milk, appears to be homogenized. Too often the individual seems to find his fulfillment not in the achievement of his own inner ideals but in happy acquiescence in the values of whatever group claims him.

The onrush of a new age of leisure intensifies the problem. In the next generation the work week will grow even shorter, retirement will come sooner, life expectancy will be longer. All this means that for the first time in history people soon will be spending more of their lives at leisure than at labor. When this age of leisure comes, will it be an epoch when the American people, seeking mass distraction and mass surcease through mass media, will continue to grow more and more indistinguishable from one another? Or will it be an epoch when people will use leisure creatively to develop their own infinitely diverse individualities?

The search for identity is a painful, frustrating, elusive business; often those who search most frantically are the least successful, while those who never care and go about their daily work attain an unsought distinctiveness of mind and vision arising organically from modest and devoted lives. But for modern men, committed to a certain self-consciousness of motive, the recovery of identity will require insight and understanding. It will be indispensably helped by the illumination and compassion which can come from participation in the great artistic experiences. I do not see how we can hope to be men unless we think and feel; nor—unless we are exceptional people—how we may hope to partake of the peak experiences of thinking and feeling through history if we do not read.

"Reading," Sir Francis Bacon said a good many years ago, "maketh a full man." Full men are what we need to resist the tide of homogenization in our life. Full men are individuals, robust and strong. Full men might have a fighting chance of reshaping the organization of modern society so that we will still have the incalculable benefits of the mass-production age without paying the price in terms of the erosion of individuals. So let us read, and encourage everyone else to read, and improve access to books, and do everything else to turn ours into a reading society.

No one can tell what this nation will be like 100 years from now. But one prediction is pretty safe: that, if we as a people have lost the habit of reading, if we have become a passive people, a society of viewers rather than thinkers, we will have lost our intellectual and moral vitality; and when these are gone, everything else will be about ready to go too.

Editors' Note—Doctor Schlesinger is Professor of History at Harvard University and is author of a long list of books and articles, the latter including a contribution to the Adventures of the Mind series, which appeared in the Post for November 1, 1958. His latest book is The Coming of the New Deal (Houghton Mifflin). This editorial appears in conjunction with National Library Week.

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Other models—2-Door Sedan, 4-Door Sedan, Hardtop. Automatic transmission optional on all models.

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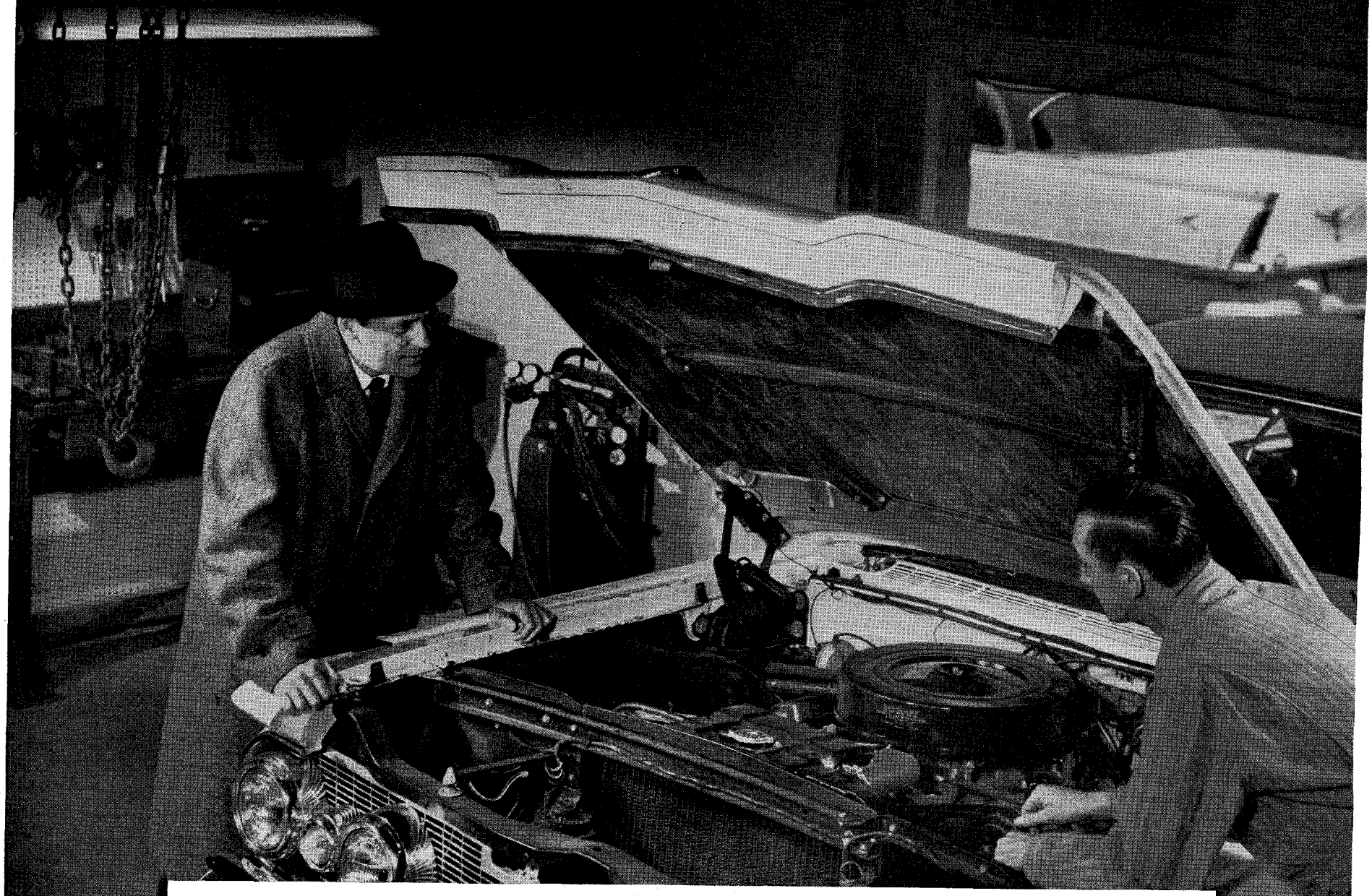
The N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts"® helps



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That's why more and more repairmen are turning to the N·A·P·A Jobber—the man who brings the N·A·P·A Parade of Parts to your community. No matter what the make, model or age of your car . . . no matter what parts it may need . . . the N·A·P·A Jobber, as part of the nation's largest independent parts organization, can be relied upon to supply them promptly.

As a result of this teamwork you get your car back faster. You are sure that the parts used in its repair are of genuine quality. Each is distinguished by the coveted N·A·P·A "Assurance of Quality" Seal, and the nationally advertised names you see on the following pages.

NAPA National Automotive Parts Association Assurance of Quality ®

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you, and your repairman, two ways!

Get New Car Performance

No tune-up job is complete unless your Contacts, Condenser, Coil, Distributor Cap, Rotor and Voltage Regulator are thoroughly checked and replaced when needed. Insist on the best, ask for ECHLIN.

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Perfect Spot Repair

Martin Senour Dythol-Lac Acrylic Lacquer

- Maximum color retention, lasts years without fading.
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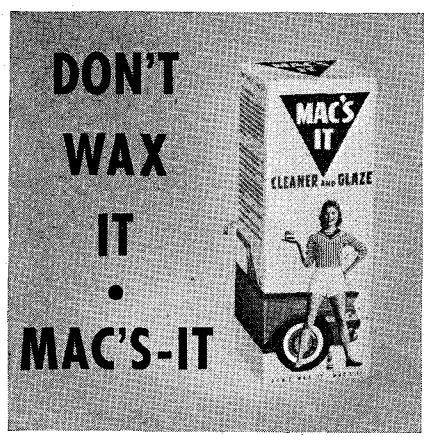

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MAC'S SUPER GLOSS CO., INC.
LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

Safer Stops—Longer

Get the lining specified for many 1959 cars —frictioneered for power or standard brakes. Improve the stopping power of your car. American Brakeblok dealers know brakes and give you a better job. Stop in for a complete inspection soon!

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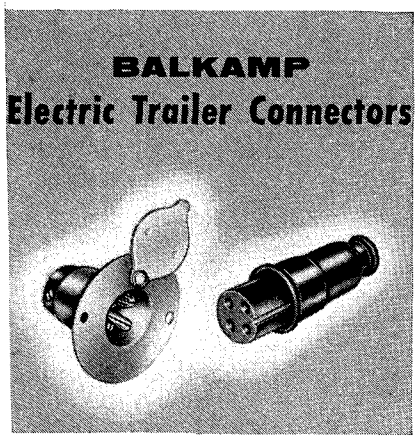

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BALKAMP, INC.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA

"Weatherhead hose and fittings for me!"

Most repairmen choose Weatherhead hose and brass fittings for replacement. It's the quality line. Used as original equipment. Includes power steering, fuel and brake hose assemblies; valves; dash controls; brass fittings.

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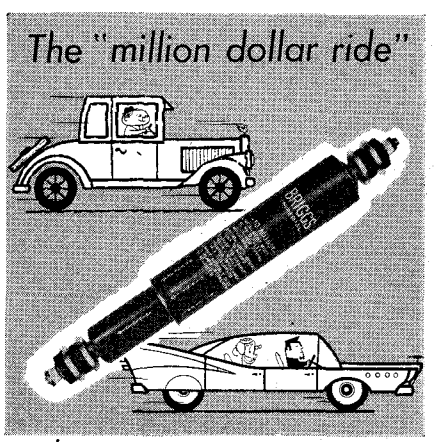

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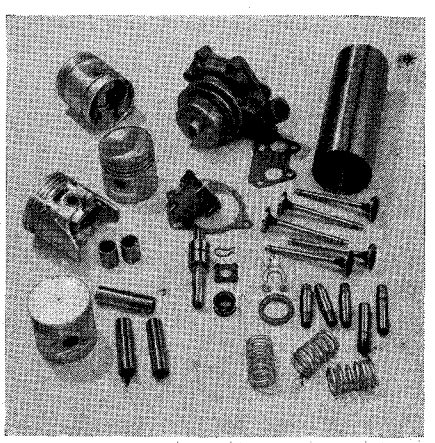
Your favorite service station attendant or garageman will check your shock absorbers in a few minutes to see if your worn shocks need replacement (which they do every 20,000 miles). Don't delay; have them checked for safety, more comfortable riding, economical operation! Insist on Briggs for replacements.

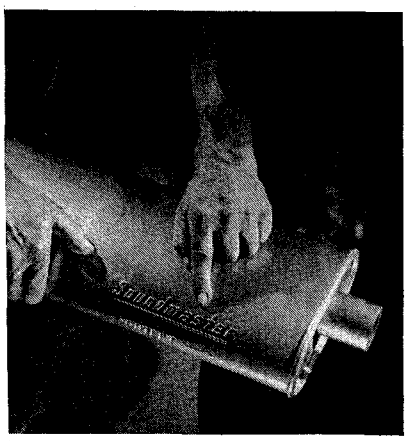
THE BRIGGS SHOCK ABSORBER COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO



Allied Engine Parts

When your engine needs new parts—pistons, pins, valves, valve springs, or water pump, you can depend on *Allied!* Behind every Allied Engine Part are specialized engineering experience, production facilities and manufacturing capacity unsurpassed in the industry.

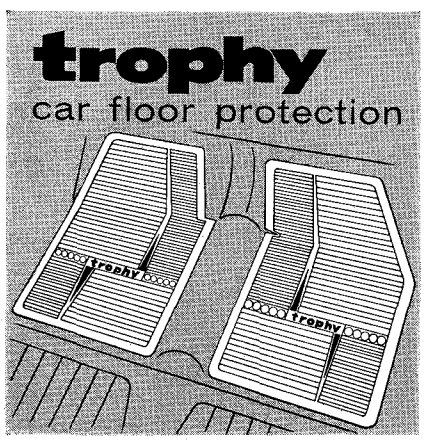
ALLIED AUTOMOTIVE PARTS COMPANY
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



Soundmaster Mufflers

With Soundmaster, you get up to 300% longer muffler life. Soundmaster design, with complete drainage, special premium coated materials, Open-Flo passage and "asbestosized" walls wherever needed, resists rust inside and out. Advanced acoustic engineering assures wide-range sound control without power loss.

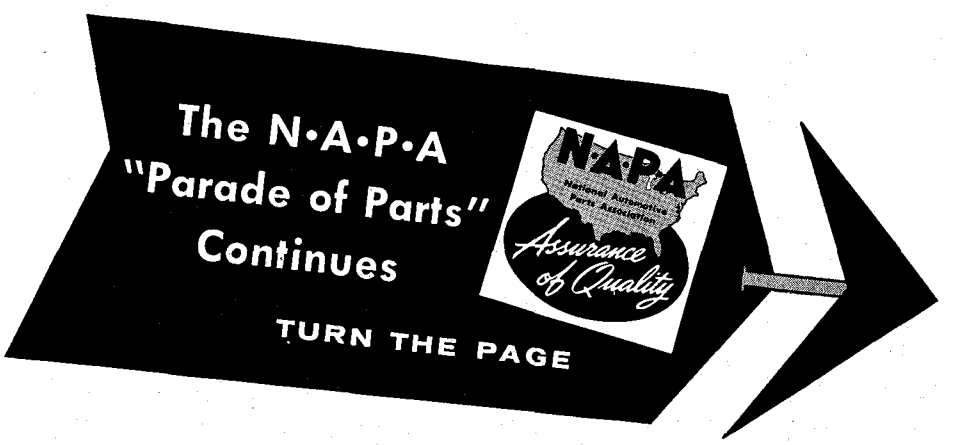
MOVEN MANUFACTURING CO. • RACINE



TWIN CONTOUR AUTO MATS

Here's utility and beauty for today's modern cars. Contour design protects front floors, fits up slope, around pedals of all models. Easy to clean, won't slip or slide. Also in matching twin rear mats or one-piece mats for front and rear. Eight beautiful colors.

RUBBERMAID, INC. • WOOSTER, OHIO



National Automobile Parts Association, Chicago, in behalf of the thousands of independent

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who supply the automotive repair trade from coast-to-coast with these—and many other—nationally advertised brands of quality automotive parts and supplies.

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The N·A·P·A "Parade of Parts"®

—Continued From Preceding Page

Famous Hand Tools

The professional Tools Mechanics choose for Automotive, Aircraft and Industrial repairs and services.

THE NEW BRITAIN MACHINE COMPANY
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Prospect Floor Mats Fit

Dress up your car with a Prospect Floor Mat. The contoured shape is vulcanized into the mat to assure proper fit. Accurate punching of holes for pedals, etc. avoids guesswork. The felt pad is recessed to add greater cushion and insulation.

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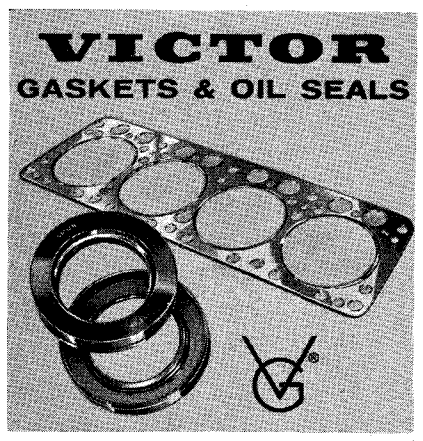

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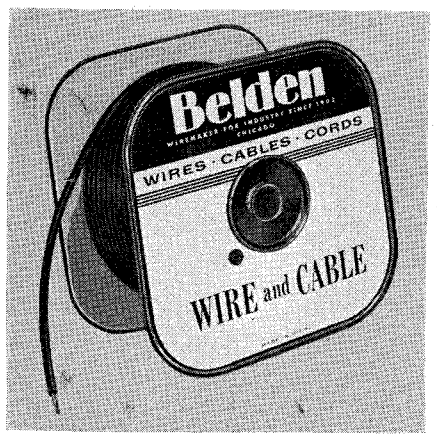

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Millionaires can't buy a better ride than guys with old jalopies who replace worn shocks with *adjustable* Briggs Imperials. Caution: *half the cars on the road need new shock absorbers!* Be safe; get a free inspection at your service station now. Be sure; replace shocks every 20,000 miles!

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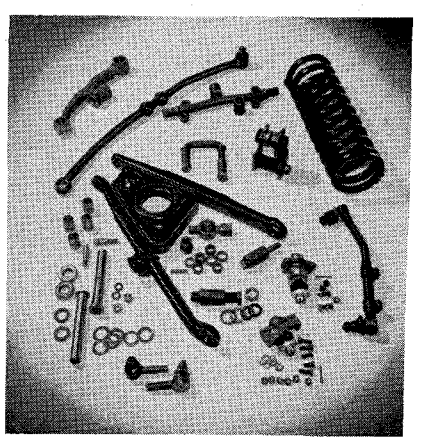

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Modern braking systems generate high temperatures. Don't run unnecessary risks. Have your fluid level checked regularly and be sure that Puritan Super 60 is added. Meets or exceeds SAE Specifications 70R3 and 70R1—protects best under all driving conditions.

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Soundmaster signs are your best guide to expert muffler service. Where you see them, you'll get a free—and thorough—exhaust system inspection. If replacements are needed, they'll be Soundmaster, the only muffler backed by N·A·P·A Assurance of Quality.

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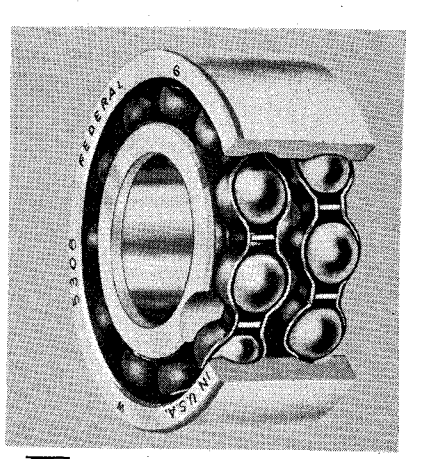
Stay dry—and do a better job—washing your car or truck with a B★K Fountain Brush. In both the deluxe or economy models, they come with long or short handles, round or oval heads. Some even have inner heads that revolve on water pressure, making the job easier yet.

B★K SERVICE PRODUCTS
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA



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The safety, efficiency and smooth perfor ance of the car you drive depends on *relia* ball bearings! That's why millions of ca trucks and tractors are factory-equipped w Federal Ball Bearings—why so many serv shops keep 'em running with Federals.

THE FEDERAL BEARINGS CO., INC.
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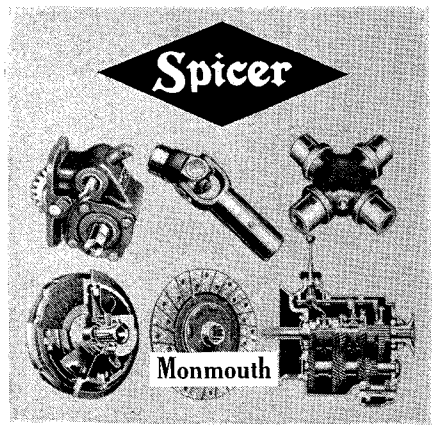

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Just as practically all vehicle makers depend on DANA-made Products, you can depend on Spicer and "Mechanics-Type" Universal Joint Kits; Spicer Transmissions; Spicer Power Take-Offs and Joints, and Monmouth Clutch Plates.

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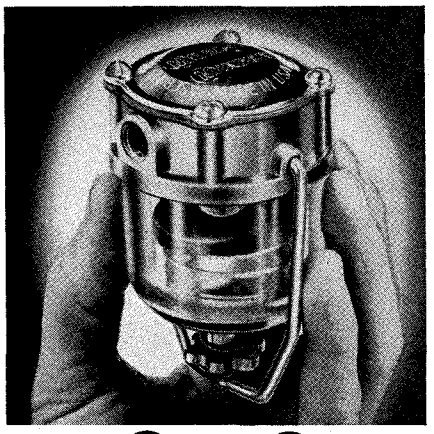

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30 million late model cars need Mileage Minder. Stabilizes fuel flow, cleanses fuel of metallic impurities and filters it. Smooths and improves engine performance, gives you top gas economy. Ask your service man to replace your gas strainer or filter with Mileage Minder. You'll drive a better car.

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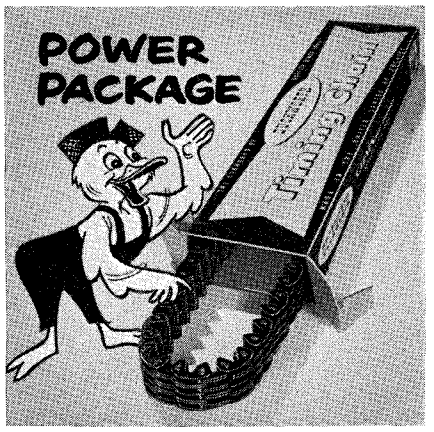
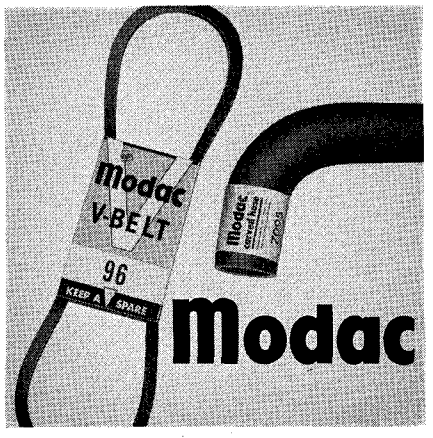


Here's the package to restore lost engine pep and power, to cut high gas and oil bills . . . a Duckworth Timing Chain. Worn timing chain handicaps engine performance . . . causes camshaft lag, misfiring. Next major overhaul, be sure to replace worn timing chain with the finest . . . in the green and yellow box . . . .

DUCKWORTH® TIMING CHAINS

CHAIN BELT COMPANY • SPRINGFIELD 1, MASS.



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You get top protection against costly, annoying breakdowns when you have Modac V-Belts and Hoses on your car . . . they are made of finest materials that insure long, dependable service . . . are custom-engineered to fit your car perfectly. Get the best . . . insist on Modac V-Belts and Hoses.

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he road safety that relies on dependable tire alve performance is in good hands when the alves are BRIDGEPORT. Quality-engineered RIDGEPORT valves serve every tire on the ad. To get the extra safety margin that a ew BRIDGEPORT tire valve will provide, ask or one with every new tubeless tire.

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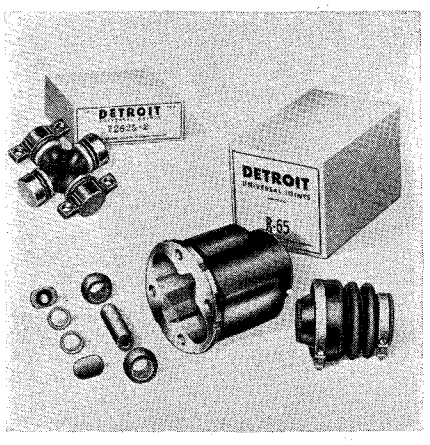

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eliminate "Spline Grunt" by transmitting the torque load smoothly and quietly, regardless of horsepower. Continuous use by vehicle manufacturers, for over 40 years, attests to their superior performance.

Be sure to use genuine Detroit Service Parts.

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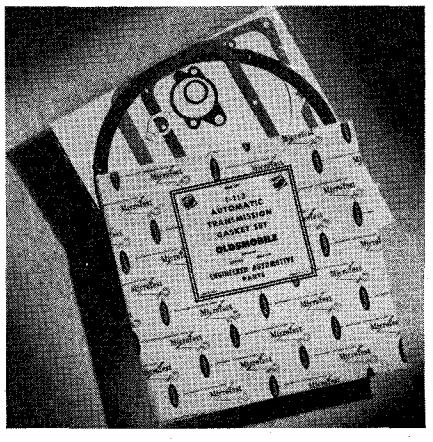

MicroTest Transmission Parts

Automatic transmissions sometimes need only adjustment. But if new parts are needed, your repairman's N·A·P·A Jobber can supply them, no matter what make you drive—because Micro-Test is the industry's most complete line of genuine quality automatic transmission parts.

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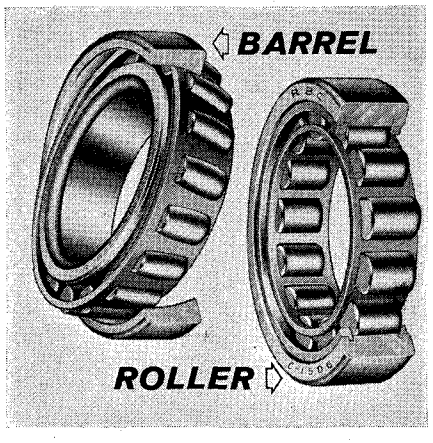

RARITAN Bearings

Raritan Barrel Bearings—*flexible and self-aligning*—withstand the overloads imposed by shaft deflection and misalignment at today's higher power and speeds. When a barrel-bearing needs replacement, replace with a *Raritan*—metallurgically superior and dimensionally correct.

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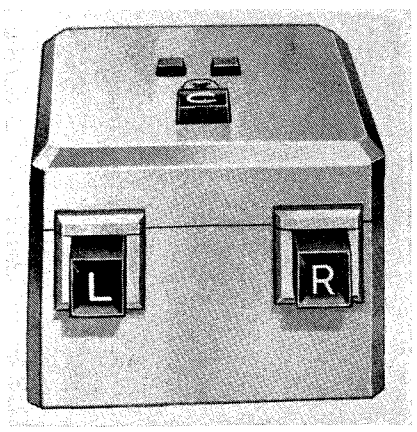

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isall 628 newest Trend in Turn Signal Conol. A Push Button Switch with few working arts . . . Lifetime Guarantee. Push "L" utton for left turn, push "R" for right turn, ush both simultaneously for 4-way flashing . "C" button cancels. Steering column or ush mounting.

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UNITED *POWER BRAKE SERVICE PROGRAM* gives your repair man the convenience of six types of kits, which service all power brake units now in use. Each kit contains "refresher" diagrams and instructions which save your repair man's time—assure proper assembly.

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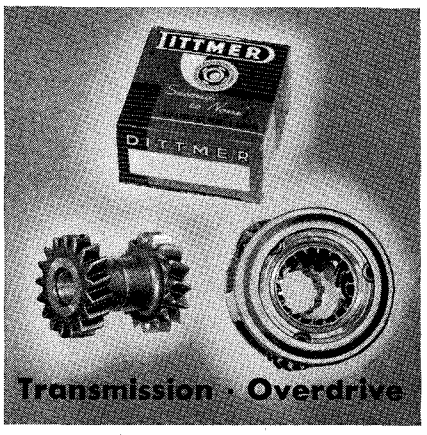

Making Fine Gears Since 1919

Whether for car or truck, your N·A·P·A Jobber has the most complete line of standard transmission and overdrive parts in the replacement field. His quality line of Dittmer Gears, Shafts and Overdrive Parts are truly "Second to None."

DITTMER GEAR DIVISION • AUBURN, INDIANA

Monmouth Engine Bearings

For trouble-free installation and maximum performance, specify *Monmouth* Engine Bearings—original equipment in most makes of engines. Monmouth Bearings are preferred for replacement by all who seek the highest quality and the best service.

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CARS, TRUCKS, TRACTORS

All makes, All Ages

N·A·P·A Assurance of Quality®

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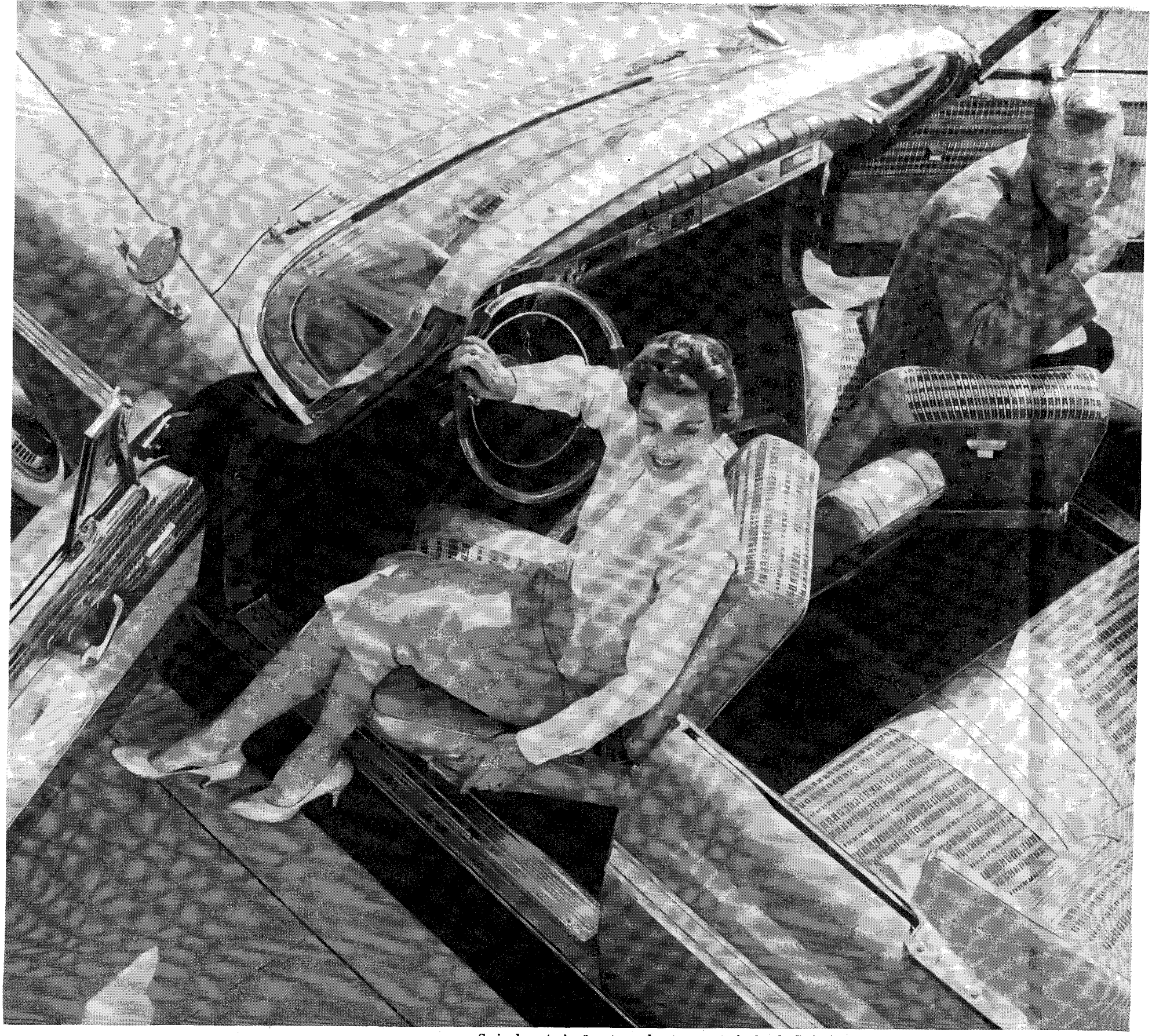

Swivel seats in front—and extra room in back. Swivel seats, available exclusively in the cars of The *Forward* Look, make these the easiest cars to get in and out of you ever saw. New body designs give extra leg, hip and hat room in back. From wherever you sit—you get the good things first from Chrysler Corporation.

A DRIVE will bring out the difference great engineering makes

Drive one of the *Can Do* Cars of The *Forward* Look.

The quality cars from Chrysler Corporation.

Built for the 1 man in 4 who wants a little bit more.

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YEAR AFTER YEAR . . . MORE PEOPLE BUY THIS COFFEEMAKER THAN ANY OTHER

NEW UNIVERSAL *Coffeematic*

with the Flavor-Selector

TO BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE UNIVERSAL COFFEEMATIC, LOOK FOR THE NAME ABOVE THE CONTROL.

Deluxe 10-cup model, chrome on solid copper, $29.95. Others from $19.95.

PRESENT AT MORE PARTIES

For Mother's Day, Anniversaries, Weddings or any gift occasion, you'll find the Universal Coffeematic chosen over all others. Its gleaming beauty is matched only by its coffeemaking excellence. A flick of the finger sets the Flavor-Selector to the strength you prefer. Then automatically, Coffeematic brews to perfection, signals when ready and keeps your coffee at ideal serving temperature without increasing the strength. There's nothing finer than a Universal Coffeematic.

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IS THE MOST TIRE
YOU CAN BUY,
THE MOST MILEAGE,
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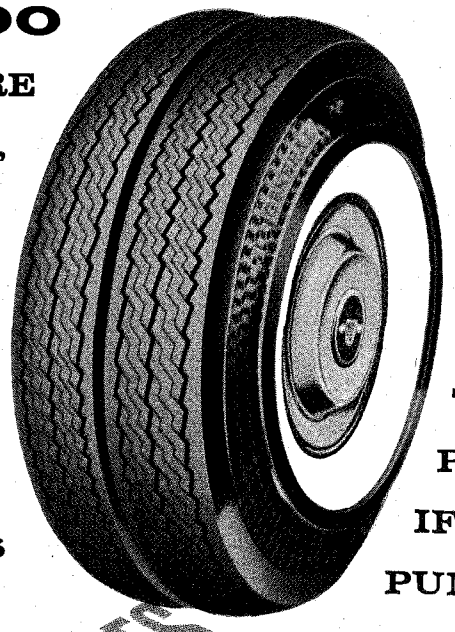

NYGEN CORD AND 2 TREADS

THE ONLY TIRE THAT
PAYS FOR ROAD SERVICE
IF YOU HAVE A
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25,000 · 35,000 · 50,000 MILES

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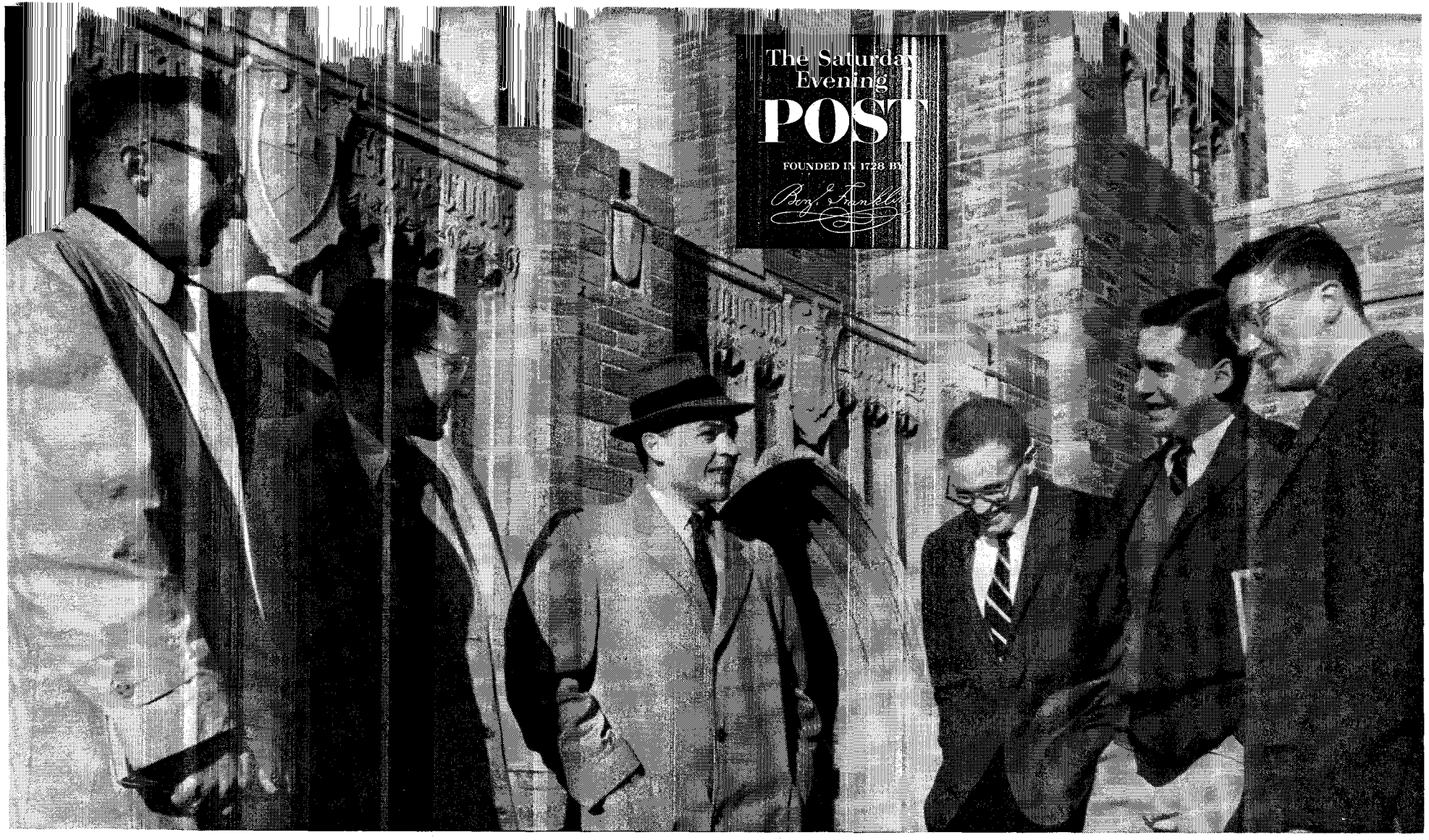

Princeton's thirty-nine-year-old president Goheen (wearing hat) with some of his students outside the university's Firestone Library.

Bright Young Boss of Princeton

Bob Goheen rose overnight from an assistant professorship to one of America's most coveted academic posts. Now he faces education problems that would vex Aristotle himself.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

The new president of Princeton, Dr. Robert Francis Goheen, lives in a tall house of reddish stone, appropriately ivy-covered, which stands in the middle of wide, tree-shaded grounds surrounded by the sprawling university campus. At one end of the house, a high tower rises above the formal gardens, and at the top of this tower is a small, bleak room which is frequently inhabited by bats. It is also frequently inhabited by President Goheen, who goes there alone in the evenings to cogitate, and to write down laboriously in longhand his views on the crisis that faces higher education and what Princeton in the coming years can do about it.

The problems which have furrowed the Goheen brow since the time, two years ago, when the trustees reached far down into the lower ranks of the Princeton faculty and chose him, a promising but still obscure young assistant professor, to head the 212-year-old institution, are the same as those which trouble and perplex the presidents of colleges and universities everywhere. The great baby crop of the war years soon will be coming to college age, and a tidal wave of students is about to engulf the schools. The 3,000,000 young men and women now in colleges and universities already are taxing the facilities and the faculties of most of these institutions to the utmost. Next year and the year after, and throughout the '60's they will increase in multiplying thousands, until by 1970 there will be 6,000,000 clamoring at the gates.

Unhappily, as the time of crisis nears, few institutions, including Princeton, are prepared to handle such a swarm. The dormitories and

Bull session in Blair Hall: Today's Princetonians are more serious than those of coonskin-coat generations, but they still know how to get into trouble.

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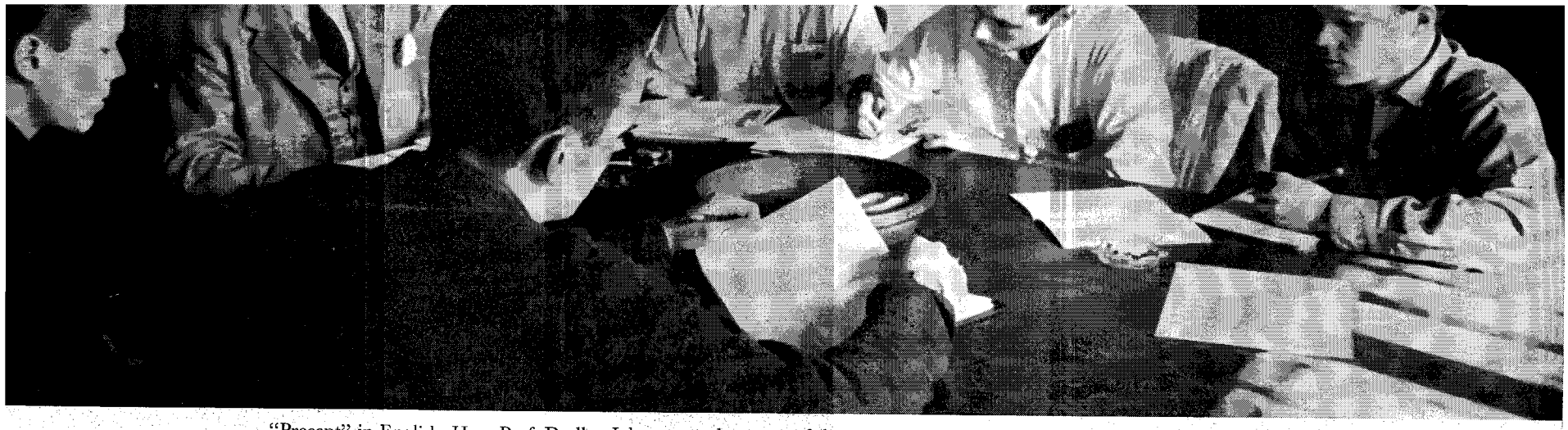

"Precept" in English. Here Prof. Dudley Johnson conducts one of the traditionally small classes held weekly in each lecture course.

the dining halls are not available. Neither are the classrooms nor the laboratories. Above all, the teachers are not at hand who can enlighten so vast an army of eager seekers after truth. Another half million pedagogues of all ranks, from lab assistants to full professors, must be found, and no such numbers are in sight.

More difficult, perhaps, than how to provide bed, board and competent instructors for these eager-eyed millions is the problem of what to teach them once they are enrolled. In every field, the frontiers of human knowledge are expanding at a cataclysmic rate. The alarming word that the Russians are outstripping us in the training of scientists and engineers has set off a great outcry for a crash program of education in the sciences. This demand rings ominously in the ears of those who, like Goheen, head the great liberal-arts institutions, where education is seen not as narrow technological training, but as a flowering of the intellect, a broadening of the horizons of the mind.

"It would be to our own peril," says Doctor Goheen, "if we let the vigorous rise of Soviet science and technology prescribe the curricula of our schools. Our future depends on our capacity to make intelligent moral, social and political judgments. This light must be shed by philosophy, history—the history of human affairs and human behavior. Without vigor and enduring power in these fields, scientific study and technological training alone will not sustain us."

In his office in ancient Nassau Hall, where George Washington's troops once assailed British redcoats with blunderbuss and sword, President Goheen, looking something like an academic Walter Pidgeon, makes the intelligent judgments required of him like a division commander laying out a battle plan. Counseling with everybody, from deans to the man who cuts the grass, he makes the command decisions and leaves their execution to his faculty committees. These are routine duties and cause him no great strain. Neither does he find those other chores which befall a university president exceedingly burdensome, such as delivering inspiring addresses to the alumni, entertaining visiting notables at tea and going out to raise a little money for the endowment fund.

He knows, though, that if Princeton is to live and grow and change with changing times, he must also find the opportunity to do a little thinking, and the process of pure cerebration, he has discovered, is a difficult and lonely business that can only be carried out in solitude.

The Rev. Dr. Hugh Halton's privileges as Princeton's Roman Catholic chaplain were withdrawn by Goheen, a Presbyterian, who is married to a Catholic. Father Halton had attacked Princeton's "atheism."

The Goheens with their six children. In front with their parents are (from left) Elizabeth, 5; and Charles, 2. Back row: Margaret, 8; Trudi, 15; Anne, 16; and Stephen, 10.

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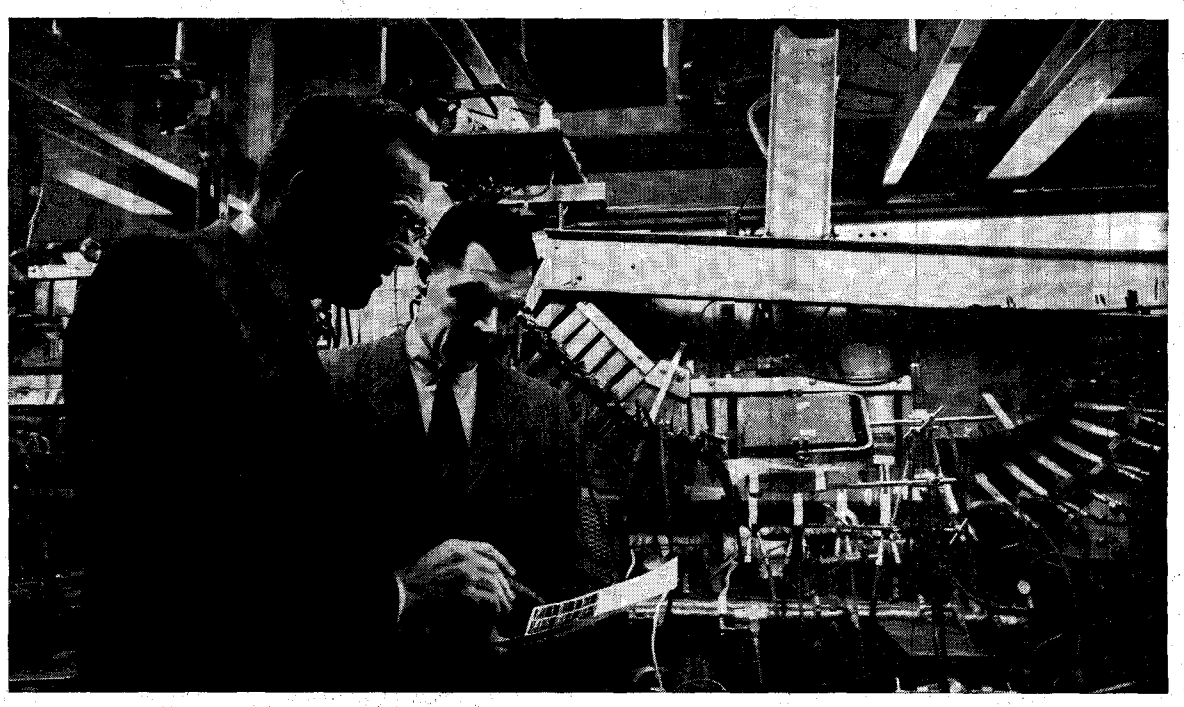
Rising costs have forced Princeton to raise its tuition and fees to $1450 a year. One third of its 3600 students now receive some form of financial assistance.

This, of course, is why he secludes himself in the high tower of Prospect, the president's mansion, when matters of great pith and moment occupy his mind. There, shut off from the romp and scamper of his youngsters, he can peer down upon the moonlit campus, recalling what Princeton was, and is today, and trying to envision what Princeton should become. The product of these midnight meditations has been a considerable body of literature, written with agonizing slowness, and presented with hoarse earnestness in chapel talks to the students, reports to the faculty and trustees and addresses before assemblies of alumni.

The picture of Princeton that emerges from these dissertations does not differ greatly in aim and emphasis from the school that Woodrow Wilson shook out of its intellectual torpor fifty-odd years ago. Princeton, Goheen insists, should remain small and residential, as it has been in the past. It will take as many of the new crop of students as it can handle without decreasing too (Continued on Page 78)



Dr. Lyman Spitzer (left), director of Project Matterhorn, briefs Goheen on data from Princeton's Stellarator. This machine is used in the project's research on controlling the fusion of hydrogen atoms to produce electric power.

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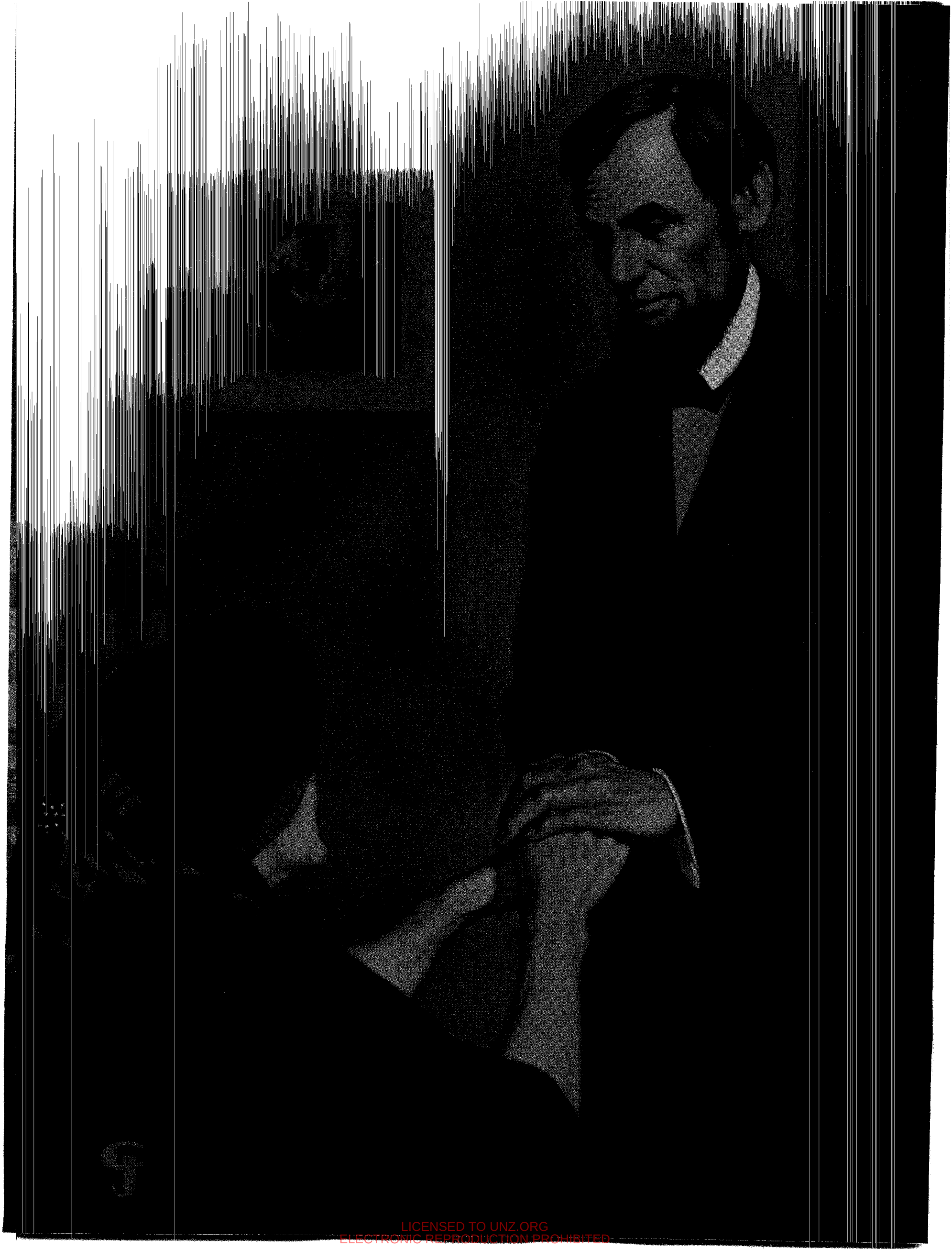

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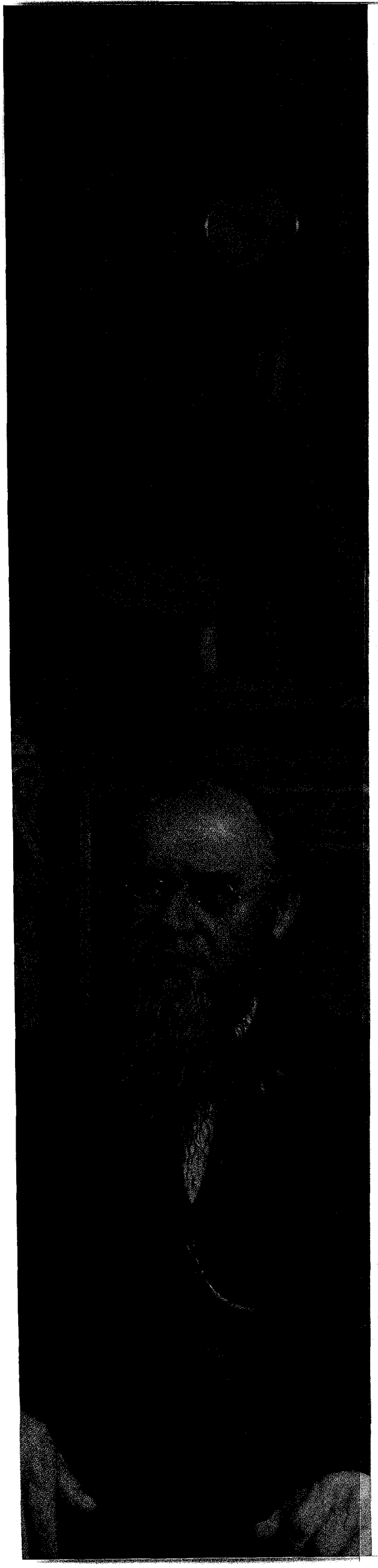

Illustrated by Carroll Jones

Doomsday and Mr. Lincoln

By PAUL HORGAN

The life of her son hung in the balance. Even the President might be too late to save him.

It was in the early spring of 1865 that I was detached from my company—Company H of the 9th Massachusetts—and assigned to duty in the office of the Secretary of War at Washington. This was a move I did not particularly welcome, and when later I was told that it had come about through political influence, I was still less satisfied with it. But I was only a lieutenant, and the orders had passed far above my head, and I had no voice in the matter. The decision was taken after an appeal by a certain congressman from Boston who was thinking to gratify my father by executing a favor upon his son.

Anyhow, I reported, as directed, to the Hon. Edwin M. Stanton in his office, which he occupied as Secretary of War. The interview taught us much about each other.

He lifted papers from his desk, reviewed them, set them down and gazed at me. I stood to attention.

"Your name is Lieutenant Amos Chittenden?"

"Yes, sir."

"You come from Boston?"

"Yes, sir."

"I have understood that people from Boston hold strong opinions. Is that true?"

"Most likely, sir, so far as matters of importance may be at issue."

"You may stand at ease, sir."

"Thank you, sir."

"You need not thank me. I ask for no thanks. I ask for no opinions either. Any matters which may arise in this office are *ipso facto* matters of importance. If you are to be one of my secretarial aides, you will be required to abandon your native habit of forming opinions while in my service. Any opinions formed here will be mine. Is that clear?"

"It is, sir."

"Do you think yourself qualified for this service?"

"Not knowing the service in detail, sir, I find it hazardous to say. But I do not anticipate any difficulty."

"Your confidence, Mr. Chittenden, may perhaps approach insolence."

"That I would regret, Mr. Secretary."

"How did you contrive to obtain this assignment to the safety of Washington while serving in the battle front?"

"I wish to make it plain, Mr. Secretary, that I had no part in whatever course of action deposited me here."

"You expect me to believe that?"

To this I remained silent. Mr. Stanton flushed. He had been given a lesson in manners. He said, in an affected tone, "I seem to detect the effects of education at Harvard College in your general deportment."

"It may well be so, as I am a recent graduate of that institution."

"I trust you learned habits of promptitude in that august academy."

"I trust so, sir."

He turned toward a small desk in the corner opposite to his own, motioned me to it as to my post, and then resumed his study of documents before him. Such was my reception.

Thereafter, it seemed that no matter how early I arrived at the office, the secretary was there ahead of me. Though I told myself that it was not worth it to try to beat him to work in the morning, I was determined that someday he would find me at my desk, instead of the other way round.

But there he was behind his great corner desk, saying (Continued on Page 46)

"He is no sneaking deserter," she said.
"He was true to his country."

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How War Began

By LEWIS MUMFORD

At the time that the first great civilizations of the ancient world were coming into existence, the human race suffered an injury from which it has not yet recovered. If I interpret the evidence correctly, that injury still plays an active part in our lives, and caps our most hopeful dreams about human improvement with nightmares of destruction and extermination.

This injury happened at a moment when primitive man's powers, like ours today, had suddenly expanded; and it was due essentially to an aberration, or a series of aberrations, which put his most beneficent inventions at the command of his neurotic anxieties. So, far from disappearing with time and being healed by the growth of law and reason, this original injury has only tightened its hold upon the collective actions of tribes and nations.

The aberration I refer to is the institution of war; and my purpose in discussing its origins is to bring into consciousness a group of events and beliefs that have long remained buried, partly through sheer neglect, partly through a repression of painful irrationalities that contradicted civilized man's belief in his own orderly and rational behavior. It is only today, after a century of prodigious research into human origins, that some of these events have come to light and been thrown open to interpretation.

That early injury had an effect upon civilized life, somewhat comparable to the kind of childhood injury that psychiatrists characterize as a trauma: an injury whose worst results may not show themselves till far on in adult life. Instead of being buried in the psyche of an individual, it became embedded in the institutional life of every succeeding city, state and empire.

In making this analysis, I shall have to start from an assumption that is unprovable; namely, that there is a parallel between the general human situation today and that faced by the individual, unable to cope with the problems of his life, unable to make rational decisions, baffled, depressed, paralyzed, because he is still the prey of infantile fantasies he is unable to escape or control. In the case of individuals, we know that such fantasies, deeply embedded in childhood, may keep on poisoning the whole system, though the wound has seemingly healed and the scar is hardly visible. Childhood misapprehensions,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 72

About the Author

Lewis Mumford, writer, cultural philosopher, architectural and urban-planning critic, classifies himself as a "generalist" whose forte is "not in finding or fabricating the pieces, but in putting them together into a significant picture." An early public advocate (1935) of military resistance to the antidemocratic totalitarian powers, Mr. Mumford lost his son in World War II. Author of twenty-two books, onetime faculty member of five universities, now Ford Research Professor at the University of Pennsylvania. Mr. Mumford lives at Amenia, New York.

Photograph by Arnold Newman

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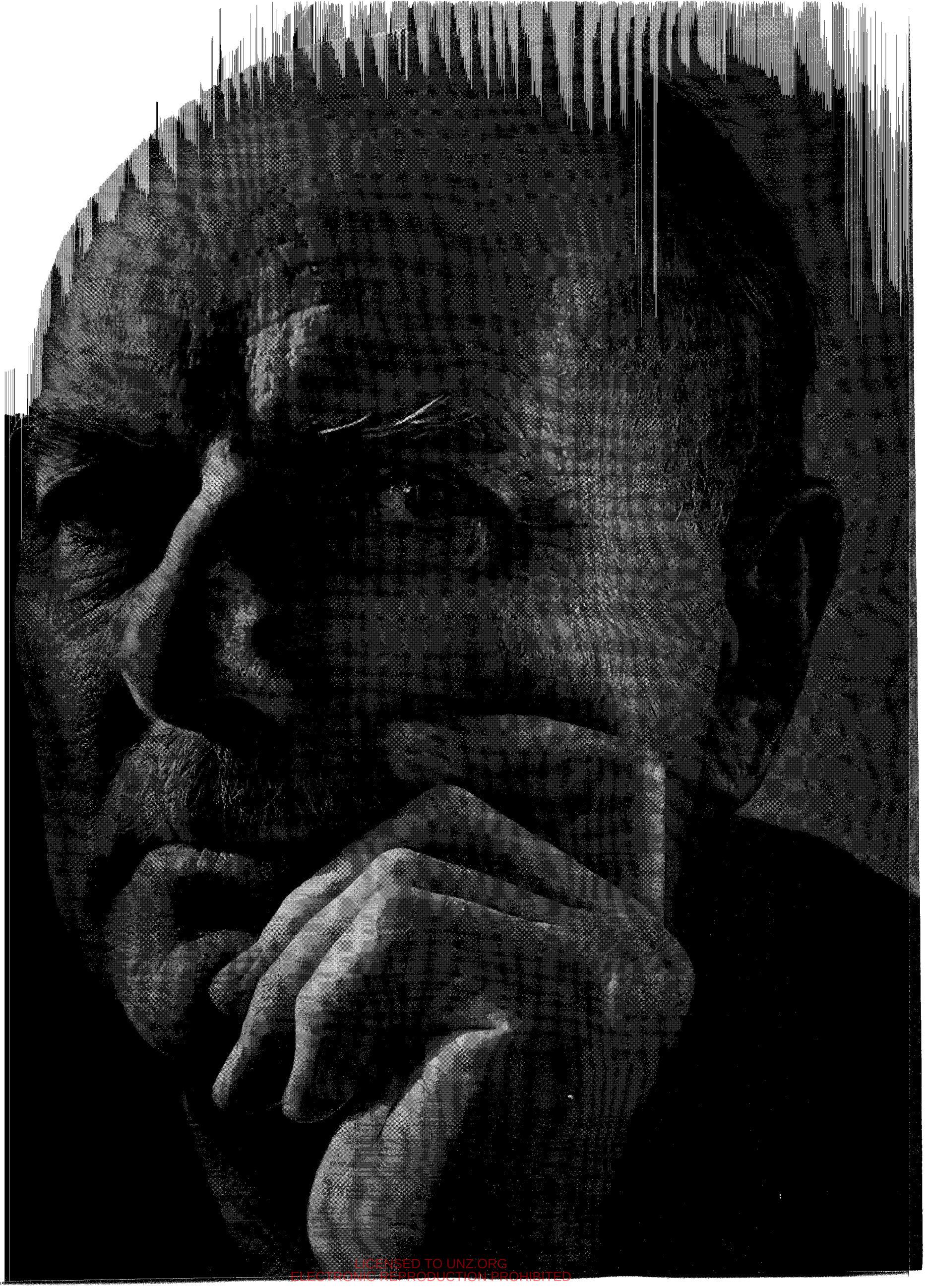

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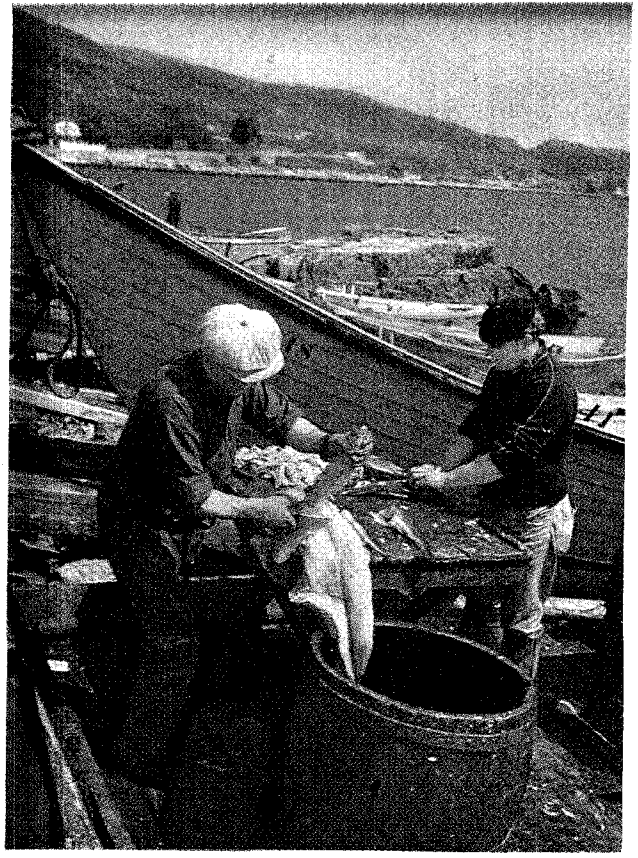
After a day on the cod banks, St. Pierre fishermen gossip in front of a salting shack on the beach. Many of these men spend their entire lives without venturing farther from home than the waters where they earn their living.



When the dories return from the fishing grounds in early afternoon, the men clean and salt their catch.

A POST PICTURE STORY

French Outpost in America

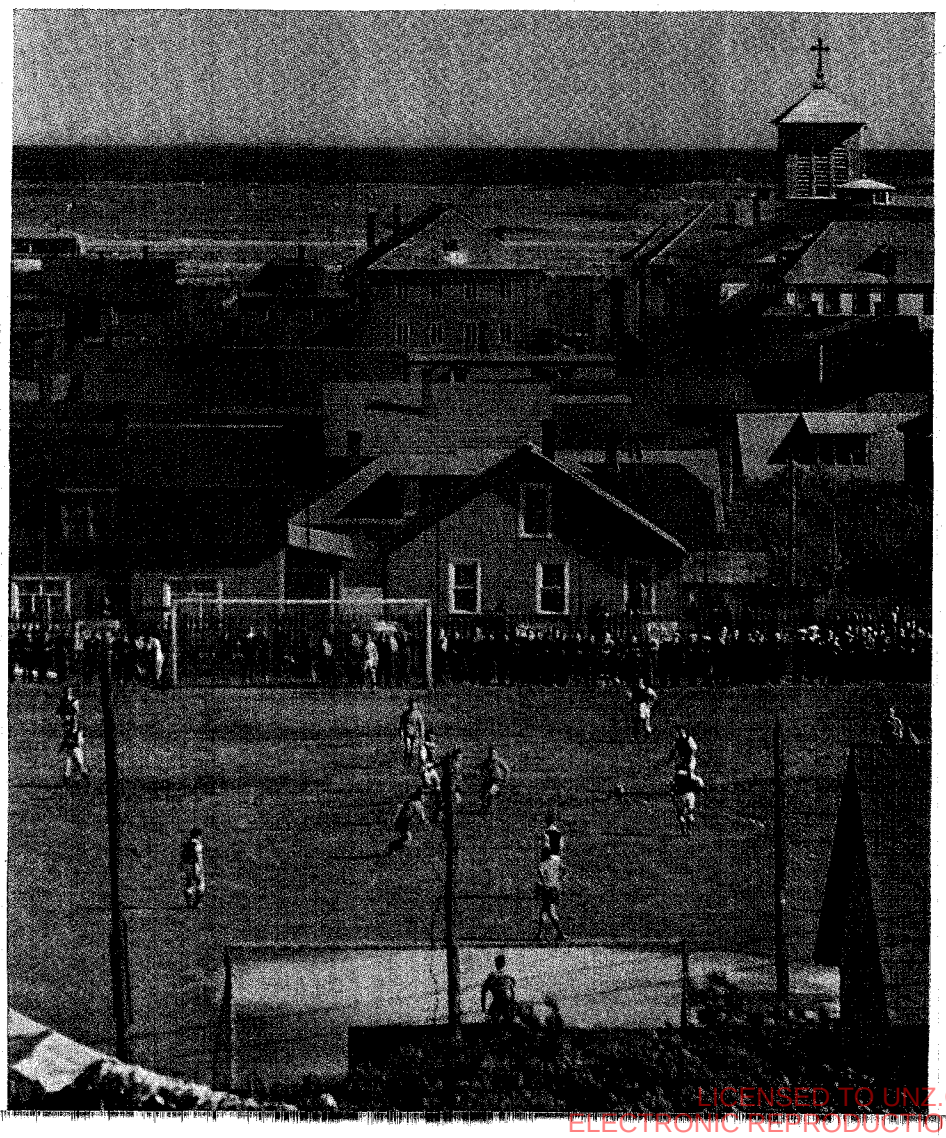
The North Atlantic island of St. Pierre lies just south of Newfoundland in one of the world's richest cod banks. Its 4000-odd inhabitants make their living from catching and selling cod, or from sailmaking and boatbuilding. From April through October, two-man dories put to sea each morning; the factory in the harbor cans and freezes mountains of fish; boats from all over the world come to take away the cod. But in the harsh winter months, when a temperature of twenty degrees below zero is ordinary, the islanders do little more than wait for the thaw.

Along with its neighbor island, Miquelon, St. Pierre is the stubborn remnant of a once-mighty French empire in North America. During the 1700's, the English seized St. Pierre and forced the population to emigrate to France. But in 1783—the same year that England relinquished thirteen pugnacious colonies farther south—the islanders were allowed to return home. They have remained unmistakably loyal to France ever since. Even their language is more the French of Paris than of Quebec.

The town of St. Pierre overlooks a harbor and covers about one tenth of the seven-by-four-mile island. Here everyone turns out for a wedding (extreme right) and for football games whenever an incoming ship's crew is challenged to play soccer against the local team.

There are about 100 vehicles on the island, including six taxis and one bus. Motorcycles are popular with young swains (lower right). Night life is confined to two ancient cinemas, and to dances in the cafés or the community center.

To the tourist, the island is picturesque. It is also a free port. But to the young natives, it is a tiresome place to pass a lifetime if one doesn't like to fish. Many of them leave to seek their fortunes on the Canadian mainland. THE END



The islanders are rabid "futball" (soccer) fans. This game with a team from a French destroyer delayed the ferry to the mainland a whole day.

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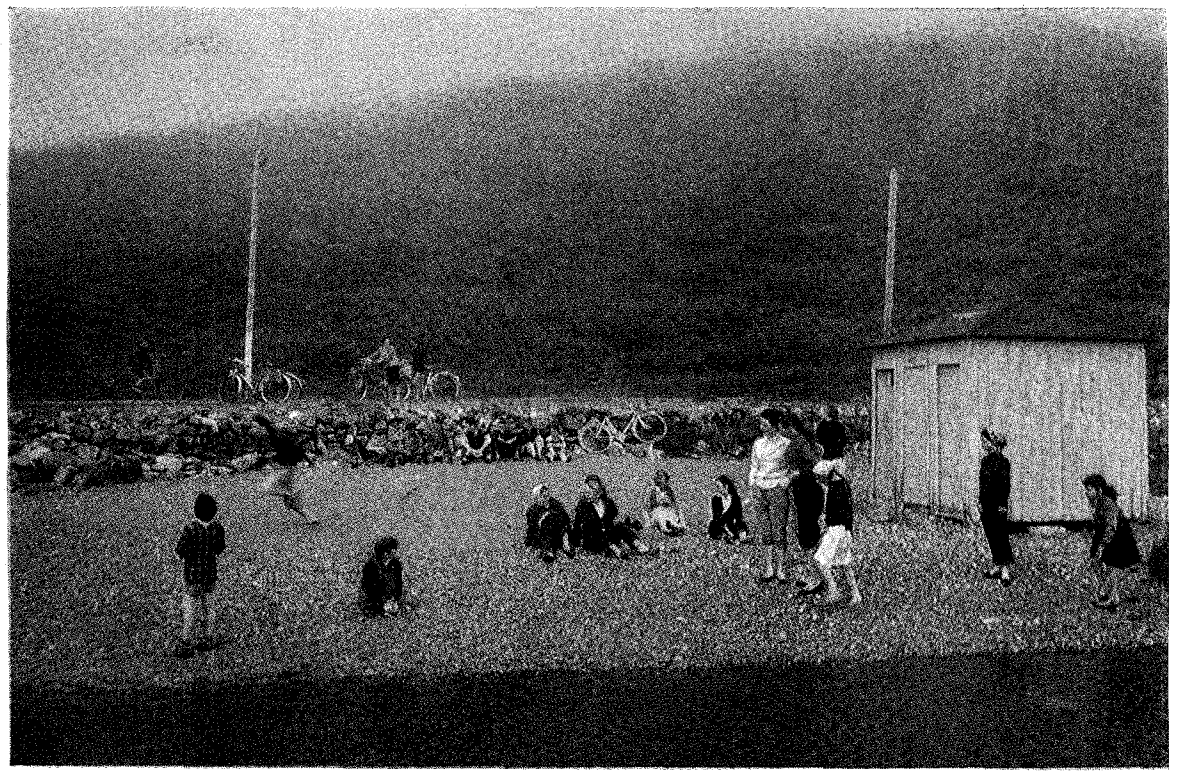
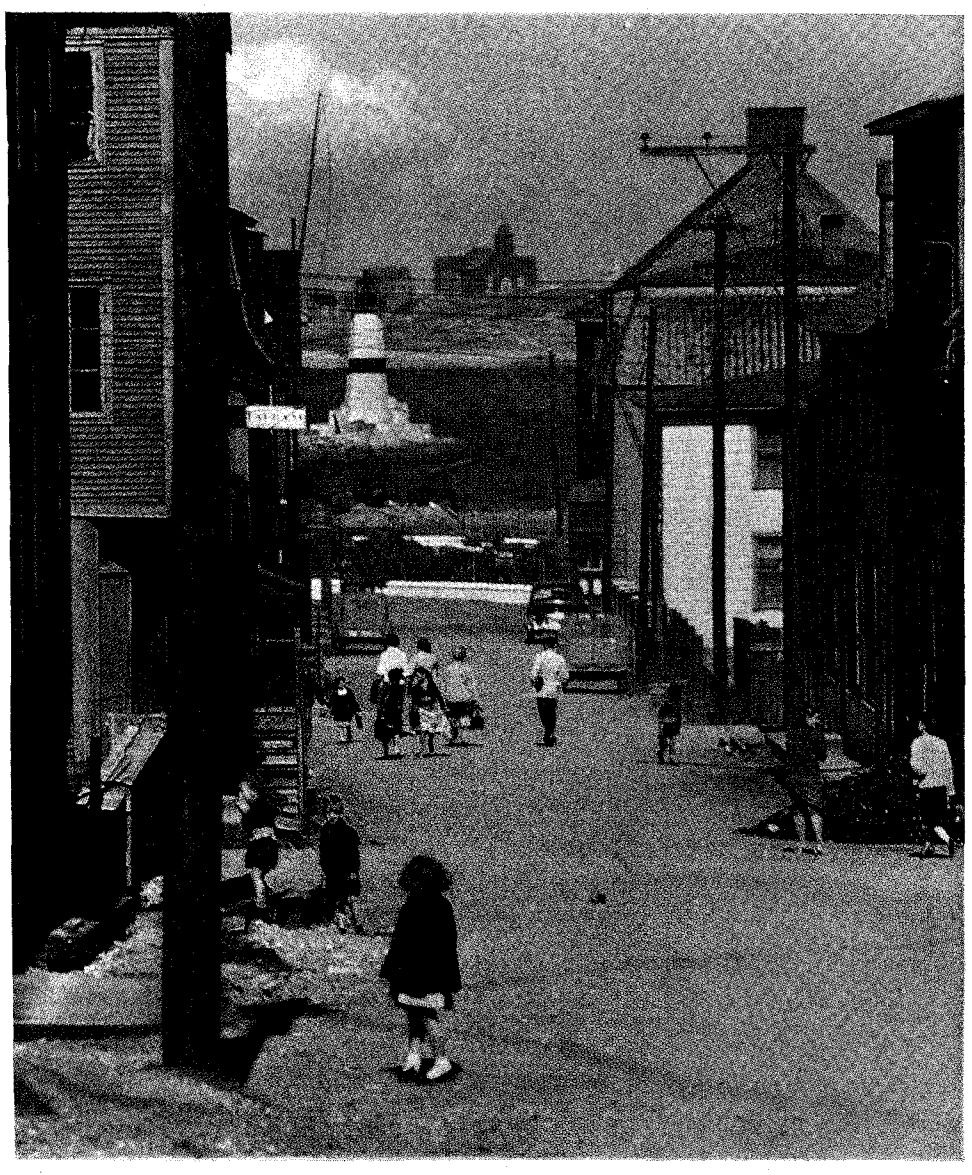
Above: A favorite strolling place for the inhabitants is the footpath by St. Pierre's ornate cemetery, which islanders consider an outstanding tourist attraction.



At a beach area called the Savoyard, about a mile from town, the children play and wade on the rugged strand. Used to fog, they ignore the thick haze rolling in behind them.

Photographs by Jerry Dantzic



The town of St. Pierre clings to a hillside overlooking the harbor. Tourist accommodations are easy to secure here, at rates of $6–$7.50 per day, including three French-style meals and wine.

Above: An island girl's wedding at the old church of St. Pierre. The groom is a butcher's apprentice; the congregation is just about everyone in the town.

At right, an afternoon date on a motorcycle. There are so few available roads that the couple does a lot of riding in circles.

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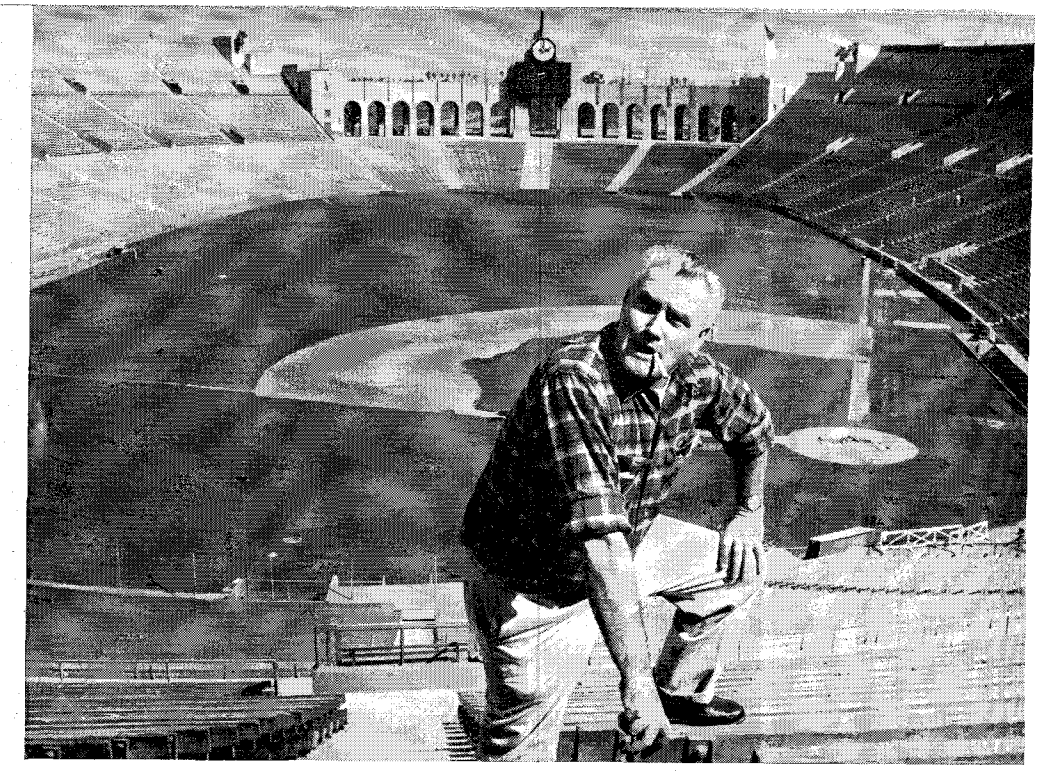
The spectacular Los Angeles Coliseum
is used to more business
than it can handle.
As for those Bums from Brooklyn,
the landlord will be happy
to see them go.

By MELVIN DURSLAG



The Coliseum's maintenance foreman, Jack Mohan, heads a crew which must keep thirty miles of seats clean and set up the field for each new tenant.

Hectic Home of the Dodgers

The Coliseum laid out for baseball. Outlined in white is the famous left-field fence, just 251 feet from home plate. Last year 183 homers were hit into left.

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Former Los Angeles county sheriff Eugene Biscailuz leading the parade at the Sheriff's Rodeo. This show is the only exception to the Coliseum's animal ban, imposed after a lion once roamed loose in the stands.

Each May, nearly 90,000 Roman Catholics of the Archdiocese of Los Angeles celebrate "Mary's Hour" in the Coliseum. Kneeling in right foreground is James Francis Cardinal McIntyre.

A visitor approaching the Grand Entrance of the Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum is instantly impressed by its mighty Roman arches, seemingly carved through a mountain of glistening concrete. The center arch is flanked by two large blocks of stone, both rich in history. One has been brought from the ruins of the ancient Colosseum in Rome, whose architecture inspired that of the Los Angeles stadium. The other block has come from the Altis Olympia in Greece, site of the original Olympic Games.

The interior of the stadium, with its great tiers of seats encircling a vast expanse of verdant lawn, is an imposing sight too. And then all at once the eye comes to rest upon the gosh-darnedest conglomeration of wire, nuts, bolts, cable strands and pulleys, rising forty-two feet and stretching 140 feet between two steel towers.

This is major-league baseball's gift to the Coliseum—the notorious left-field fence of the Los Angeles Dodgers.

Because of its proximity to home plate—only 251 feet along the foul line and a mere 320 feet at the deepest point near left center—the fence has become disparagingly identified with the "Chinese home run." That means a fly ball puny in length but sufficiently high to clear a shallow barrier. These blows are struck in the Coliseum with such frequency that sports writers refer to the park by names such as "O'Malley's Chinese Theater," "The House That Charlie Chan Built" and "Memorial Cow Pasture."

This irreverence pierces the pride of the commissioners who administer the stadium. Assuaging some of their pain is the fact that baseball has helped make the Coliseum the most-frequented outdoor arena in North America. More than 4,250,000 people walked through the turnstiles in the eight and a half months that the stadium operated in 1958. This year attendance figures should go even higher.

However, statistics alone do not convey the full flavor of the Los Angeles Coliseum, which seems to bring out the penchant for unpredictable behavior that is indigenous to the area. Bizarre happenings were commonplace long before the Dodgers moved in last year with their outlandish left-field fence. At one time the very operation of the stadium was in a state approaching chaos.

The Coliseum occupies seventeen acres in a green, restful tract called Exposition Park, just four miles from downtown Los Angeles and close to the confluence of four major freeways. The huge oval bowl contains 101,528 seats, all with backs. With temporary bleachers added, as many as 105,521 have been packed in. Although larger crowds have been assembled for sports events (Continued on Page 110)

This mammoth ski jump was once erected for a meet at the Coliseum. It was covered with ice ground up by machines, and straw was placed at strategic locations to cushion skiers' landings.

No other arena can match the Coliseum's attendance. For the football game above, between U.S.C. and U.C.L.A., fans filled all but a few of the stadium's 101,528 seats.

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FORBIDDEN ZONE

He trespassed on the missile-testing range. Then suddenly a strange object came out of the sky.

By RONALD SERCOMBE

The man in the boat lowered the anchor swiftly and silently and the smooth, silklike rope slid between his moist hands like an eel gliding through sea moss. As he payed out line, his lips moved. Aloud he said, "Sixty-one feet," as he felt the palm of the anchor fluke strike bottom.

He raised the anchor about two feet and then dropped it again. The bottom was hard—hard, white sand, he knew, and he sighed. It was a sigh of relief and satisfaction; relief that he had not yet been detected, and satisfaction that without the help of moon or stars, he had managed to find the red-snapper hole, about nineteen miles due east of Ponte Vedra, Florida.

Quietly, skillfully, he moved forward and replaced the panel on the rope locker. Then he crept back to the cabin and flicked a switch on a miniature radio direction finder. For a long time he listened carefully. His ears picked up the message: one dash—one dot—one dash. This continued for sixty seconds. Then—silence—for one hundred and twenty seconds.

Again he sighed. He had confirmed his position. He was anchored approximately a quarter of a mile due west of the Navy's temporary radio beacon—in restricted waters. If radar at Mayport or Jacksonville Beach should pick him up, he probably would be identified as a ghost from the Navy radio beacon. This was the way he had planned it.

Deliberately Jim Barrett was violating Navy restrictions, but the deliberation did not reflect defiance. Necessity rather than defiance was the mother of this nocturnal voyage.

In a single year, it seemed, almost everything evil that could beset a man had descended on Jim Barrett. The winter of 1957–58 had been Florida's worst in half a century. He had lost many acres of citrus. Even worse, tourists bypassed Jacksonville in their search for sunshine. Week after week his charter boat, the Sara I, his pride and joy, had been laid up at the Mayport docks. Finally, the shipyard at Jacksonville had reluctantly taken over his twenty-eight-foot cruiser for unpaid repair and overhaul bills.

Then, early in March, a virulent virus had taken away the original Sara—his wife—and just about the time the redbuds and the dogwood started showing, Jim Barrett slipped on a mess of discarded squid bait on the Mayport dock, cracked his (Continued on Page 58)

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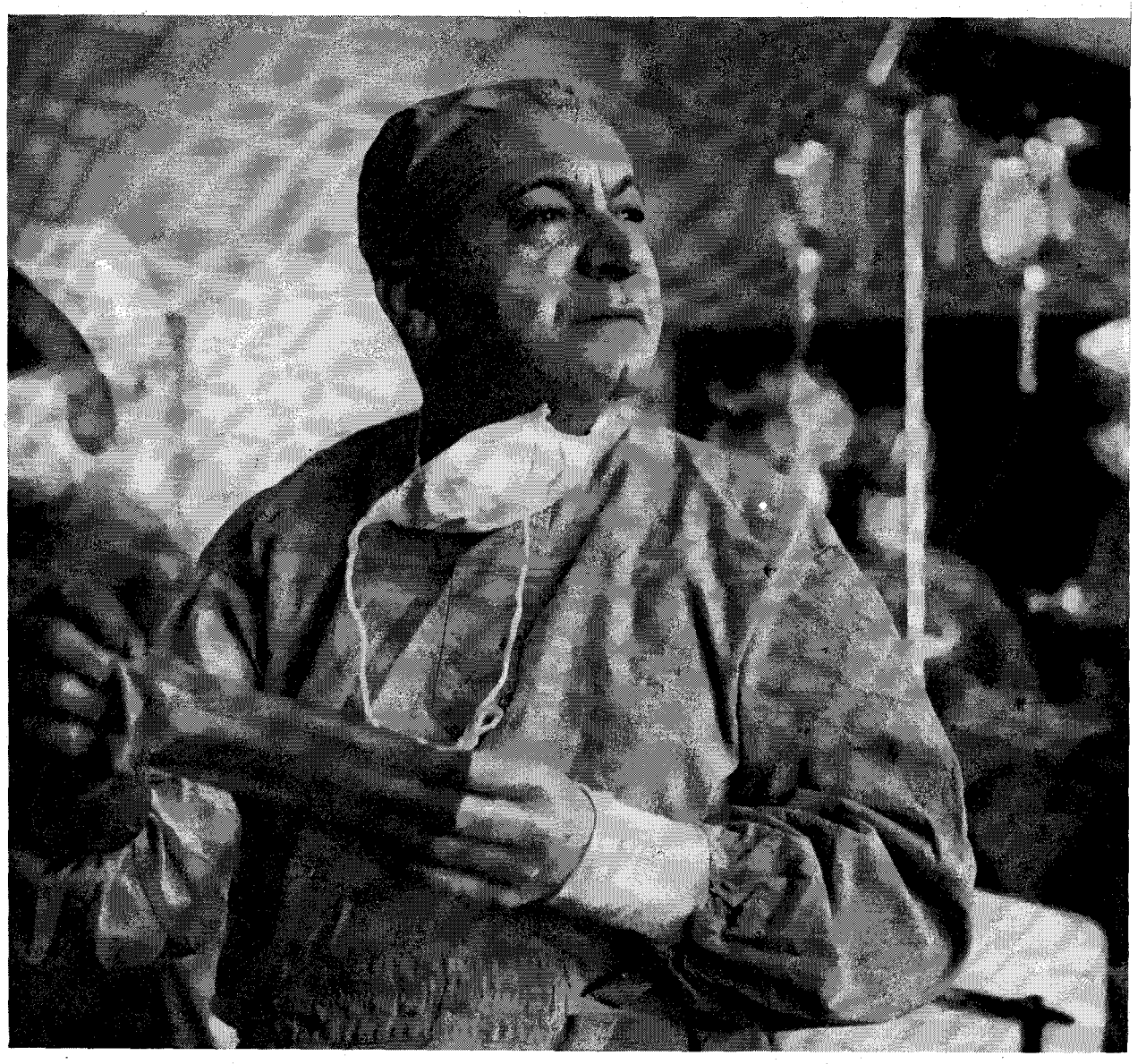
Medicine's Legal Nightmare PART TWO

DOCTORS IN COURT

Is there a "conspiracy of silence" among physicians to protect their negligent colleagues? Or are most malpractice suits shakedowns or even attempts at blackmail?

By Milton Silverman



"When a doctor goes to court, what happens to him should not happen to a dog," says neurosurgeon Emil Seletz, who is shown here at Cedars of Lebanon Hospital in Los Angeles. "The doctor is badgered, bullied and shouted down, impudently harassed, pushed against a wall and finally accused of bearing false witness."

Back in World War II, the fifty-six-year-old wife of a successful patent attorney entered a Boston hospital and was put into a full-body cast for treatment of recurrent low-back pain. Five weeks later she was dead.

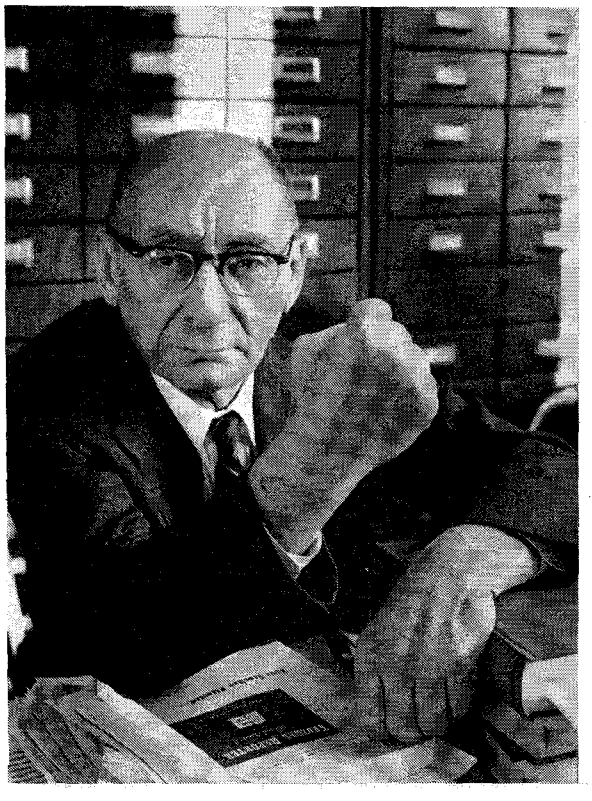
Hospital officials afterward attributed her tragic death to an accidental blocking of a pulmonary artery. They emphasized that there had been no negligence of any kind.

Her husband, Russian-born David Rines, felt otherwise. He became certain there had been negligence in her treatment, but he was unable to find any medical experts to testify in his behalf. Furthermore, he said, all the experts on the case were "covering up for each other."

Accordingly the attorney went back to school. Although he was then in his sixties, he completed his premedical studies, enrolled in the Harvard Medical School, left before the end of the year—at the suggestion of Harvard authorities—and then continued his education by studying in another school, working as a hospital orderly and reading medical textbooks in the public libraries.

Finally he felt he was ready for legal battle, and went into court with a suit against five doctors, three nurses and the hospital. In the trial, held early in 1948, Rines himself did not serve as an expert witness.

Below: David Rines, of Boston. Behind him are a few of the ten filing cabinets full of the case material he amassed during the extraordinary legal battle he waged to prove that his wife's hospital death was caused by medical negligence.



"As the testimony shows, however," he says, "my trial attorney—who obtained much of his medical instruction from me—knew more about the medicine involved than the defendant doctors themselves."

At the end of the trial, Rines won a judgment against two of the doctors. A week later, a judge threw out the verdict and ordered a new trial.

In 1957, after years of expensive litigation, the attorney won his fight. A Massachusetts court finally found the two doctors guilty of negligence, and awarded Rines a judgment of $10,000.

The Rines suit is more than a remarkable case history in legal medicine. It touches on what has been a crucial phase of the medical-malpractice problem—the difficulty or even impossibility of getting expert witnesses to testify on the patient's side.

According to many legal and medical authorities, the malpractice problem itself is one of the most serious ever to threaten doctors and their patients. Mushrooming since 1946, it now involves an estimated 6000 or more malpractice claims a (Continued on Page 115)

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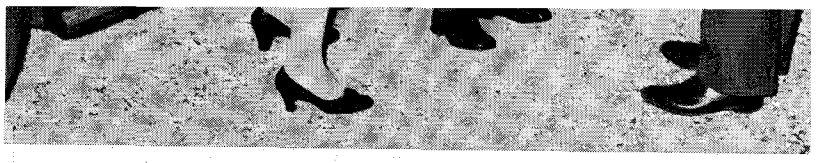
Off to a picnic in corduroys and sneakers: Charles Philip Arthur George, heir to the throne of William the Conqueror.

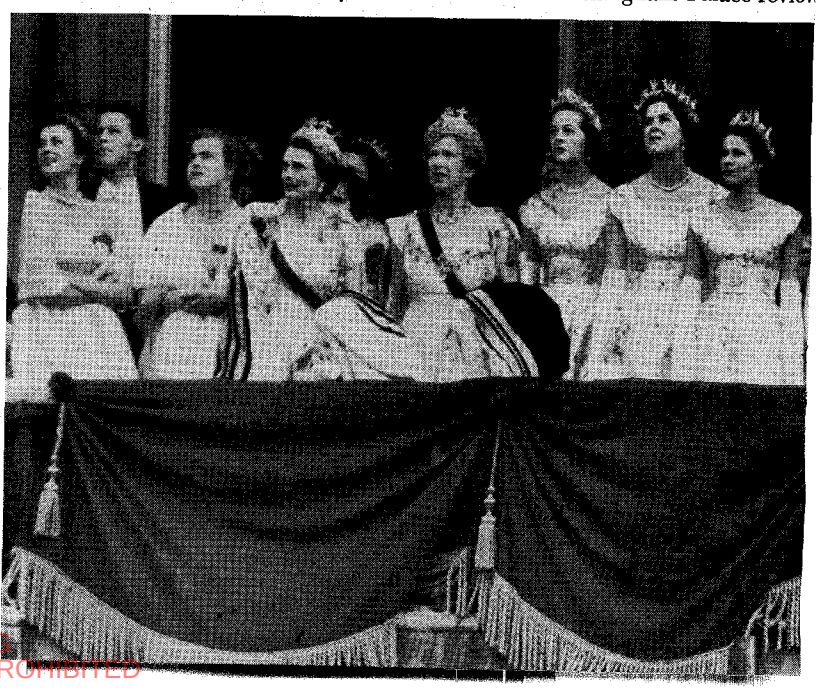


When the royal "new boy" arrived at Cheam with his parents in September, 1957, he displayed proper deference toward headmaster Peter Beck.

Making a Man Out of Charlie

England's ten-year-old future king used to be sheltered by court nannies and governesses. Now he's taking his knocks in the classroom and on the playing fields.

The Royal Family and courtiers at a Buckingham Palace review



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Father-and-son outing: Last summer the Duke of Edinburgh (left), an ardent sailor, took his boy for a day cruise aboard the royal racing sloop Bluebottle.

November 14, 1951, the little prince's third birthday. Nurse Lightbody wheeled her cosseted charge through London's Green Park for his usual morning pram ride.

By GRAHAM FISHER

Boisterous between-lessons scuffles are no more unusual in the classrooms of Cheam—it rhymes with "cream"—than they are in many other boys' schools, but one took place last year that will not quickly be forgotten by the school's best-known student, ten-year-old Prince Charles, heir to Britain's throne. On this particular day, as small, red-faced boys wrestled with each other in noisy abandon, suddenly an inkpot went flying.

In the hush which followed, the young Prince of Wales nipped quickly out of the classroom and trotted along to the school kitchen for a cloth to clean up the mess.

He returned, cloth in hand, to find the other boys sitting uneasily at their desks and the master in charge frowning down at the blue-black mess on the floor.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the queen's son, "but I've brought a cloth to wipe it up."

"Ah," said the master, misled by this ambiguous remark, "so you did it, did you?"

In point of fact, Charles had not been responsible for the inkpot incident, but he could not now say so without seeming to involve one of his classmates—a serious transgression of the schoolboy code of honor.

So he shuffled his feet and said nothing, taking the risk that he might have to miss the school's Saturday-night movie show or go without tuck (candy) for a week—two of Cheam's traditional punishments for bad behavior.

Fortunately for Charles, before things could go any further the boy responsible for the spilled ink, obeying the dictates of the school motto, *Magna Vis Veritas*—"Great is the force of truth"—stood up at his desk and said, "It wasn't Charles, sir—it was me."

When lessons ended that day, the queen's stubborn-chinned son found himself the hero of his classmates—the boy who had risked punishment rather than "split" on another boy. Charles accepted the backslapping and boyish plaudits with mingled pride and pleasure. All at once he was "one of the chaps."

Charles was a long way from being "one of the chaps" when he was first buzzed off to this aristocratic $280-a-term preparatory school in the fall of 1957. Brought up in the ivory-tower seclusion of Buckingham Palace under the petticoat influence of nannies and governesses, he found the monastic, almost exclusively male atmosphere of an English boarding school a terrifying ordeal. He was scared of the other boys, in awe of the masters.

In class, he spoke in a barely audible whisper, shifting his weight nervously from one foot to the other. And when a master spoke to him out of class one day, seeking to put him at ease by asking how he was getting along, Charles simply blushed to the roots of his brown hair and ran away.

The skylarking which went on in the washroom and in the dormitory after lights out horrified him. Until he went to Cheam, Charles had never in his (Continued on Page 88)

lowing the coronation of Elizabeth II (center) in 1953. To right of the Queen: Prince Charles, Princess Anne, Prince Philip, the Queen Mother, and Princess Margaret Rose.

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Even the family portrait contained a picture of the nonexistent Annibal.

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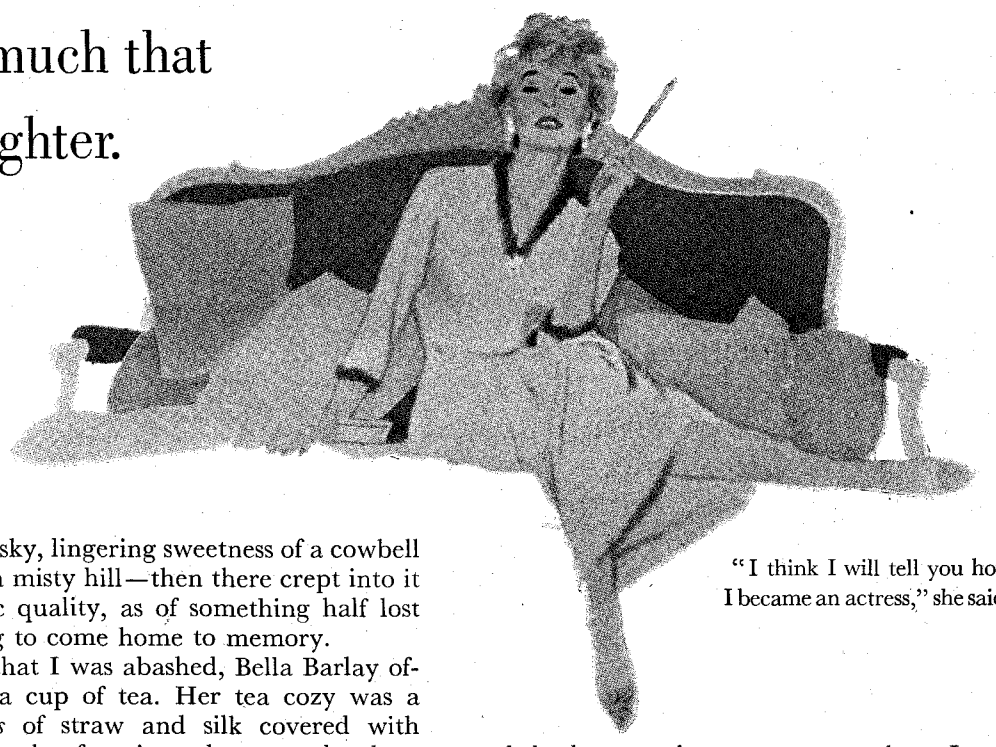
THE IMAGINARY HEIR

By GERALD KERSH

They loved their dream son so much that they neglected a very lively daughter.



"I think I will tell you how I became an actress," she said.

When I first met Bella Barlay face to face, she having for once consented to be interviewed, I wondered what two generations of European connoisseurs could ever have seen in her. My sort of article was of the half-scurrilous, city-slicker, sophisticated type—the sort of thing that, under the guise of urbane reportage, does a taxidermist's job of flaying, stuffing and mounting. We were swift with our used razor blades and black-headed pins in those days. It was fashionable, generally, to make specimens of those who spared us their time, and we could take a word out of context as neatly as a sandpiper picks a worm out of a beach at low tide.

"Moth" was the word I mentally noted in connection with Bella Barlay, when I saw her sitting crouched in a powdery-looking fawn housecoat upon a great sofa in her suite at the Hotel Elégant in London. I even had a brilliant opening paragraph half composed in my mind, the exact content of which I forget; but it would have raised many a carious half-laugh in the dentists' waiting rooms where my magazine was most widely read.

Then the moth stirred and spread itself, and here was no blundering booby that knocks its head against bright lights and makes itself conspicuous only by its nuisance value. Here was something rare and elusive. I knew then why grand dukes had offered her marriage, although millions of ordinary women all over the world had clipped her picture from the illustrated papers simply to say to their friends, "I'm not vain, and I know I'm no beauty, but thank goodness I don't look like Bella Barlay!"

Her features were undistinguished, and her face was too narrow. Her skin has been described as "olive," and so it was—that of a green olive gone dry. Her eyes, which were wide-set, were black, round and prominent, while her hair was tossed about rather than dressed. Yet when she smiled her countenance broke into a tantalizingly beautiful mosaic pattern; it made an abstract composition that got at your heart while your baffled intelligence grumbled admiration under protest. And when she talked I noticed first that her voice had the quaint, husky, lingering sweetness of a cowbell heard on a misty hill—then there crept into it a nostalgic quality, as of something half lost and crying to come home to memory.

Seeing that I was abashed, Bella Barlay offered me a cup of tea. Her tea cozy was a queer *obus* of straw and silk covered with wooden beads of various shapes and colors. It made the teapot look drunk. Quick to catch my glance, she said, "Ah, that. That was not meant for a tea cozy, my dear, but for a hat. Grosjean designed it exclusively for me in 1936. I am not in sympathy with male milliners. A man should make roads and bridges, not hats for actresses. This hat came in a box, and the box was in a green paper bag. I was having tea at the time. So I put the hat on the teapot to keep my tea warm, twisted the green paper bag into an intriguing shape and wore it with an emerald. For a week after that women wore paper hats. You can put that in your article if you like.

Ilonka did not know why the little girl was crying.

"I love an article with human interest and a touch of the bizarre. Here is another bit of nonsense. When I first went to New York, two of my trunks were misdirected so that I discovered at the last moment that I had no evening dress. Now the shower curtain in my hotel bathroom had a charming design of black fishes and white fishes upon a dull yellow ground. The fabric was a kind of oiled silk. I took it off the hooks, draped it upon myself, fastening it with an immense topaz—and it was a sensation. For, you see, I am so odd-looking that the preposterous is becoming to me.

"But you must have your story. You are a lucky boy; I do not like to talk about myself, and I do not like what they call 'inside dope.' How many volumes did the greatest of biographers devote to Doctor Johnson? And what emerged? A bully and a glutton. And you want to portray Bella Barlay in one article?"

Bella Barlay closed her eyes for a few seconds, smiling her provocative, close-lipped, lopsided triangular smile. Then she said, "I think I will tell you how I

(Continued on Page 107)

Illustrated by Lynn Buckham

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June 6, 1944: Royal Marine Commandos wading ashore at Juno on the flank of the Canadian landing force. Troops here advanced into heavy fire. In some places the slaughter was as terrible as at Omaha Beach.

D DAY

CONCLUSION

With special weapons which the Americans refused to use, the British forces quickly broke through the Atlantic Wall. Meanwhile, the Canadian infantry engaged the Germans hand to hand.

BEACHHEAD ESTABLISHED

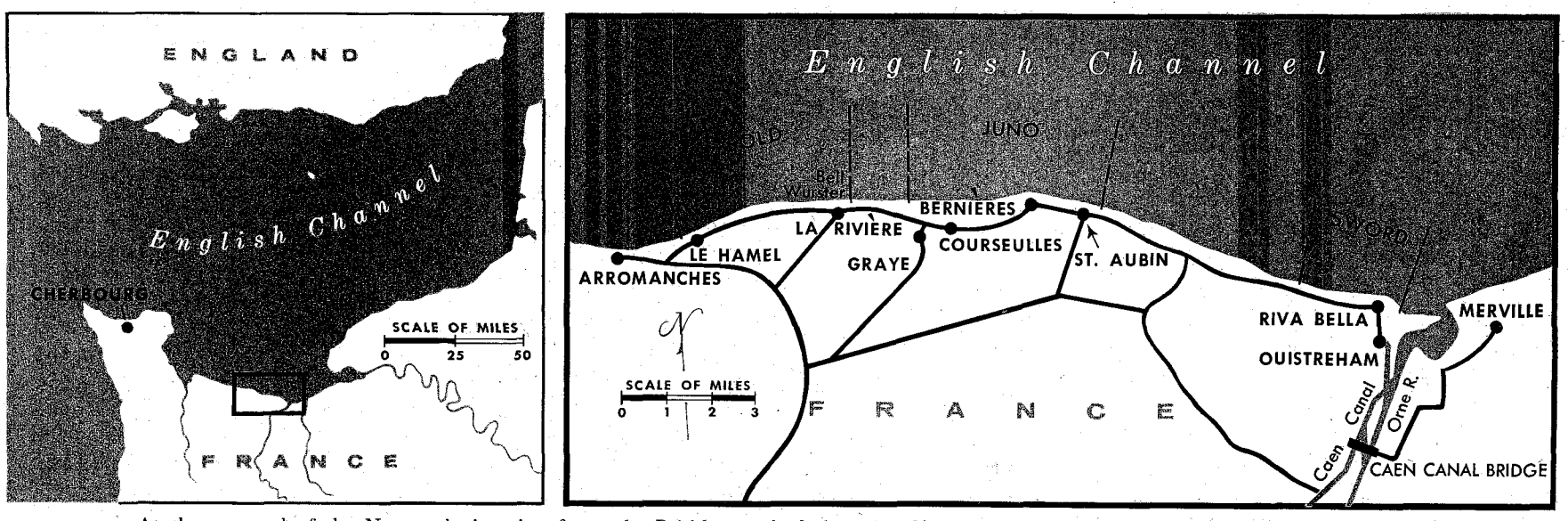
By DAVID HOWARTH

As the tide came up the English Channel from west to east, the British army, half an hour later than the Americans, began its assault on three French beaches which had been given the code names Gold, Juno and Sword. On Gold Beach, fifteen miles east of Omaha, the experience of a captain of the Westminster Dragoons named Roger Bell provided a contrast in technique with the Americans and their landings.

Bell had been twenty when the war started, studying accountancy in the city of Coventry. He had joined up at once—partly in a fit of patriotism, partly because he feared he was going to fail his next examination. What had followed had been neither death nor glory, but four and a half years of solid training and exercises.

So on the whole he had been happy when the years of training (Continued on Page 85)

© 1959 by David Howarth.



At the east end of the Normandy invasion front, the British assaulted three beaches—Gold, Juno and Sword—and met stiff German resistance. The detail map at right shows the Caen Canal bridge, where the meeting between sea-borne and air-borne invaders took place.

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He wanted the job. But not if he had to

MARRY THE BOSS' DAUGHTER

By STEVE McNEIL

Jimmy McGovern peered at his mother and shook his head. At fifty-one, she was still sleek, still lovely. Her eyes were gray, her hair was nearly white, and she had a throaty, bronchial voice. She always knew what she wanted and usually got it.

"You just don't understand these things, Jimmy," she said. "You've been in the Air Force. You're out of touch."

"Look," he said, "I don't like this indirection. Why don't I just go up to Portland and ask the guy for a job?"

"Because," she said.

Jimmy groaned. "That's a great reason. Care to elaborate on it?"

"Because that isn't the way it's done. Because I want you to meet his daughter socially. The next thing you know, you'll be playing golf with him. Before long, he'll be asking you to go to work for him instead of the other way around. Tom Foley isn't giving ten-thousand-a-year jobs to any man who walks in."

"For crying out loud, I worked for him summers. I worked on the green chain, I drove a lift truck, I patched plywood, I ——"

"All of which proves that you know enough about lumber and plywood to sell it. But don't think he remembers you."

"O.K., so he doesn't. Still ——"

"Besides, Jill Foley is a beautiful girl. You could do worse."

Jimmy's eyes widened. "Are you suggesting that I marry this doll to get a job?"

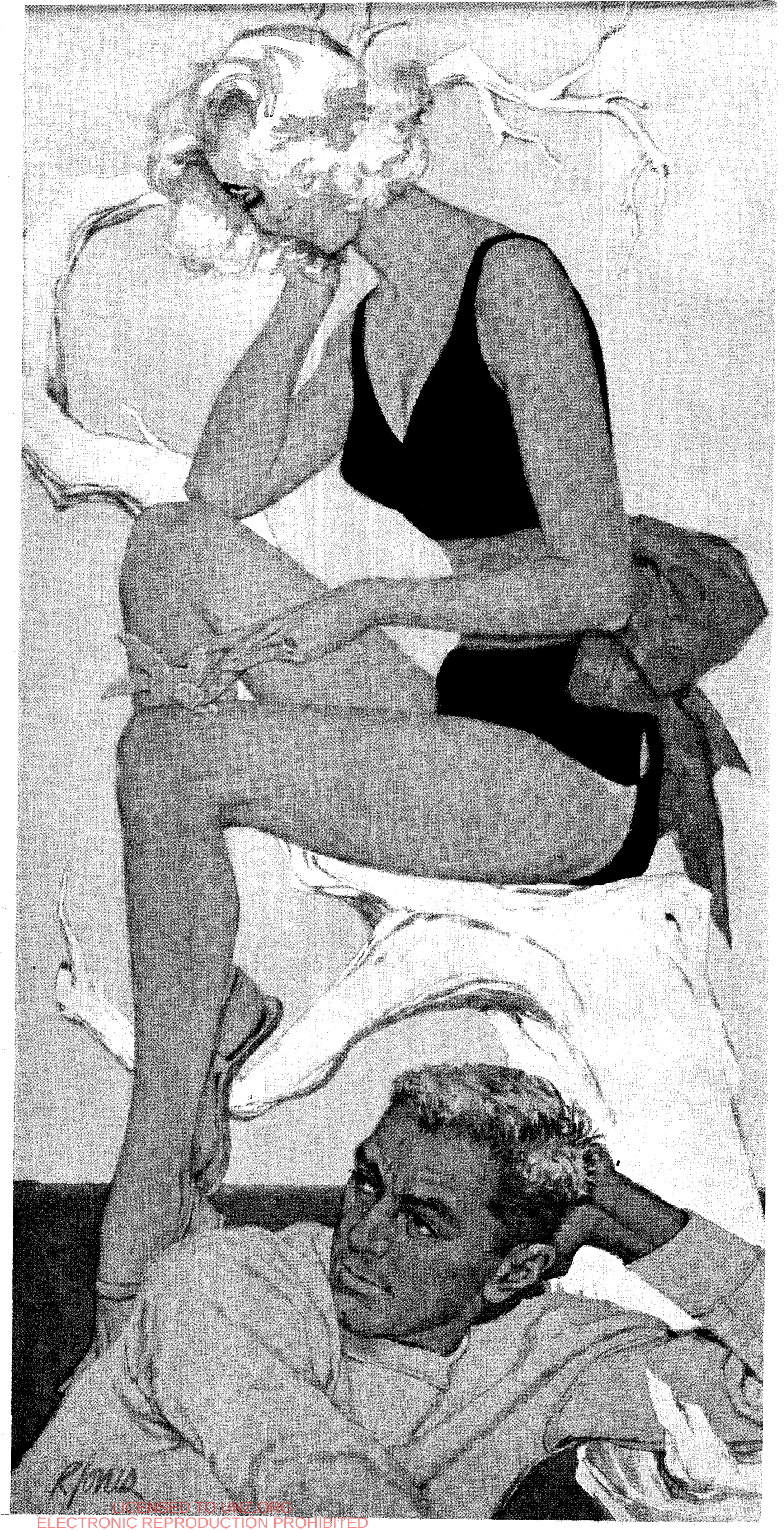
"I'm suggesting nothing of the kind. But men do marry the girls they meet."

"That's so obvious it's a wonder I didn't think of it myself."

"Most of the men Jill meets are playboys. You might be a new experience for her."

(Continued on Page 66)

"Well," she said, "I must be slipping."



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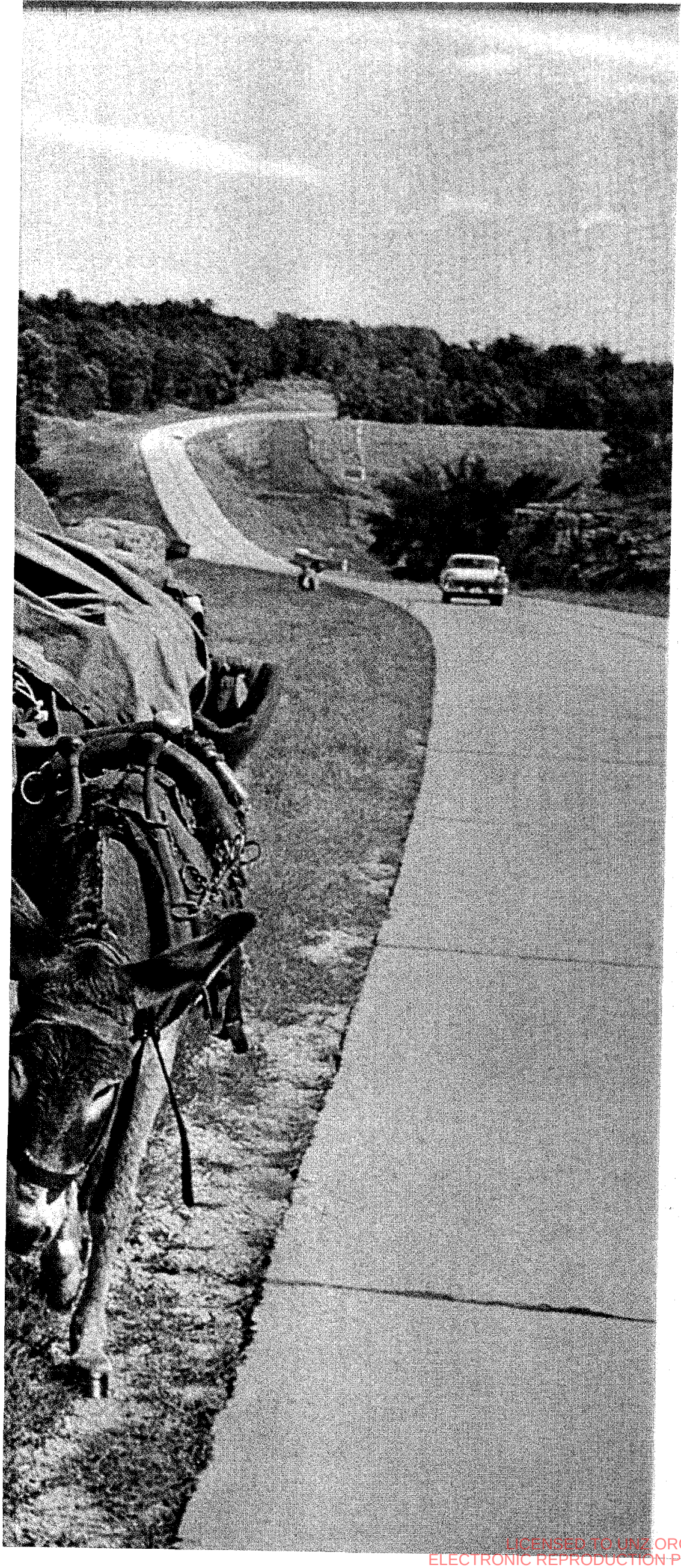

The Face of AMERICA

Unhurried

Americans have long been a traveling folk, eager to see what lies beyond the next hill. Cut from this restless pattern is Orville Ewing, seventy-one, a onetime mail carrier turned itinerant artist, who has spent much of his life in motion. Twenty-five years ago he set out from Colorado to travel for his health in his small covered wagon, with donkeys for power, a nanny goat to provide a supply of fresh milk, and a dog for company. Since then Ewing has been guided only by the seasons and his whims. No pioneer wagon train ever covered so much of this country; at a speed of ten to twelve miles a day he has journeyed from Atlantic to Pacific, from Canada to Mexico, north in summer, south in winter—and was plodding westward along Highway 36 in Missouri when this photo was taken. Ewing makes his living by drawing pencil sketches and selling picture post cards. Motorists who roar past his old-fashioned rig sometimes shout sarcastic remarks about his donkey pace—not knowing that the old-timer pities *them* for being in too much of a hurry to observe and enjoy the ever-changing beauty of the countryside.

● Photograph by Farrell Grehan

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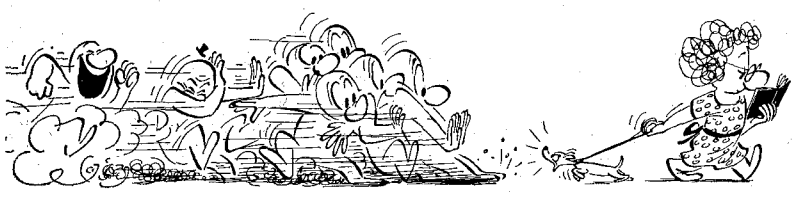
Post Scripts



Letters of Mine That Cross in the Mail

". . . and after the crumby way I've been brushed off by you people, I'm passing the word to all my friends—and I've got plenty!—that your percolator is a piece of junk, and that furthermore . . ."

". . . overlooked as a result of the fire here at the plant. Needless to say, we are mailing you a brand-new percolator today and ask you to accept our apologies for circumstances which . . ."

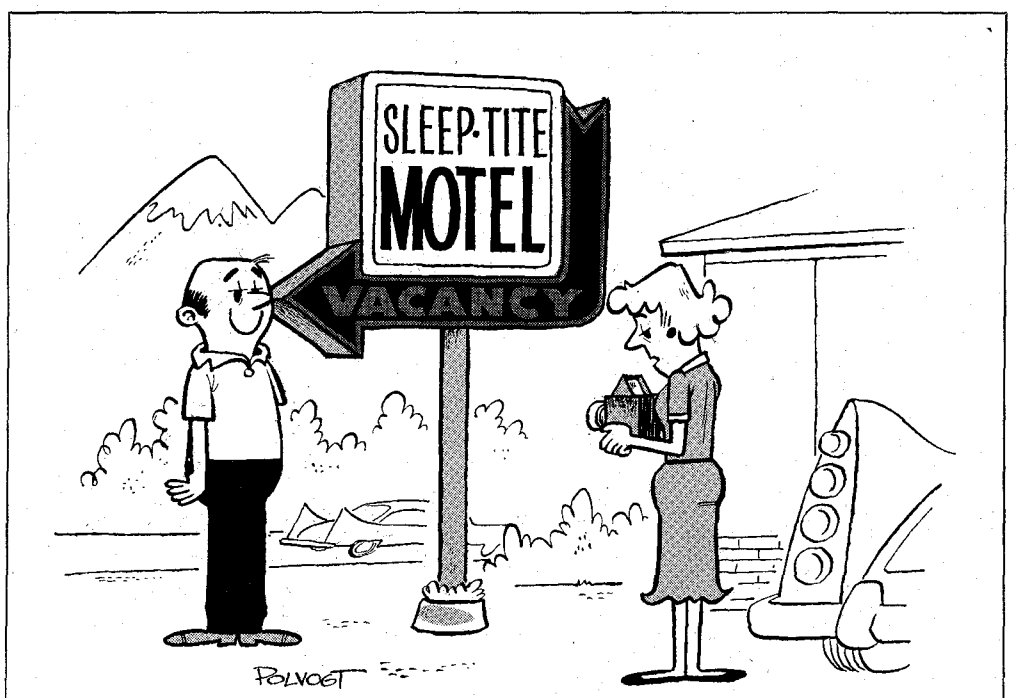
". . . swell time at Bonny Bonny Lake last season and, to avoid the rush, ask you to accept the enclosed as a deposit on Cottage No. 5, the same one we . . ."

". . . hope to see all our old friends this year. We are adding a trailer park, camping grounds and gasoline pump just next door to Cabin No. 5, so if you . . ."

". . . just crazy about our new place. Sure too bad you folks live so far away and all, because we've got these two huge rooms we never use. Not that we don't know what it costs to travel these days, but . . ."

". . . Fred's company is moving us free; isn't that grand! Fred and I and the kids (and Fred's mom and dad) are driving through, so we'll see you. Don't worry—we'll stay at a motel, because we know how crowded you've always been, and . . ."

A. R. SWINNERTON



"Hold it—that's perfect."

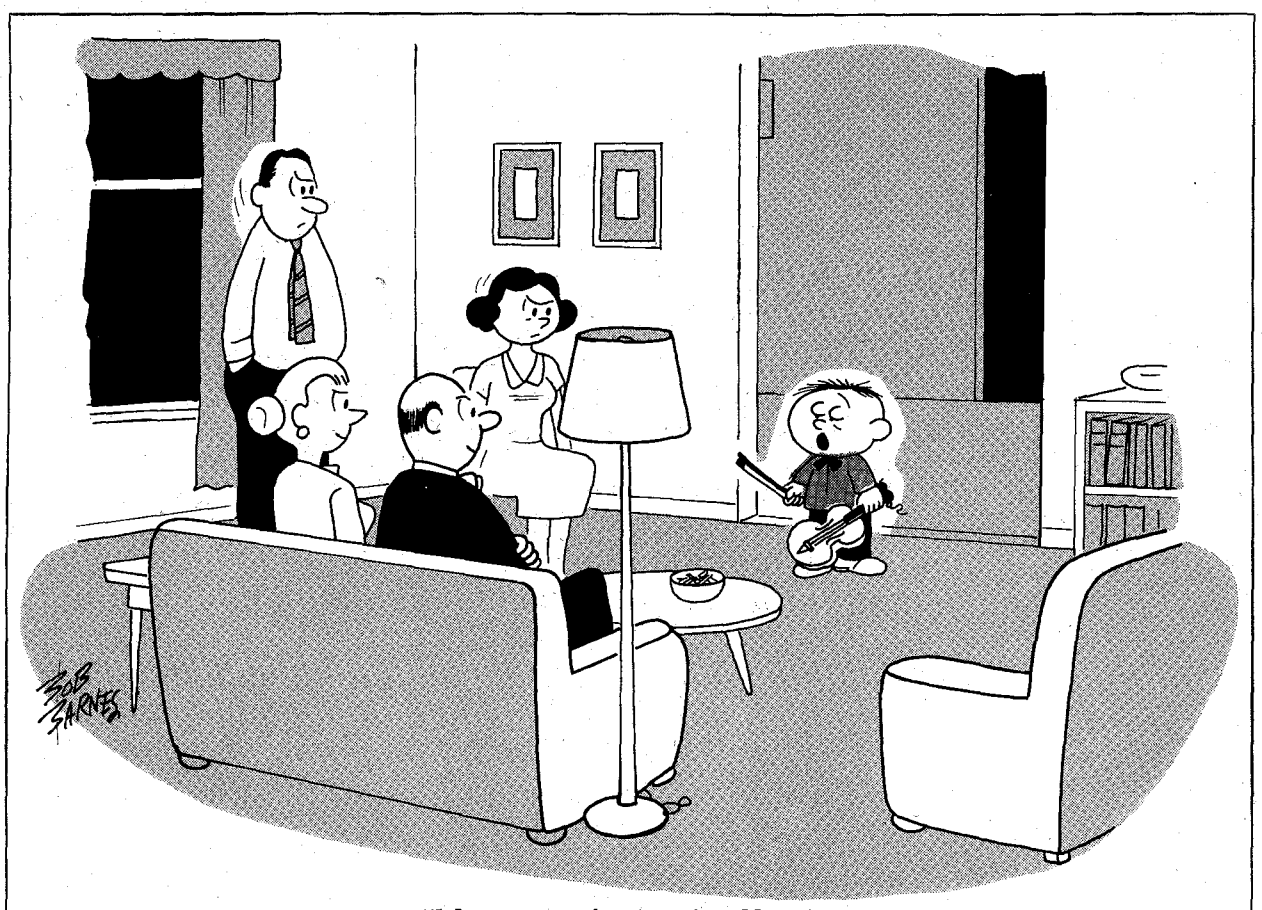
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

A Good Excuse is Better Than None

My husband hurt his back, once,
He threw it out of whack, once,
  And though it's years, now, since that painful session,
He still, at moments, cringes
And speaks of aches and twinges—
  Occurring, I suspect, at his discretion!

For instance, when he's bowling
He never needs consoling.
  His fishing brings no trouble—not a ripple.
But let me even mention
The garden needs attention
  Or some such thing and—WHAM! the man's a cripple!

RUTH CHADWICK



"My next number is called 'Noise!'"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The Strange Camel

(Scientists say if animals, birds and insects could talk we'd be amazed at the human characteristics they'd display.—*News Item*)

As the caravan came in from the desert, I had an interview with the lead camel.

"Man," he said. "My feet are killing me."

"Sore feet?" I said, getting out my pad and pencil.

"One hundred lousy miles and I have bunions," he said. "Besides, I'm allergic to sand."

"Allergic to sand!" I exclaimed, writing hastily.

"It makes me sneeze—especially in sandstorms."

"But I thought a camel's nose could be closed in a sandstorm," I said.

"Not mine," he grumbled. "I get sneezing so hard I almost break my belly band and drop my figs."

"Your figs?"

"That's what I carry. A hundred pounds of stupid figs. And they give me the hives."

"I never heard of that," I said.

"Listen, Effendi," he said. "I have symptoms of ailments they haven't even discovered."

Trying to get the interview back on the track, I said, "I understand a camel can go for eight days without water."

"I'm glad you brought that up," he said. "Take a look at my hump. Have you ever seen such a miserable heap? It leans. And the water pump doesn't work right. I get thirsty before I get out of sight of an oasis."

"That's awful," I said.

"And that's not all," he said, brightening at my interest. "Most camels can eat anything. Thorny bushes, leather, bones ——"

"But you have sore gums," I said.

"How did you guess?" he asked.

"Intuition," I replied. "Well, if that's all ——"

"I even had Sphinx trouble," he said.

"That's unique," I said, pausing.

"The Sphinx gave me a trauma. I used to have the Giza run in Egypt, but I couldn't stand those things just sitting there staring into space. They finally had to ship me out here."

"Hm'm'm," I said. "Well, I guess that does it."

"Wait!" the camel said. "I haven't told you about my operation. The doctor thought I had gallstones. When he operated he found stones, all right. But they had Sanskrit writing on them. Very rare."

I disappeared into the market place.

JACK BROWNELL

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NOW! NEWLY IMPROVED!

Even more chicken flavor!

Dip in your spoon! That steaming, golden broth is richer, has more body. You can actually see the difference! Yes, there's even *more* chicken flavor in Campbell's newly improved Chicken Noodle Soup. And those tender pieces of chicken, those melt-in-your-mouth enriched egg noodles! M'mm! Delicious! So quick, too – only 4 minutes; and so thrifty – less than 7¢ a serving. Campbell's newly improved Chicken Noodle Soup makes the happy habit easy: Once a day...every day – GOOD HOT SOUP!

Have you had your soup today?

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EXTRA BLOWOUT PROTECTION: Nylon has lasting strength to guard against blowout. Nylon protects against the four kinds of unseen tire damage that can lead to sudden tire failure: (1) heat, (2) bruising from bumps, (3) moisture, (4) flexing. All tire makers use nylon cord in their better tires. Why risk a dangerous blowout? Have your tires checked regularly. And whenever you need new tires, be sure they're made with nylon cord!

THE SAFEST, STRONGEST TIRES ARE MADE WITH NYLON

LOOK FOR THE NYLON IDENTIFICATION ON TIRE SIDEWALL.

DUPONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING . . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

BUY THE BRANDS YOU TRUST AT THE STORE YOU KNOW / BRAND NAMES WEEK

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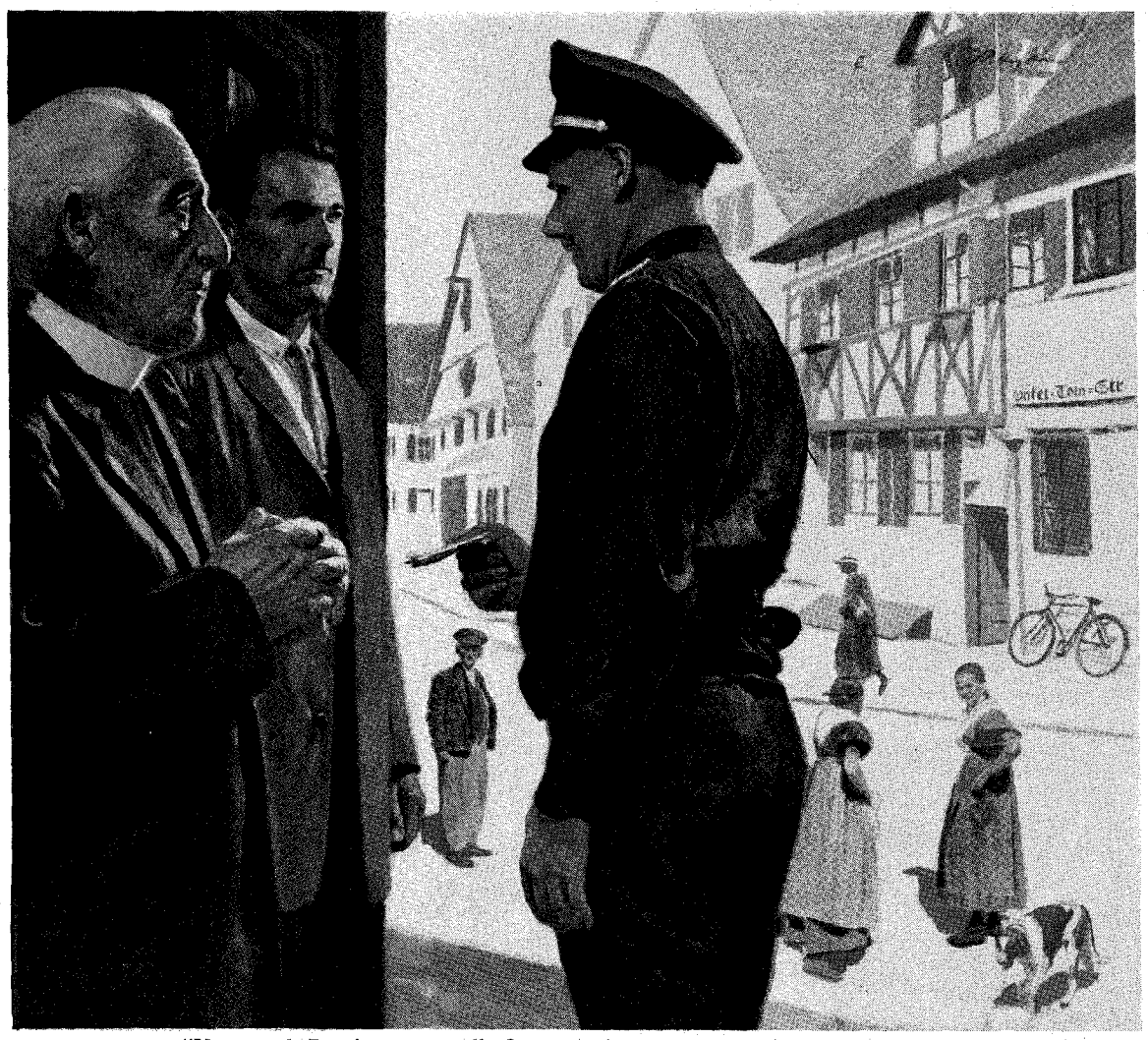

"You speak Russian very well, Comrade Speyer," the Volkspolizei leader said.

THE DARK ROAD

By JAMES CROSS

If he didn't play his role well, he would become one more nameless victim of the Red police.

They've got you, Harry," warned Maj. Lou Feldman, Army undercover operative. "You haven't a chance."

In his Frankfort apartment Harry Benton, an American civilian lawyer in Germany, had discovered the body of a man named Bruno Antonescu. Benton was under Army orders to leave Germany because of his success in defending black marketeers; Antonescu was a jewel smuggler.

The young lawyer decided to get rid of the body in a distant forest. But on the way there, Benton's car was involved in an accident, and he fled before the corpse in the trunk could be discovered.

© 1959 by James Cross

His only refuge was the home of his old friend, Major Feldman, who gave Benton an out: Feldman arranged to have the murder investigation dropped, but he hinted that in exchange he was holding Benton for some ominous purpose. "You're working for me," he informed the fugitive Benton.

II

It was late in the morning when he woke. The cut was a little sore still, but otherwise he felt better than he had in years. He sang as he showered, and whistled a little off key as he shaved. There was no one else in the house. He went into the kitchen and made himself breakfast—orange juice in a big glass, bacon and eggs, toast, coffee. Lots of coffee. He was drinking his second cup when Major Feldman came in.

"I thought you were good for a few more hours, Harry. You O.K.?"

"Fine, Lou; I feel fine."

Feldman poured himself coffee and sat down opposite him.

"Lou," Benton said, not meeting his eyes, looking fixedly into his cup, "I'm sorry. I've really given you a bad time lately."

"Forget it, Harry."

"A couple of days ago," Benton went on, "I was really browned off. Getting thrown out like that. Right now"—he paused—"right now I'm so glad to be out of that other mess I don't mind going back, law practice or not. It'll be a pleasure."

Feldman looked at him, started to speak; then paused and lit a cigarette. He looked away from Benton as he spoke. "Last night, Harry, I told them you were working for me."

"I know. You really saved me."

"Maybe I meant it, Harry. I've got a job for you."

"But look; my entry permit. It's dead in a couple of days."

"That's all right; I fixed it this morning."

The vein in Harry Benton's forehead was suddenly throbbing. He thought, *This is going to be the worst*. But the beginning was surprisingly mild.

"Your German, Harry. It's pretty good?"

"Check."

"French?"

"Fair."

"I know about your Russian."

Benton looked at him sharply.

"In your file, Harry. It's no crime."

He had never known Harry Benton's father, but it was all in the files. How the young American doctor with the Russian Relief Mission, trying to clean up the wreck of the first of the wars to end war, had met and married the slim dark Russian girl who became Harry Benton's mother. She it was who had taught him the language in her precise and pure accent.

(Continued on Page 100)

"I must leave here two nights from now, about ten, right after dark," Benton said.

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YOU GET THE SOLID QUALITY OF BODY BY FISHER

Groomed by Pontiac: A spirited filly with a graceful gait

If the consideration of a new automobile stirs your sensitivity to beauty and good breeding, come witness what it means to own a Pontiac this year.

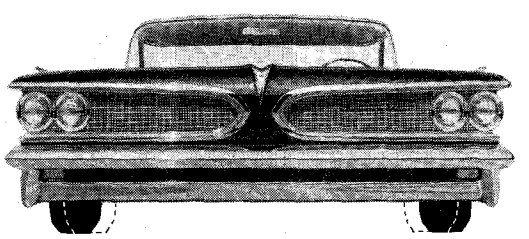
Here is a car with the stance of a thoroughbred, the gait of a winner. It has Wide-Track Wheels—wheels five inches farther apart, giving the entire body a close-to-the-road balance and poise. It's sleek, not gaudy. It has a fresh, clean, crisp perspective, devoid of doodads.

Ambling, trotting or running, it hugs the turns without lean or sway. You hold the reins with a confident mastery over all kinds of roads.

Being among the growing elite of Pontiac owners is an enviable position to be in these days. Pontiac possessors have a winner, a car appreciated and welcomed by even the most astute automobile critics, such as the editors of Motor Trend Magazine who voted Pontiac the 1959 Car of the Year.

Your nearest Pontiac dealer has several of these spirited fillies all saddled up and ready for you to trot out for a drive around town. Give him a call this week. Think how nice it will be to have your new Pontiac for spring and summer driving.

PONTIAC MOTOR DIVISION · GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



THE ONLY CAR WITH *WIDE-TRACK* WHEELS

Wheels are 5 inches farther apart. This widens the stance, not the car. Lower center of gravity makes the car grip the road. Lean and sway are noticeably reduced. You get safer cornering, easier handling, a steadier, balanced, smoother ride.

PONTIAC! America's Number ① Road Car!

3 Totally New Series • Catalina • Star Chief • Bonneville

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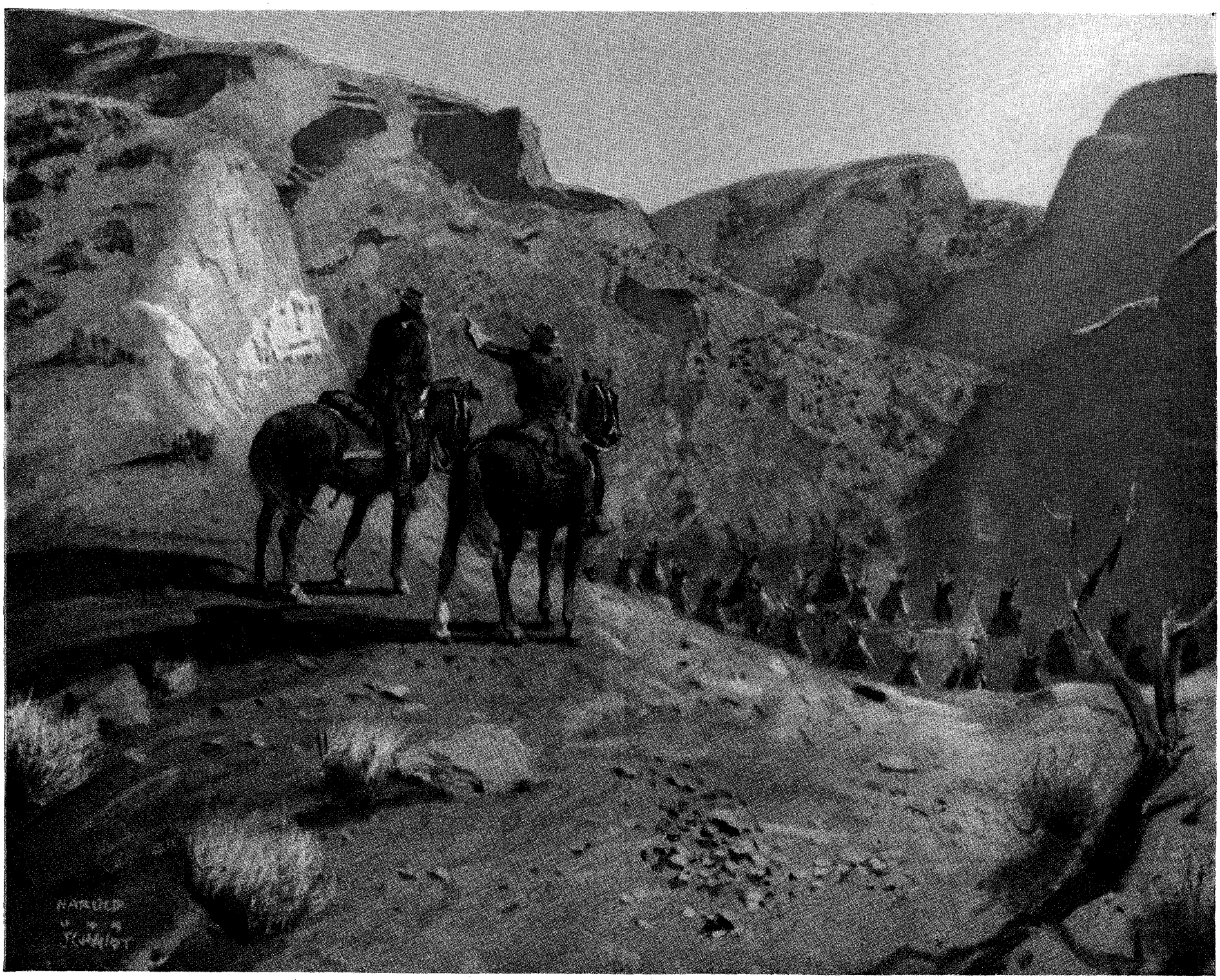

"I want a line of mounted blue on this ridge," Gary ordered, "pistols and sabers at the raised position."

Comanche Captives

At the first hostile move, Iron Hand's warriors were ready to cut them to ribbons.

By WILL COOK

I hope my brother's dead," Jane Donovan said. "I've seen enough. I think all of us have."

Jane had come to Fort Elliott with a band of civilians who were seeking the return of relatives captured years before by the Comanches. Under pressure from Washington, Colonel Frazer hired an Indian scout named Guthrie McCabe to bring back the captives, and sent Lt. Jim Gary along with him. McCabe rescued a white boy who was raised as a Comanche. But the young savage killed a civilian at the Sand Creek camp and was hanged for it. The horrible spectacle shocked many others besides Jane into abandoning the idea of ever regaining their lost kin.

Gary engineered the escape of a woman named Janice Tremain, a niece of Senator Tremain. But she was scorned at Fort Elliott when it was learned that she had been wife to Stone Calf, brother of the Comanche chief, Iron Hand. When Stone Calf tried to recapture Janice, Gary was forced to kill him. In so doing, he enraged the Comanches against the white man. McCabe boldly returned to the Indian camp to pacify them, but was seized and tortured. Now, with McCabe a captive of the angered Indians, Gary faced the colonel's wrath over the tragic outcome of their mission.

VI

Sen. Clifton Tremain took the first train west after receiving Colonel Frazer's wire, and he had sufficient influence with the chairman of the board to have the engineer break a few records. An Army (Continued on Page 93)

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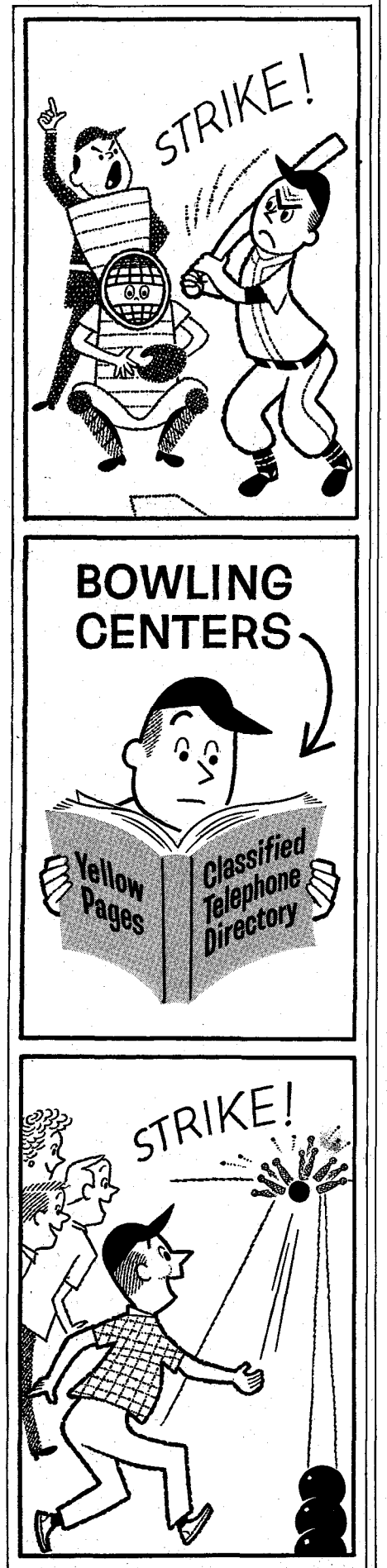


Doomsday and Mr. Lincoln

(Continued from Page 23)

nothing when he saw me come in each morning, but only seeing me. His head didn't turn; only his eyes. His silver-rimmed spectacles had small oval lenses. They made his eyes look smaller than they were. They did not blink; they were as black as little bits of Pennsylvania anthracite in his white face, which turned pink when he was put out. He was often put out. Then he tried to act calm, but his white hands quivered in spite of all he could do. His long grizzled beard did too. He was a proud man; hard-working; smart as a new dollar; legal-minded; went by the book; too proud to think anybody else his equal in all such matters.

"If you do your duty, don't ask me for praise," I heard him say to people who worked for him. "I do my duty, and nobody praises me, nor do I expect it."

One day he scornfully added to these remarks, "If any of you want buttering up, go see Mr. Lincoln. He always has plenty of goose grease to give out."

If I set down so much about him, it is because I am concerned to give for my own satisfaction an account of matters "of importance" which, once begun in my thought, will not lie quiet till completed.

I will therefore state that on the morning of April 14, 1865, I came in at ten minutes to eight. Mr. Stanton was writing. He always had papers to do, and kept the taper burning on his desk for his sealing wax. Without stopping his pen, which I could hear, he watched me to my desk in my corner of his private office, and only when I got out my own work did he let me be. In the next room the telegraph had already started up. There was nobody in there to answer it. The major was late.

At eight o'clock the secretary got out his big silver watch and looked at it. He might just as well have said out loud, "He's late, and there's the telegraph to be answered. Somebody will pay for this." He put the watch on the desk where he could keep his eye on it. I certainly felt glad not to be the major, for the reception that was building up for him.

The secretary signed, folded and sealed half a dozen papers before the major actually arrived. Then we heard a heavy door close gently in the telegraph room, which meant that the major had come in from the corridor to his own office instead of entering through the secretary's main door. The secretary glanced toward the other office and then took up his watch to fix the major's exact degree of tardiness.

He then turned to me and said, "Lieutenant, fetch the major in here."

In the next room, I found the major opening the slats of his shutters. I nodded to him to go in to the secretary. He shrugged, giving me a wink. I didn't want to go back to my desk to listen to his dressing-down, but knew I had to. So I did.

"I'm sorry, sir," said the major, standing beside the secretary's desk. "I couldn't help being late."

There was no answer to this but the itching noise of the secretary's pen going along the page with the self-content of a man who was never wrong. The major glanced at me, and the secretary observed this—how, I do not know, but he looked up, and said in his high, dry voice, "Do you know precisely how late you are, major?"

The major reached for his own watch.

"Do not trouble, sir," said the secretary. "I can tell you. You are precisely fourteen minutes late. It would be bad enough if you had a private employer. But you do not, sir. You are employed by the public of the United States, who pay your salary out of tax levies in the interest of the war. I represent that public in my position as Secretary of War. I will not tolerate ——"

The major, with a frontiersman's sense of justice, interrupted, which amazed me.

"As I told you, Mr. Secretary," he said, "I couldn't help being late. The streets are so crowded nobody can get through."

"And why are they crowded, major?"

"Why, as you must know, sir, it's General Grant. He is in town, and wherever his carriage ——"

"Ah, yes. He has managed a sort of notoriety with his victories."

It was not the first time I had noticed that Mr. Stanton was displeased by the approaching end of the war. Lee had already surrendered to Grant, and all that remained was for Sherman to take the surrender of Johnston. Mr. Stanton made no secret in the office that he believed the South should be beaten so badly that she could never again hold up her head. The President took the opposite view, which had already prevailed in the merciful terms of surrender given by Grant to Lee. If there was bad blood between Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Stanton, this was the cause of it, I'd say. The major did not answer the secretary now, for it was evident he could not do so with respect.

The secretary flushed and said, "You've wasted enough of my time, and your own, major. Get your tablet. I will dictate."

While he waited for the major to return, the secretary nibbled on some imaginary kernel of something, which made his whiskers shake rapidly. Then, when the major was ready, sitting alongside, he dictated, watching every stroke of the major's pencil, and frowning, and nodding forcefully, as if to control the pencil himself:

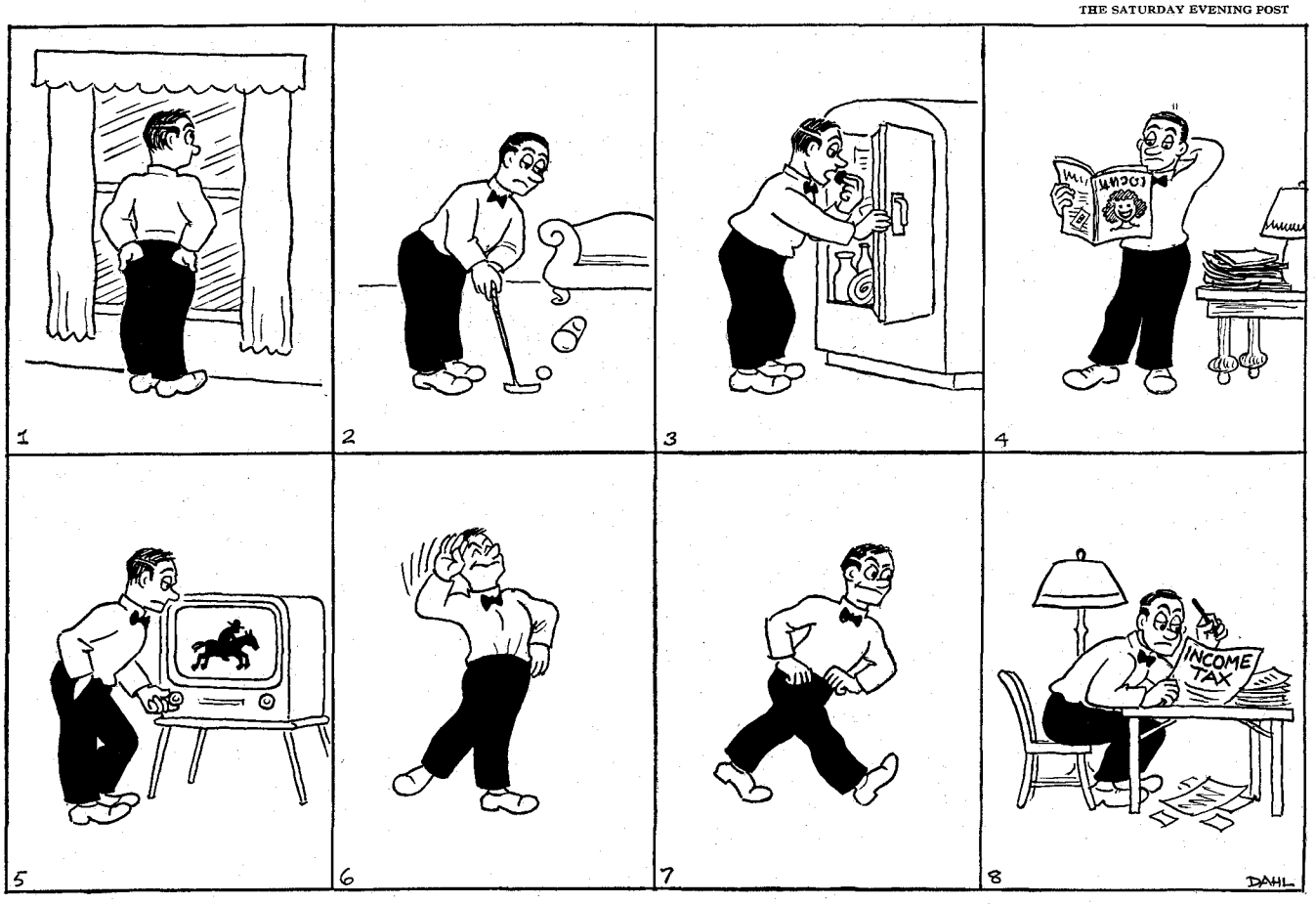
"The Secretary of War and Mrs. Edwin M. Stanton beg to decline the gracious invitation of the President and Mrs. Lincoln to attend the theater this evening, April 14, 1865, at half after eight o'clock."

The major could not help looking up in astonishment at the words he had written down.

The secretary understood him and snapped, "That is all, major. And never mind having any opinions as to this. I would rather be rudely sincere by absenting myself than politely hypocritical by attending." (*Continued on Page 50*)

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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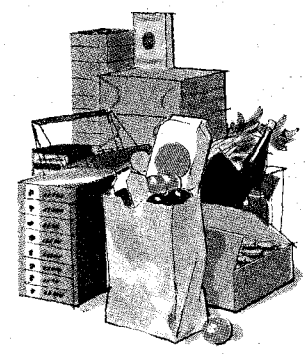
FREE FOOD FOR LIFE!

You can win $25.00 a week extra food money every week of your life in this "Mystery Lemon Pie Contest"

Bake this pie...taste this pie...name this pie. Tell us why! Win this Betty Crocker Pie Crust Mix and Sunkist Fresh Lemon Contest—you'll receive $25.00 a week EXTRA food money. (This could mean thousands of dollars during your lifetime.)



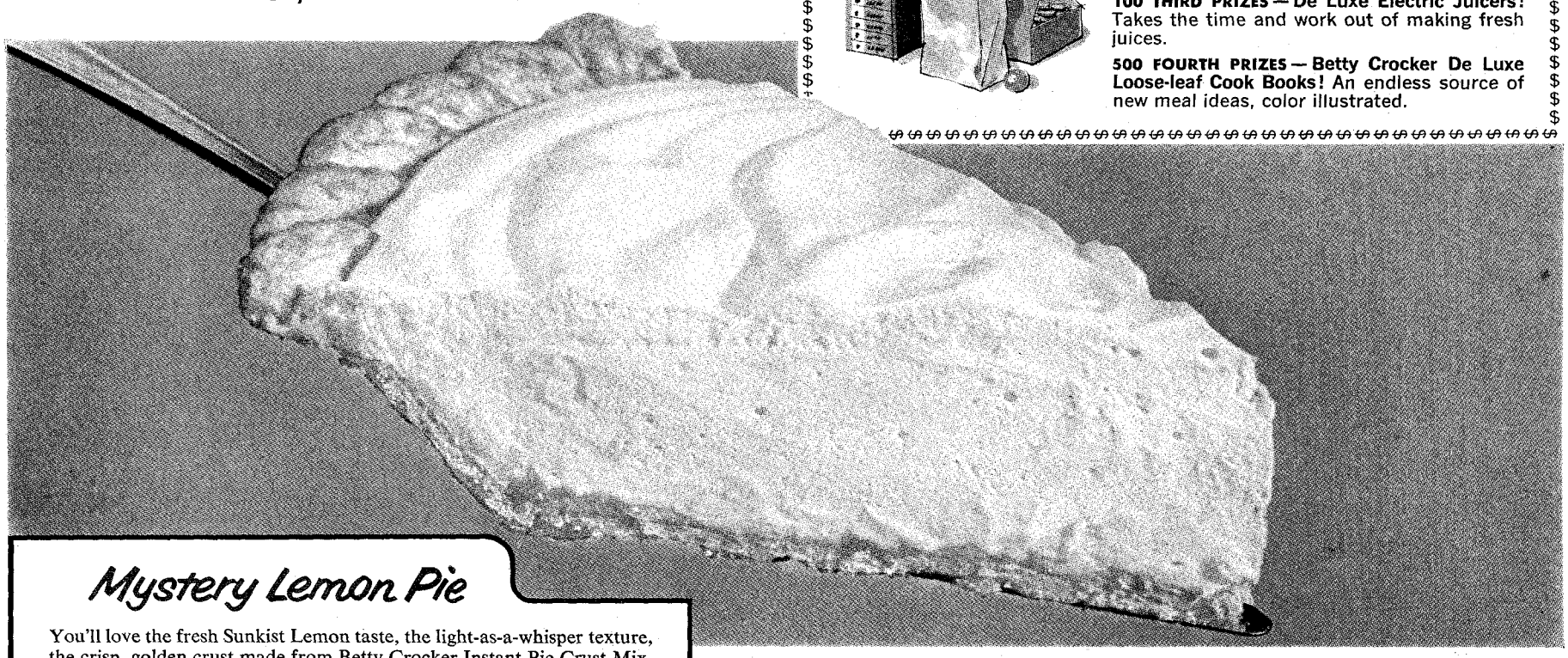
LOOK! 611 VALUABLE PRIZES!

GRAND PRIZE — Free Food for Life! A $25.00 check will be delivered to your door each week — all through the years ahead — a welcome source of extra income you can count on, good times and bad!

10 SECOND PRIZES — A Whole Year's Extra Food Money! $1300.00 checks will go to ten second prize winners!

100 THIRD PRIZES — De Luxe Electric Juicers! Takes the time and work out of making fresh juices.

500 FOURTH PRIZES — Betty Crocker De Luxe Loose-leaf Cook Books! An endless source of new meal ideas, color illustrated.



Mystery Lemon Pie

You'll love the fresh Sunkist Lemon taste, the light-as-a-whisper texture, the crisp, golden crust made from Betty Crocker Instant Pie Crust Mix. Treat your family to this dessert delight—

9″ Baked Lemon Pie Shell
1 cup sugar
2 tbsp. cornstarch
1 envelope unflavored gelatin (1 tbsp.)
½ tsp. salt
1½ cups water
¼ cup butter
2 tbsp. grated lemon rind
⅓ cup fresh Sunkist Lemon Juice
4 to 6 drops yellow food coloring, if desired
1 packet Betty Crocker Meringue Mix

Make 9″ baked pie shell as directed on Betty Crocker Pie Crust Mix package—except before mixing, add grated rind of ½ lemon.

Combine sugar, cornstarch, gelatin, salt in saucepan. Gradually stir in water. Add butter. Bring to rolling boil, stirring constantly; boil 1 minute. Remove from heat, stir in lemon rind, juice, food coloring. Chill until mixture mounds slightly when dropped from spoon. Stir until smooth. Prepare pie meringue as directed on packet. Fold **gently** into lemon filling. Pile filling into baked pie shell. Chill about 3 hours or until set.

Betty Crocker INSTANT PIE CRUST MIX | **Sunkist** ® FRESH LEMONS

Here's how to win the Mystery Lemon Pie Contest!

1. On entry blank or sheet of paper, print your name and address, your name for the Mystery Lemon Pie, and 25 additional words or less completing the statement, "The Mystery Lemon Pie should be named_____ because (complete in 25 words or less) _____." Enclose either a box top from Betty Crocker Pie Crust Mix or the word "Sunkist" from the skin of a Sunkist Lemon, and mail to "Mystery Lemon Pie" Contest, Box 73, Minneapolis 60, Minnesota.

2. Entries must be postmarked not later than May 31, 1959, and received by June 10, 1959. Enter often as desired, but mail each entry separately. No more than one prize will be awarded to members of a household.

3. Names will be judged on originality and aptness. In the event of duplication, which is expected, prizes will be awarded on basis of statement, to be judged on originality, clarity and aptness of thought. Duplicate prizes in case of ties. Decision of independent judges is final. Each entry must be submitted in one individual's name and must be the original work of the entrant. All entries become the property of General Mills and Sunkist. None will be returned.

4. Contest open to all residents of Continental United States, Alaska and Hawaii, 18 years of age and over on May 31, 1959, except employees of Sunkist Growers, Inc., General Mills, Inc., their agencies, and members of their families. Contest subject to Federal and State laws.

5. Winners will be notified by mail on or before July 20, 1959. For a list of prize winners, enclose with your entry a 4¢ stamped envelope addressed to yourself.

YOU'RE NEVER TOO OLD TO WIN. If first prize winner is 65 years of age or older, an alternate first prize choice will be $10,000 cash!

(CLIP YOUR ENTRY BLANK NOW!)

MYSTERY LEMON PIE CONTEST
Box 73
Minneapolis 60, Minnesota

"The Mystery Lemon Pie should be named _____

because (complete in 25 words or less) _____

Name _____ (Please Print)

Address _____

City _____ Zone ____

State _____

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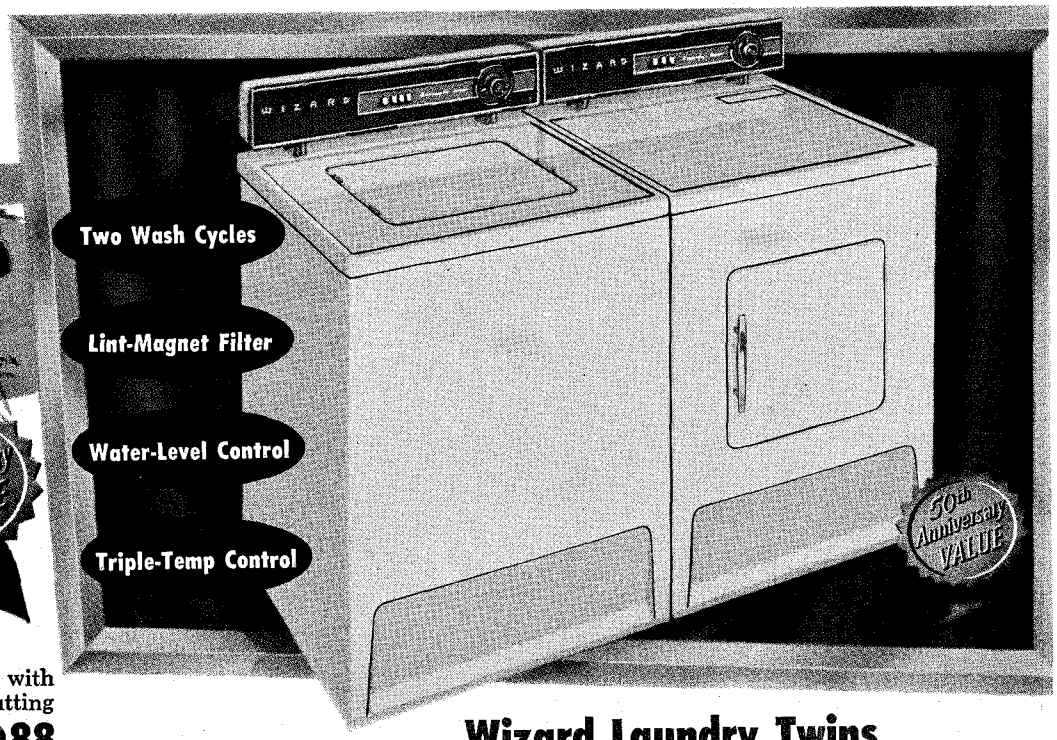

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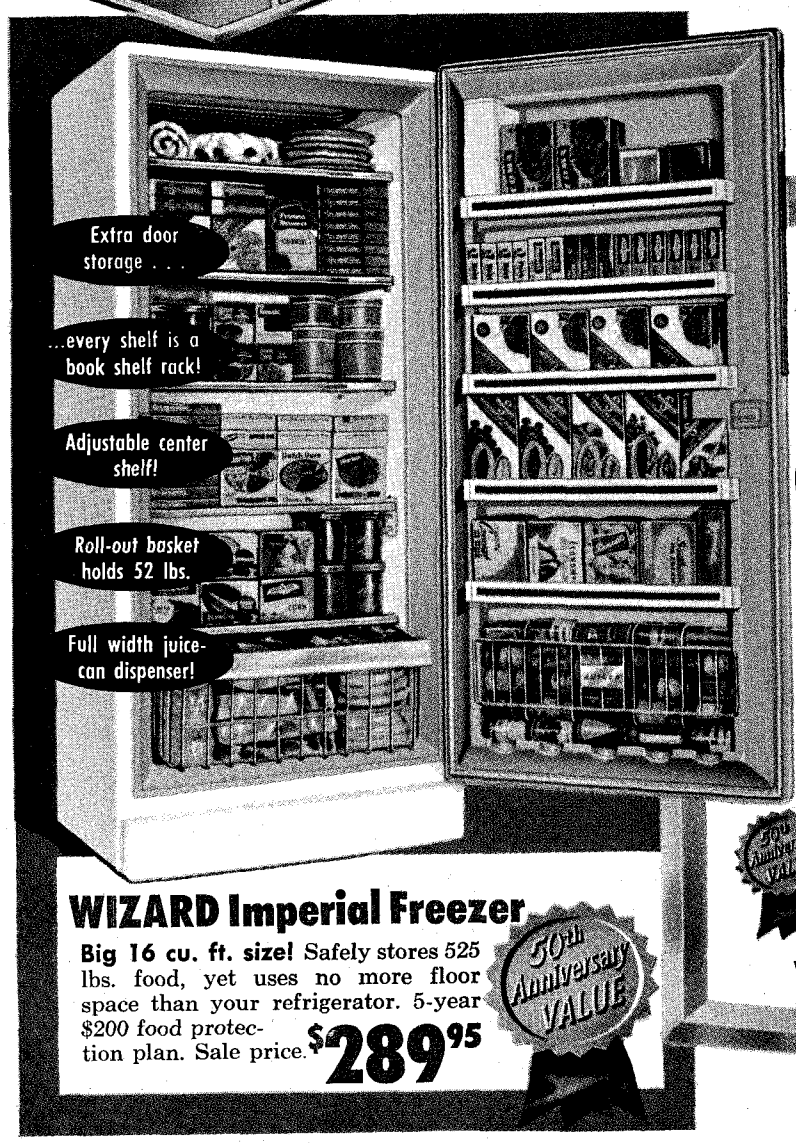
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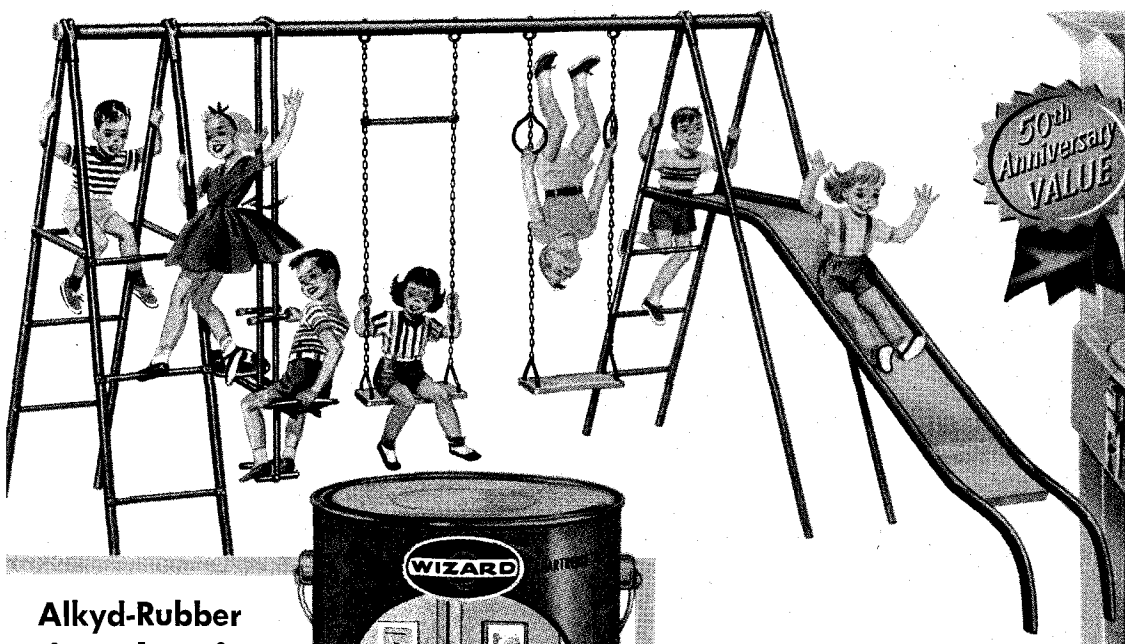

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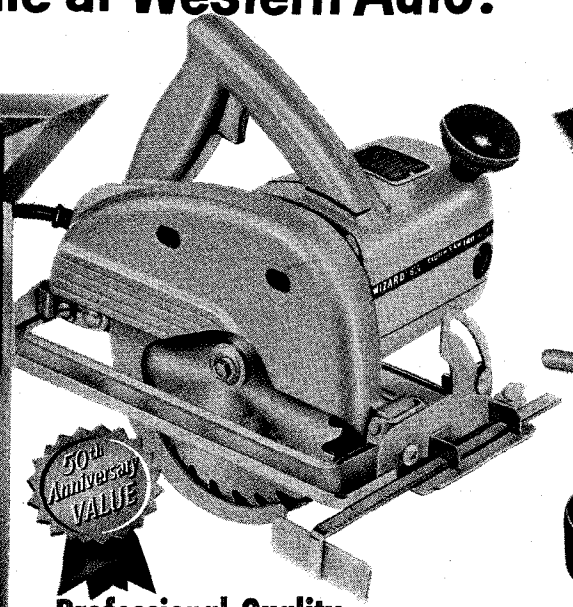

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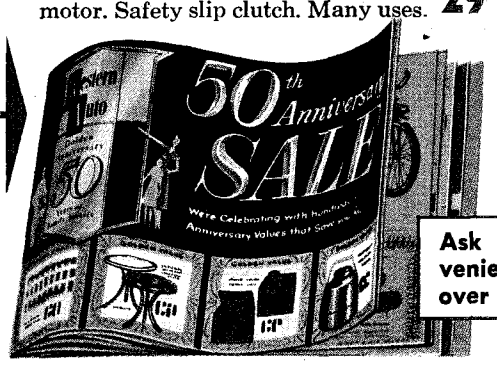

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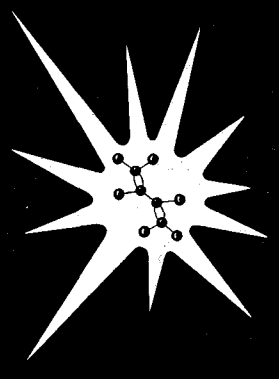

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(*Continued from Page 46*)

"Yes, sir," replied the major. "I didn't mean anything, only a presidential invitation is usually ——" He thought it wise to change the subject. Standing up to his full height, and stretching his big arms downward with a boylike sort of good-natured strength—he was a powerfully made fellow—the major said, "I'll be in the audience tonight, sir, I expect. We have tickets."

"Have my note copied very neatly," ordered the secretary, "and send it instantly to the White House by orderly. And one thing more, major."

"Yes, sir?"

"I believe I shall require you to remain on duty this evening, here."

"On duty?" repeated the major. It was hard to swallow, with all his plans for the evening.

"You will have to forgo your theater engagement, sir. Something might come through on the wire, and if it did, you would convey it to me."

The major's voice cracked when he exclaimed, "I had no idea I'd be late this morning, Mr. Secretary. I left home in plenty of time."

"That's very unpleasant of you, sir," stated the secretary, with almost a smile on his mouth, but not in his eyes. "Your being late has nothing to do with my orders. Please to attend to my message to the White House immediately."

For an hour or more there was quiet in the office; but the air seemed—to me, anyhow—full of what we all thought of each other. As the major came and went with dispatches, not even official words were exchanged. He was about to retire to his own telegraph room from one of his little forays when, without knocking, the corridor orderly opened the main door and said, in military style, "The President, sir!"

Mr. Lincoln came into the office backwards, bending over a little and wagging a worn, plain woman in after him. I had not seen him many times, and it struck me right droll that all I could see of him that morning, at first, was long coattails and long flat back, and dark hair ragged over his crumpled white collar, and his black stovepipe hat, which was dented and rubbed the wrong way.

Now, contrary to much opinion, I regard Mr. Lincoln as the most remarkable man of the age. I know all the arguments against him, and some of them have point. But I do declare that if you could listen to what he had to say and really hear it, what you heard was the voice of one who really respected human nature, and tried to account for it, all of it, good and bad. I'd heard better speakers—the Reverend Mr. Parker, at home, and several of my professors at Harvard. I'd seen grander-looking public figures—Senator Sumner and Secretary Chase. I'd encountered better-educated men—Mr. Emerson, for example. But with all his rumpled, loose-hanging garments, and his pale-brown face with its warts and its gullies, and his gangling movements, Mr. Lincoln had something shining straight out of the heavy shadows under his brows that went right to you. Sometimes you thought he'd crumple up with fatigue before your eyes, but then he'd crack a joke or just look at you in silence, and you would nod your head and agree with what he really was, no matter how he might pretend to be nobody much. You did, anyhow, if you weren't Secretary Stanton.

When he saw the President bringing that old woman into the office that morning, the secretary jumped up, bright red, and cried, "Who is that, and what does this intrusion mean!"

Mr. Lincoln turned around and swept off his hat with a comical swagger, and said, "Why, this is Mrs. Ezra Grimes, from New Hampshire, Mist' Secretary. I found her wandering outside, and I brought her here to see you, because she says you refuse to see her, being a busy man and all."

The secretary squinted over his collection of official thoughts, and then said, "Grimes? Ah, yes. I have nothing further to say about the case, as I believe I have already made clear. Good day, madam."

The President turned to her and threw his long arm out in delight.

"You see?" he said to her. "I told you he'd remember the name. Memory! But we'd better ask him to reopen the case." The secretary began to speak angrily, but the President silenced him with uplifted hand. "Go on, Mrs. Grimes. Tell him."

Mrs. Grimes took a staggered breath. She was not used to grand places like this, or high people, and she touched her bonnet on top of her topknot, and it shook with her nervousness, and she felt the knotted ties on her short black cape and she tried to make herself seem smaller. But she was large, and her scrubbed, knotty hands were large, and because she was desperate, she found plenty of dignity to be who she was and where she was. When she spoke, her feelings were under powerful restraint. This made her words stronger as they came.

"My boy, Charles Allen Grimes, Mr. Stanton."

The secretary nodded. He knew all about that, as did we all. He fell to his desk and dashed off a few lines while Mrs. Grimes went on talking.

"Charlie is only a few steps away from here," she said, "in Fort De Russey prison. He is ordered to be executed this morning. I wrote you from New Hampshire, all about it. I could get down there to the prison in four minutes, if I had to, with the proper order in hand."

The secretary did not answer, but held his new dispatch out to the major, who stepped forward and took it.

"Immediate, major," said the secretary, "by mounted messenger. And order him to hurry."

The major saluted and left. Mr. Lincoln watched all this quizzically.

Mrs. Grimes continued, "Charlie isn't what you'd properly call a deserter, Mr. Stanton. We're right proud people in my family, and I wouldn't be here without the truth."

The secretary sat putting little things straight on his desk, as he replied, "Madam, I am sorry for you. But I do my duty. Do not distress me by an appeal which is useless."

The President suddenly became energetic. "How's that? Useless? Don't be in such a hurry, Stanton. Listen to any woman speaking for her son's life." He frowned, and looked at them in turn, as if to wonder if he might be hurting instead of helping. He started to the door of the telegraph office. "I'll leave this with you, now," he said. "I'll just go and scan the telegrams, in case of news from General

(*Continued on Page 53*)

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This placard wouldn't be posted
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The steady stream of people
Who think it doesn't mean them!

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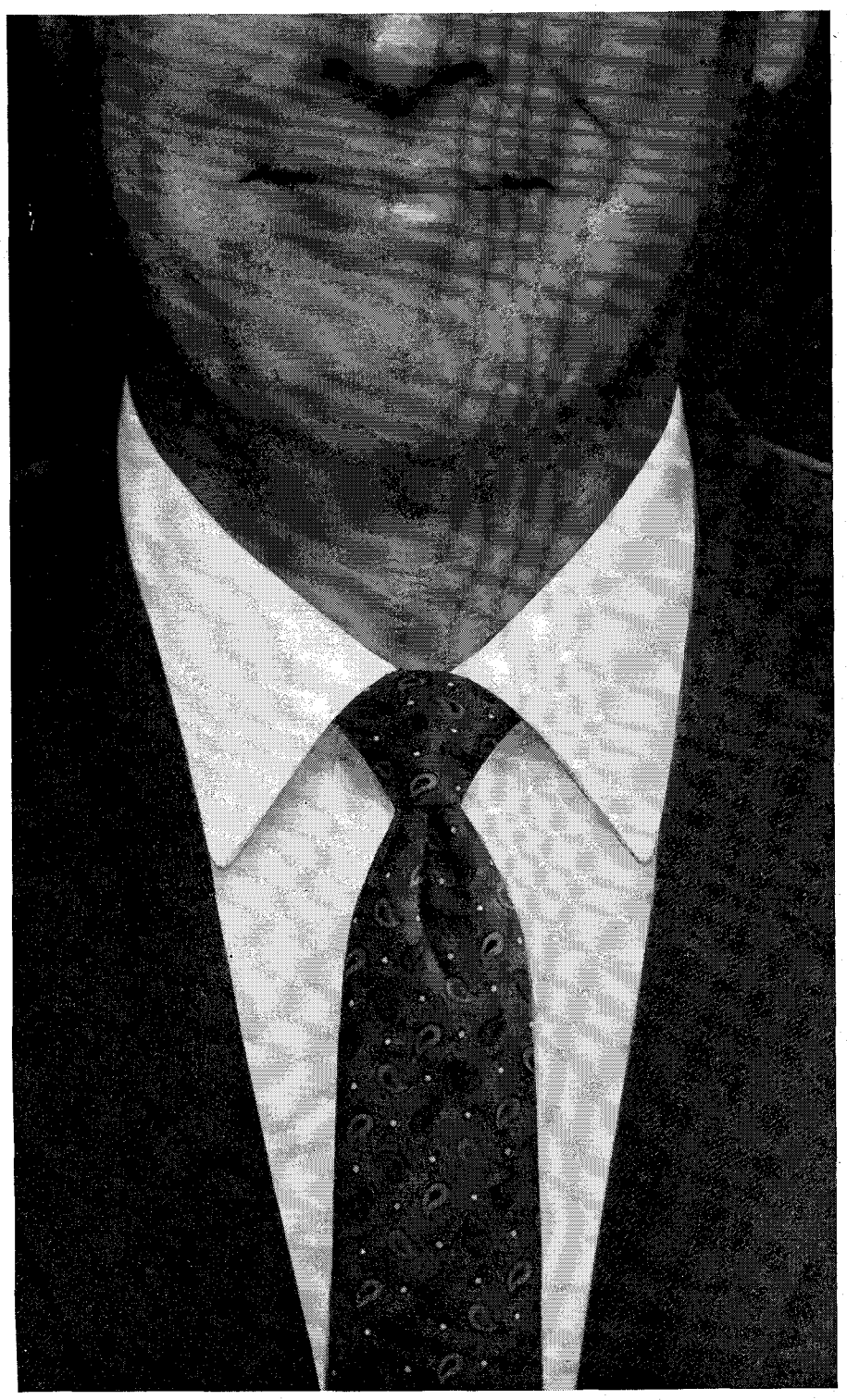

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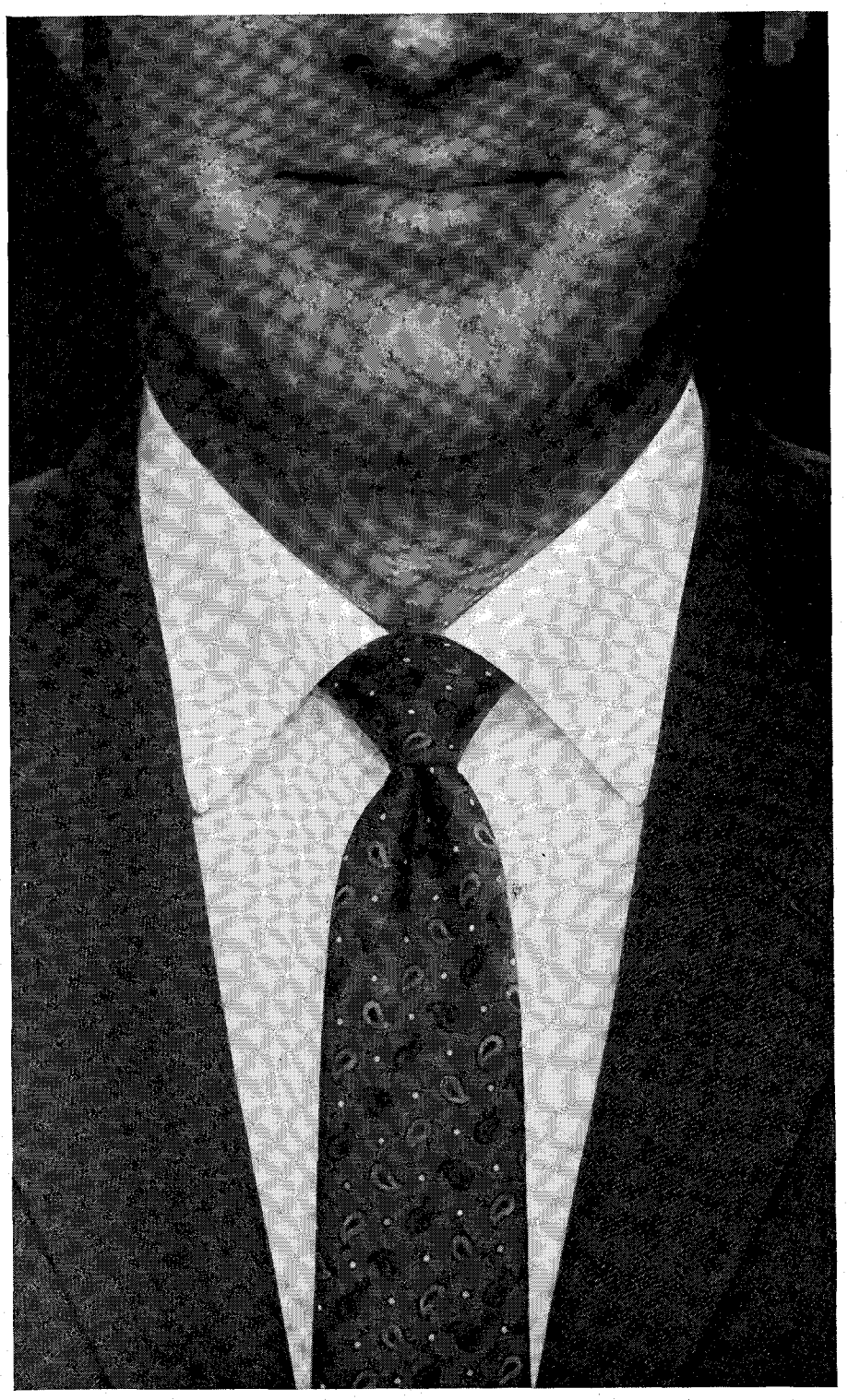

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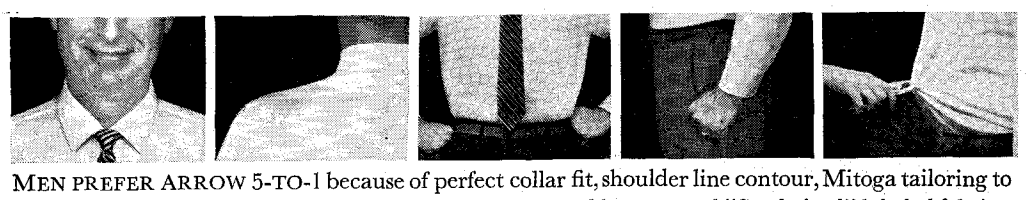

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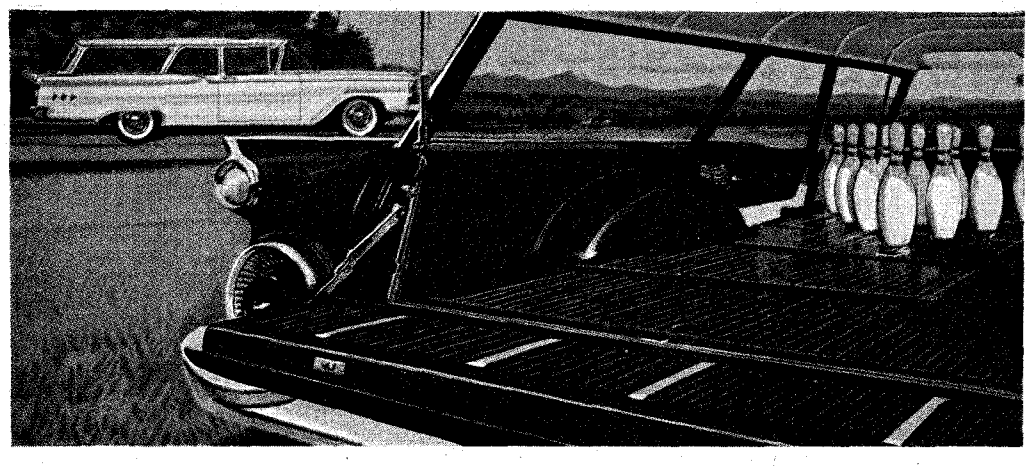

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(*Continued from Page 50*) Sherman. Stanton, you hear her now, mind!" He went out quickly and shut the door.

Mr. Stanton stood up and sat down again, furious, saying, "What earthly good is it to torture ourselves, when ——"

"As I wrote you, sir," declared Mrs. Grimes, hardly and clearly, "Charlie came home on furlough to Lebanon, New Hampshire, spent a month with me, and we had a real peaceful and happy time together, until the last week. Then came his trouble."

"Madam," interrupted the secretary in a flat voice, "under my duty as Secretary of War, I have sworn to myself, for the good of the American army, whose effectiveness is now necessary for the policing of the defeated enemy, that no convicted deserter shall have pardon or commutation of sentence. It is vital that we keep discipline, especially now when everyone is ready to let down and run riot over the approaching end of the war. There are simply ways to do things and ways not to do them. I have fought alone during this whole tragic conflict to maintain what you might call military proprieties! The President is against me, always has been, stops at nothing to undo what I have done! The colossal task of keeping order! Of disallowing the luxury of sympathy! You, madam, and your sort, do you imagine you make my task any easier? I must say, you try me sorely, madam!"

She took a step nearer to him at his desk. She towered over him. "But this ain't a rule, Mr. Stanton! This is my boy! This ain't your trouble! It's mine!"

In silence the secretary took out his huge watch and squinted close at it, and I had a sudden suspicion about why he'd made such a long speech to her.

Mrs. Grimes stared at him with his watch, and then the terrible thought struck her, and she leaned out and turned his watch to see the hour. It was ten o'clock.

"Why do you show me the time?" she asked.

"It is now too late, in any case, Mrs. Grimes."

She was stricken away from him by what he told her.

"It was to be at ten o'clock?"

The secretary nodded.

Gaunt and awkward, she backed away to a leather chair and sat in it bolt upright. Her face was the color of granite. She covered her eyes with her great-boned hands. She wept and tried to hide the fact. It was like seeing a pine tree weep.

"Come, Mrs. Grimes. Come, now," said the secretary. "Better if you'd spared us both this poor show. Come. I shall have someone assist you forth, madam."

The door from the telegraph room opened. The President returned.

"Now let me hear your solution, Stanton," he said.

The secretary did not answer, but, with his small white hand held close to his chest, merely indicated the weeping woman.

"You have concluded, of course, Stanton," said the President, "to at least postpone the execution of this man until you can make further investigation?"

The secretary scowled, fearing to have the whole tedious scrape opened up again. He silently showed Mr. Lincoln his watch and made a gesture of finality.

Mr. Lincoln said loudly, "Oh, no, it ain't!"

"It is," said Mrs. Grimes, lowering her hands slowly to her lap and gripping her reticule.

The President turned a shade pale browner. "Oh, no!" he cried. "It must not be! It surely ain't!" Then he went to her and took her hand, and just laid his other hand on top of hers, and said, "Well, Mother Grimes, I didn't stop to inquire the hour that was set, before. You have my deepest sympathy. I'm proud of how hard you tried to save him. I wish I'd ha' known him, the better to comfort you now."

She looked up at him and nodded. She had herself under control, but some strong need of memory made her speak her feeling to him.

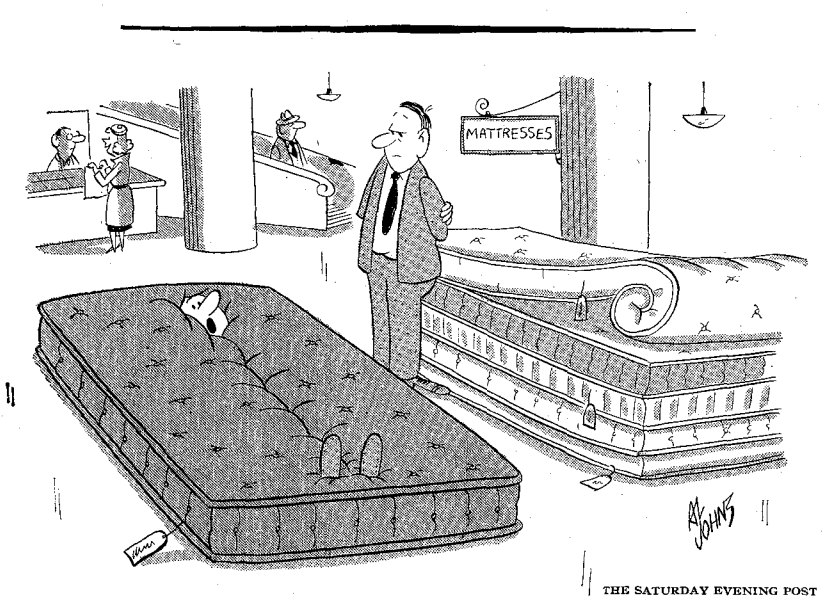
"I shall tell you how 'twas anyway, Mr. Lincoln." The secretary watched them from his chair, as if in exile from any sort of feeling. "Charlie came home for his furlough, on the farm, in Lebanon, New Hampshire. I am a widow, and there's where I live. I had already given four sons to death for their country."

"Four," said Mr. Lincoln; "no, five! They who give are asked again. . . . Stanton, do you hear?" The President sounded fierce. "We've taken her fifth boy!" He turned back and pressed her hand.

"Yes, all volunteered from our farm," resumed Mrs. Grimes. "The eldest fell at the first Bull Run, that's Joe. Artie at Antietam. My poor little Phil died after Fredericksburg, though we'd thought to save him. And young Ezra at Brandy Station. And this one, Charlie, fought in all his battles only to come home to me on furlough, and there to meet the woman who brought him to this."

The secretary gave a sniff.

"He went back to his regiment," she went on, "and he would not forget her and he would not forget her. He applied for leave and was refused. Meantime, she came trolloping down to Washington all



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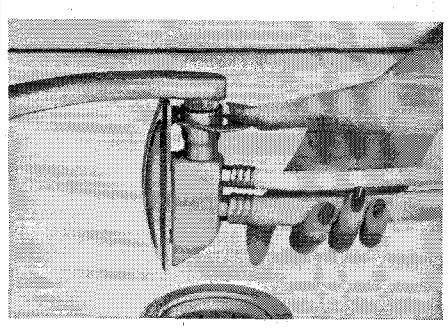

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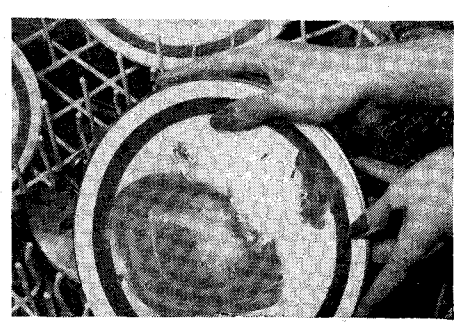

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the way from home, to see him. She knew he couldn't come. She knew she shouldn't write him. But she did. And he came."

She paused to collect her good heart, and then resumed with energy.

"It was only to get a kiss or two from the fool girl and go back and fight again. He was a good boy—I know he was—a big, loose-skinned, overgrown boy pumped full of humors and dear things he don't understand that drove him!"

Now she was able to release her feeling, and peaceful tears began to fall openly.

"And she—she didn't know military law, the little fool! But she cajoled him by her pleadings, for she loved him helpless, same's in his way, and he left camp. He was captured without a pass. And then I was telegraphed, and I came on and found him sentenced to death." She urgently pressed the President's hand. "Yesterday I saw him in the prison, and he gave me his word of honor as a man that he had not intended to desert, that he would have returned to the flag the very day he was seized. My son has never lied to me in his life, Mr. Stanton! He is no sneaking deserter. If so, I would say, 'He is not of my blood, though I bore him.'" She spoke as though he were not dead, but now she remembered, and grew weak. "He was true to his country." She bowed her head to Mr. Lincoln's hands. "He was the only one left to me."

The power of her feeling filled the high-ceilinged room and silenced us all.

Then it was the corridor door opened and the orderly on duty called out, "The provost marshal from Fort de Russey with a prisoner, sir!"

The secretary half rose from his black chair. "What! How? Impossible!" he cried.

Mr. Lincoln turned to Mrs. Grimes and shook her arms, almost whooping, "Oh, me, oh, my! Here you are, old lady! I feared things had gone wrong, but here you are!" He turned to the orderly and said, "Send in the officer and his charge!"

The provost marshal, a stout, ruddy lieutenant colonel, entered from the hall, bringing a tall, corn-haired, tanned, houndlike youth, who was dazed and grinning, but worried.

When he saw Mrs. Grimes, he cried out, "Maw!"

She flew to him and took him in a hug. She said, "Oh, Charlie!" and then she was overcome by a farm woman's fury in her relief, and she said, "You fool boy, you just wait till I see that girl!"

Charlie fumbled at her in an embrace, and said, "Oh, shoot, maw! Lord, but I'm glad t' see you this morning!"

"Mr. Provost Marshal," said the secretary, hardly able to speak, "I demand an explanation! Did you not receive the written order I sent you by mounted messenger within the quarter hour?"

"I did, sir," replied the provost marshal, producing a paper and holding it forth. Mr. Lincoln calmly took it from him, and did not read it, but regarded the secretary. "But the President's telegram reached me first with orders to stay the prisoner's execution and personally conduct him here, sir."

"Telegram!" exclaimed Mr. Stanton, sinking back in his chair.

Smiling with a high kind of peacefulness, the President said, "Stanton, that's where I had a little joke on you. I asked your major out there if the fort had the telegraph, and when he said yes, I knew what I could do. You're not up to the modern telegraph, Mist' Secretary; electricity beats horseflesh."

Mr. Stanton gasped. "You wired Fort de Russey, just down the street, while we were waiting in here?"

"Why, sure," said the President with that quaintness of manner which nobody else could match. "I'd just's soon send a telegram a short way as a long way!" He took a card out of his pocket and scribbled on it, and then handed it to Mrs. Grimes. "Mrs. Grimes," he said, "here is Charlie's pardon. It was a close shave, though. . . . Young man, your sentence to death by the court martial is revoked by the President, who is the duly constituted reviewing officer in all cases of the death penalty. The President's pardon in this case carries with it an honorable discharge from the Army of the United States. Go home and support and cherish your noble mother who has given you a second life. And another thing, son." He went up to Charles Grimes, and put his long finger under the boy's very nose and said, in a confidential tone, "You watch your trollopin', my boy!"

Then he shooed them all, including the provost marshal, out of the office. The major withdrew discreetly. We were left with an atmosphere of considerable strain.

The President came over to face the secretary beside his desk. The secretary would not look up at him.

"Stanton," said Mr. Lincoln gently. "Stanton," and at last the secretary looked up, and the President said quietly, "Stanton, I think I had better burn, without anybody else ever reading it, this dispatch you sent to the provost marshal." So saying, he held it to the flame of the taper on the secretary's desk and only let it down into the inkwell dish when it was almost all black ash. He then found a black leather chair and let himself down into it. It was so deep it made his knees extend upward like a grasshopper's joints. He put his hand like an awning over his eyes. He looked tired and his voice was suddenly husky with tiredness.

"Stanton," he said, "I am a social failure."

The secretary regarded him stonily, not replying.

"I tried to get up a little box party for tonight," continued Mr. Lincoln, "and do you think anybody'll come to it? Not on your tintype. The major, out there, sent your note over to us at the White House."

"I'm really very sorry, Mr. President," declared the secretary coldly, "but Mrs. Stanton is indisposed."

"And the Grants have sent regrets," the President went on, "owing to the necessity of getting to Philadelphia this evening on family matters. I confess, I'm just a mite vexed." He gave a scrap of a laugh, to show he was not serious, and then sobered when he added, "My wife feels it more than I do, of course, when this kind of thing happens. So it's a poor excuse for a party tonight, hardly worth having at all, I do say."

"Oh," said the secretary, "perhaps you will not go either, then?"

"Why, yes, I'll have to, I reckon. Not that I want to, any more than you do. I've seen the play before, and we really were having it for the Grants. But the theater has advertised a big ceremonial occasion, and I don't suppose everybody can back down and spoil the fun of the crowd there tonight." He smiled, trying to win Mr. Stanton with humor. "I ain't a Grant, nor even a Stanton, but maybe somebody'll be glad to see me there."

Mr. Stanton was unable to say anything to this, and after a moment, Mr. Lincoln added, with diffidence, "Thought maybe somebody'd be too glad, Stanton. That's why I want to ask you to let me borrow your major out there, just for this evening."

"What on earth for!" exclaimed the secretary.

"Stanton, I want him to go along tonight as my bodyguard. He's a mighty powerful fellow. While we were waiting out there by the telegraph, we got to talking of feats of strength and similar phenomena, and with my own eyes I saw him take up a poker from his Franklin Stove, and bend it around his arm, and then straighten it out again. Let's call him in! Let's ask him about tonight!"

"Isn't your regular man adequate, your usual guard?"

"It isn't that. If I told you, maybe you'd laugh at me." He looked up at Stanton under his brows. "Oh, shucks, I guess I can tell you; you've laughed at me, and worse, before. The fact is, Stanton, I've had a most miserably disturbing dream the last several nights, I never had a thing like that impress me so strongly, I dreamed the President was dead in the White House, and I just thought that tonight—you know, the way a man will, regardless of his good sense—I just thought I'd take a little extra care this time. My wife keeps asking me to. So this morning when I saw the demonstration I said to myself, I'll get Stanton's poker bender."

The secretary gazed at him with eyes like two small, wet, black stones. I had occasion to know, as the major had just had, that he is not a forgiving man. The President had crossed him only this morning, and in front of other people.

He stood up as though to conclude an interview, and said, "I hardly see how I can manage it for you, Mr. President."

"Oh, no, really!"

"No, I've already given orders that the wire staff is to work tonight. The major is the chief, and will be required here. I cannot trust the rest of them. You understand, of course, Mr. President?"

The President stood up and gazed about him. His gaze fell upon me. He gazed into my eyes across the room. He was solemn and weary and, I thought, indifferent to concealment of his inmost self. His look seemed to burn into me, as though he sought delivery or protection or merely comprehension of his living nature from anyone else, even a lieutenant who happened to be there. The thought crossed my mind, that, as Mr. Emerson might have said, President Lincoln was a fateful man.

He started and came to himself like someone lately lost in a dream, and he said, "Well, I guess it isn't fair to worry anybody else with my suspicionings after all. No, if 'twas important, Stanton—why, maybe I'd try to outsmart you on it. But, of course, it ain't." He bent down and took his hat from the floor and started for the door. After a step or two he paused, and said half aloud, "Oh, me, oh, my! What a shame about tonight," and then walked on to the corridor door, where he turned, and said, "Good day, lieutenant," to me, and then, to my superior, "Good day, Mist' Secretary."

Mr. Stanton bowed, but did not reply.

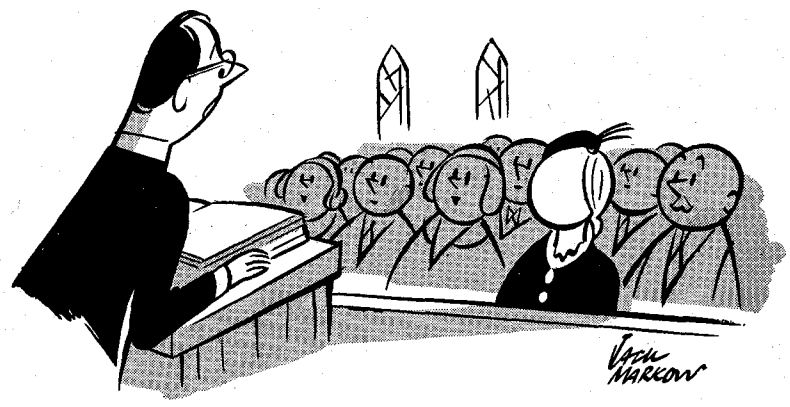
The door closed.

A little while later the secretary placed me in charge of the office until he should return. He was leaving to attend the Cabinet meeting at eleven o'clock in the White House.

His absence gave me an opportunity to go and speak to the major on other than official affairs. I arranged to buy the major's tickets for that evening's performance at Ford's Theater, where Miss Keene was closing in Our American Cousin, which I had thought I must miss until then, and which I would now see, and at which I would also see Mr. and Mrs. Lincoln in their box. I reminded myself several times of how lucky I was to have that sudden opportunity.

But all the rest of that day I could not put from mind the recollection of the look which the President gave me, and the words he paused to speak more to himself than anyone else, just before he left us. I said to myself impatiently that his failure to obtain the major as his bodyguard for the evening would most likely make no difference in any way—no difference at all.

But still, I kept thinking, what if it might? What if it might? THE END



The Perfect Squelch

Next to chattering in a featherheaded way, Mrs. Tom's chief hobby was criticizing clergymen. They were either too young or too old, too liberal or conservative, too quiet or talkative. And if they were none of these, Mrs. Tom managed to invent a few things to be critical about.

Once after listening to a fine sermon by the church's newest pastor, she cornered a fellow worshiper and gave her a lengthy explanation of just what was wrong with the minister. "You know," she said finally, "I just don't get anything from his sermons that I can carry home with me."

"Perhaps, Mrs. Tom," her weary listener said, "you don't bring anything to put it in."

Ruth Lewis Richardson

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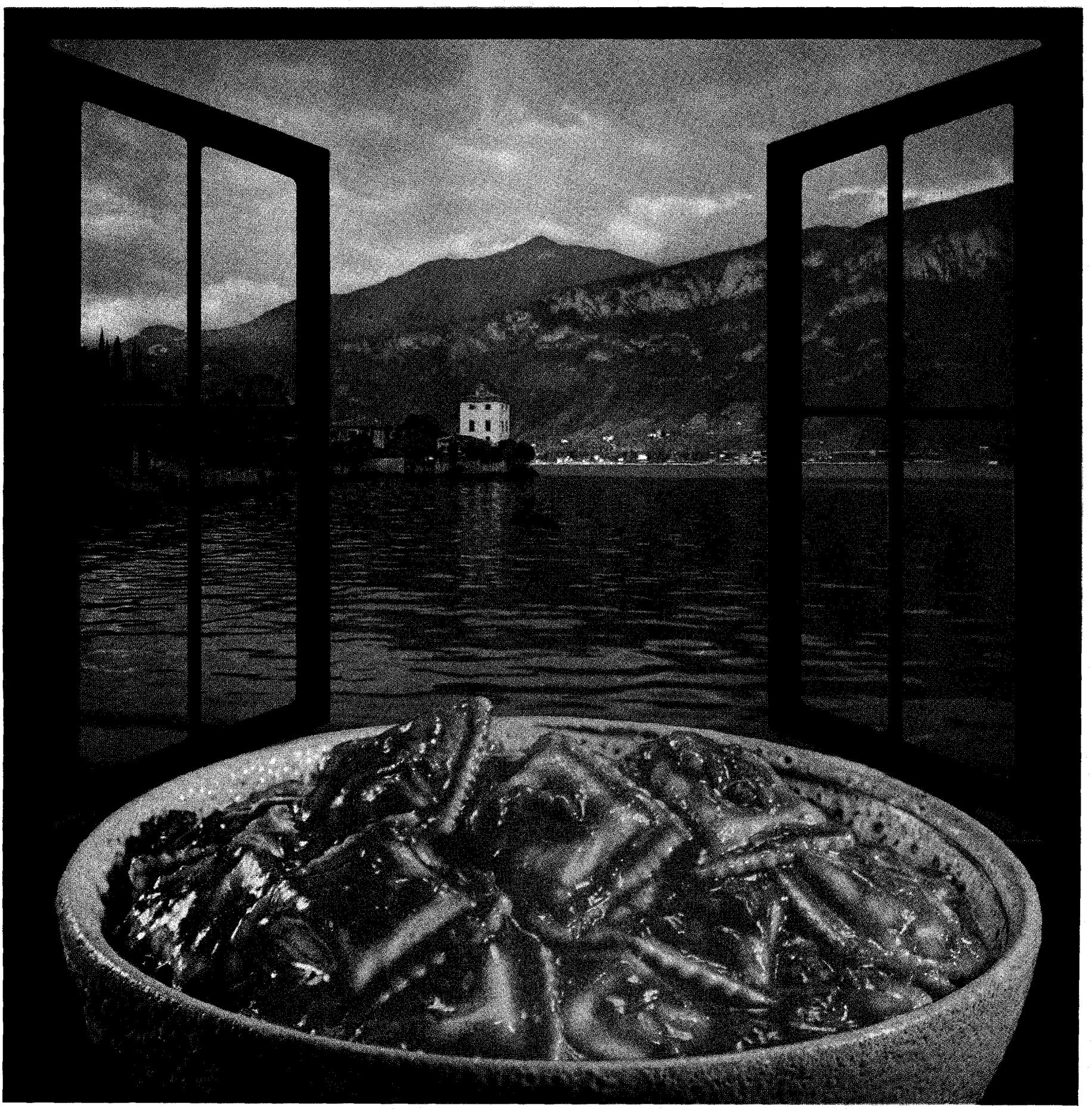

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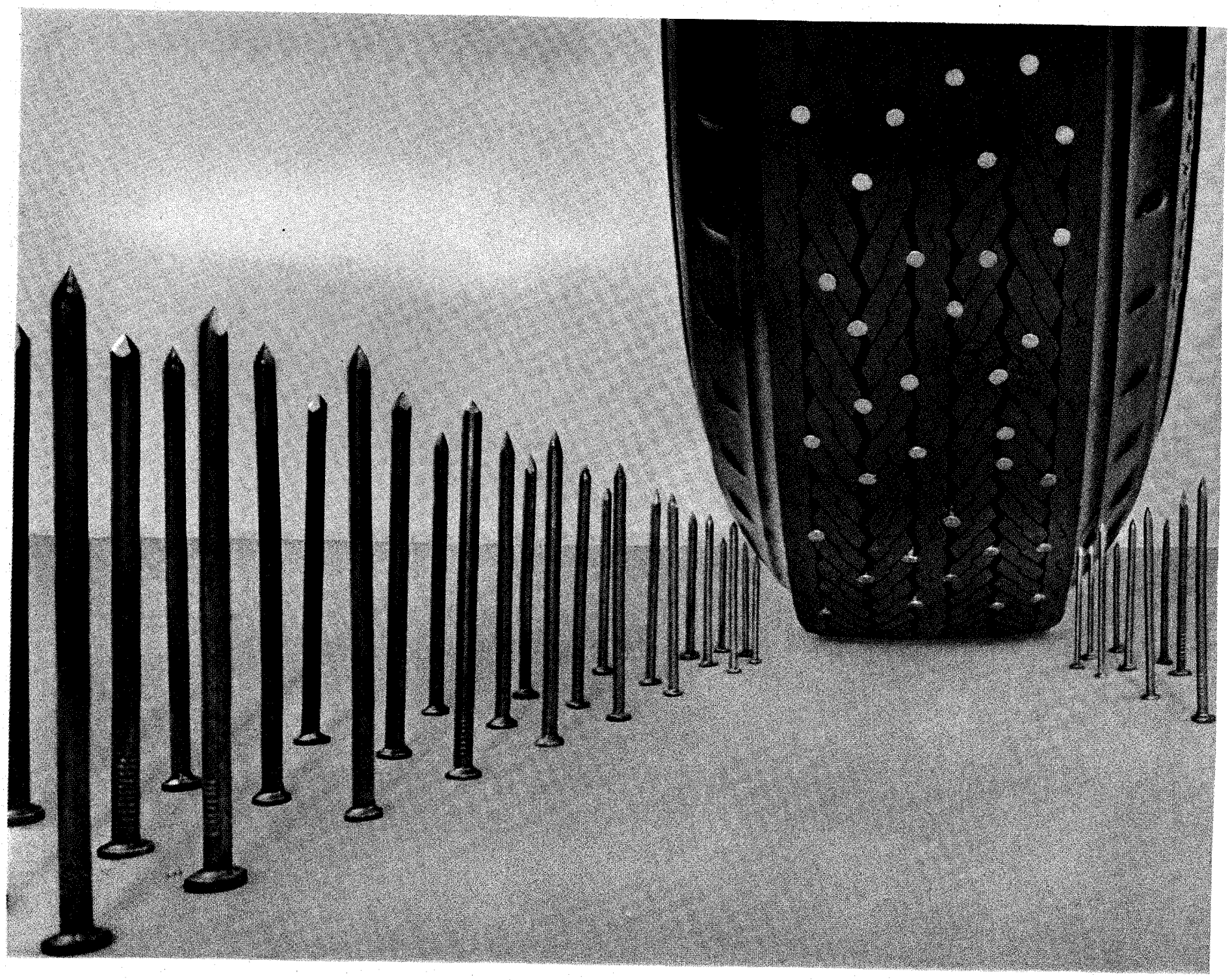

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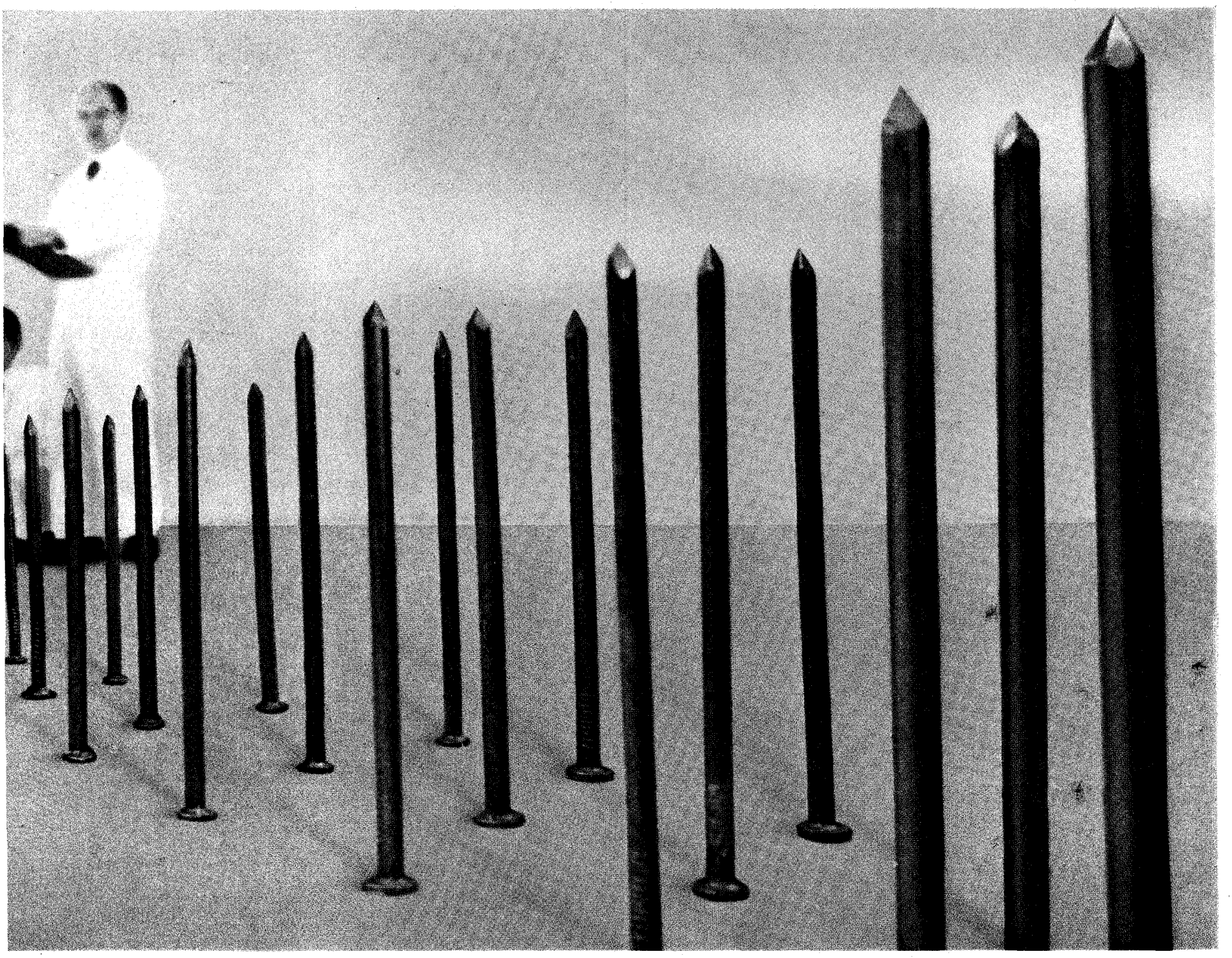

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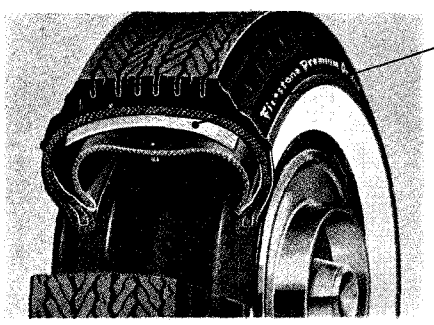

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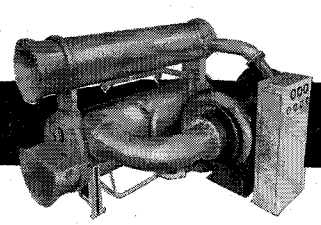

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Forbidden Zone

(Continued from Page 30)

head against a piling and wound up in St. Luke's Hospital.

Now he grabbed for the bait bucket. Carefully he shredded some frozen squid. He baited some hooks which were attached to strong wire leaders. Over the port rail he lowered three linen lines, waited for the twelve-ounce sinkers to bump bottom, then raised them a foot and secured the lines.

"Snapper," he said aloud, "come fat, come big, come in schools. Snapper, I need you."

The Sara II rolled gently in the black water. She was only eighteen feet. Her motor was twenty-five horsepower, of ancient but reliable vintage. She was seaworthy—as seaworthy as a turtle, but in rough waters she was inclined to behave like a turtle.

Jim Barrett stuck his pipe in his mouth and started to strike a match. Then he heard the distant thunder of jet planes. He replaced the matches in his leather jacket, which was both salty and soggy. The jet planes, he knew, were patrolling. Even the flicker of a match would arouse all kinds of action.

He could feel the night mists creeping. The lines lay dormant. He leaned heavily on the rail, and his thoughts were as flat, yet rolling, as the sea around him.

It would be simple, he thought, *to join Sara. Perhaps Sara is lonely too. I cannot swim. I would sink slowly down, down, down like the squid bait. I would leave a sparkling yellow trail in the water. The waters are dark and deep* ——

He was not a formally educated man, but he was well read, and the phrase "dark and deep" brought to his mind something by Robert Frost, who had always stirred him:

"*The woods are lovely, dark and deep,**
But I have promises to keep,
And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep."

And then he thought, *Yes, many miles. Because Martha is only sixteen and, since Sara left, Martha is all I have.*

* From the poem Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening in Complete Poems of Robert Frost. Copyright, 1930, 1949, by Henry Holt and Company, Inc.

When he had tied the fishlines to the rail, he had made loose bows in them. This was for a purpose. Now he heard a bow snap, and with his right hand he grabbed the line and set the hook. Hand over hand he pulled in line, circling it neatly on the aft deck to prevent snarling.

In about four minutes the fish came aboard, thrashing and grunting, and as he hauled it over the rail, he felt its angulated anal fin and knew it to be a red snapper. He estimated, as he tossed it into the icebox, that it weighed about twelve pounds. Red snapper, from five to fifteen pounds, were highly marketable at this time of year; especially if they were kept well-iced-down and reached the market fresh and firm, smelling like cold salt water, not fish.

Thank you, snapper, Jim Barrett said aloud. *Even though I am a fisherman, I do not believe in luck. It is just a problem of being at the right place at the right time. But perhaps my barometer is rising.*

Another line snapped taut, even before he had rebaited the first, and the second snapper to come over the rail felt even fatter and stronger. Now they were schooling, and for the next three or four hours he busily worked all three lines, and in addition to red snapper, he boated a permit, or great pompano, two triggerfish, several sea bass and one angry, shovel-nosed shark.

It was as he had suspected. Here, in restricted waters, the yield was far greater because the shrimp trawlers and the menhaden boats were not everlastingly stirring up the bottom, destroying natural food beds.

The activity subsided, and for the moment it made him happy because his hands were sore and his arms and shoulders ached. It had been many months since he had been so muscularly active. He felt a puff of cold wind, and it disturbed him because for eight solid weeks the wind had been from the west and the southwest, yet this puff was from the north, and he thought, *July, they'll try—August, they're on us.*

But he shrugged it off because he knew there had been no radio warnings, and as he relaxed against the rail his thoughts again became as flat and rolling as the sea, but in a pleasant fashion.

"I'd like to talk to the head ogre."

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It is, he thought, *dark and lovely out here, even though it is not the woods. The air smells salty and clean. The roll of the ocean is soothing. The creaking of the planks in Sara II is a music of its own. For months I have been too gloomy. When I return, I must apologize to Martha. I am most fortunate in having such a tolerant daughter.*

Last evening, for the first time since Sara had gone, he and Martha had clashed. After supper, instead of retiring to his rocking chair on the porch, he had walked out to the shed. The Sara II was safely on her trailer, beneath cover. He had raised the outboard gasoline tank, which held six gallons. It felt nearly full. So he had rolled the boat and trailer out of the shed and attached the trailer to the hitch on the rear bumper of their old car.

Long before she spoke, he heard Martha's feet brushing the pine needles. Then she said, softly but indignantly, "Dad, what are you up to?"

"Up to my ears in hogwash," he said, and chuckled because she sounded just like Sara, and whenever Sara had asked him that exact question, this had been his pet answer.

Sara, at the age of sixteen, had been the prettiest girl in Palm Valley. Now people were starting to say the same thing about Martha. She was as slender, sleek and supple as a baby tarpon. Her eyes were nearly always merry, but the merriness concealed a sadness. She kept her black hair clipped short, and around the village she usually wore blue dungarees, a white shirt and moccasins.

Martha grabbed his right arm and she felt him stiffen. "Dad, you come inside and sit down. You hear?"

"I'm fixin'," her father said mildly, "to go fishin'. You know me when I make up my mind. Leastwise, if you don't, you should—by now."

He was wearing large sunglasses, but she could see the white, stubborn lines around his mouth, and the Barrett jaw was jutting.

"Dad," she said gently, "I'm fixing a jug of iced coffee. Let's sit on the porch and drink it. We'll talk. We haven't really talked for quite a while."

When he spoke again, his voice was equally gentle. "If you want to drive me up to Mayport for some ice and bait, I'll sure appreciate it. Then you can shake Sara Number Two and me off in the surf at Palm Valley and pick us up at dawn sharp. Dawn sharp, tomorrow, means five forty-two."

He heard her sigh deeply. "Dad, I'm sorry. I've been too wrapped up in my own problems." Martha was applying for a job as civilian typist at the Mayport Carrier Base. For weeks her nimble fingers had been busily picking at the keys, night and day.

Brightly, too brightly, she said, "Come on in for the iced coffee, and tomorrow I'll knock off and take you fishing—all day."

He spoke calmly, but the lines around his mouth were deeper and whiter. "That's not the point, Martha. I'm going fishin'—alone—tonight."

"Dad, you can't. Right now, outside night fishing is restricted—all the way from Fort George Inlet to Palm Valley. One of the shrimp skippers was just fined three hundred dollars and given thirty days."

His voice sounded harsher than he had intended. "I know what's going on. If you don't want to help me, I'll get Willie Ames." Willie was Palm Valley's most reliable helping hand. Willie cut lawns, trimmed shrubbery, cleaned fish, baby-sat, sold crabs and walked—but never ran—errands for anybody.

"Dad, I won't let you go alone. I just won't."

He could hear the Sara coming out in her. He placed a large, solid, weather-beaten hand on her right shoulder.

"I got to find out, Martha. Don't you understand? Your mother would have. A man can take humiliation—way up to here." He raised his other hand to his throat. "A man can figure on destruction—quick-like, he hopes. But he can't take defeat—slow-like. Don't you understand at all?"

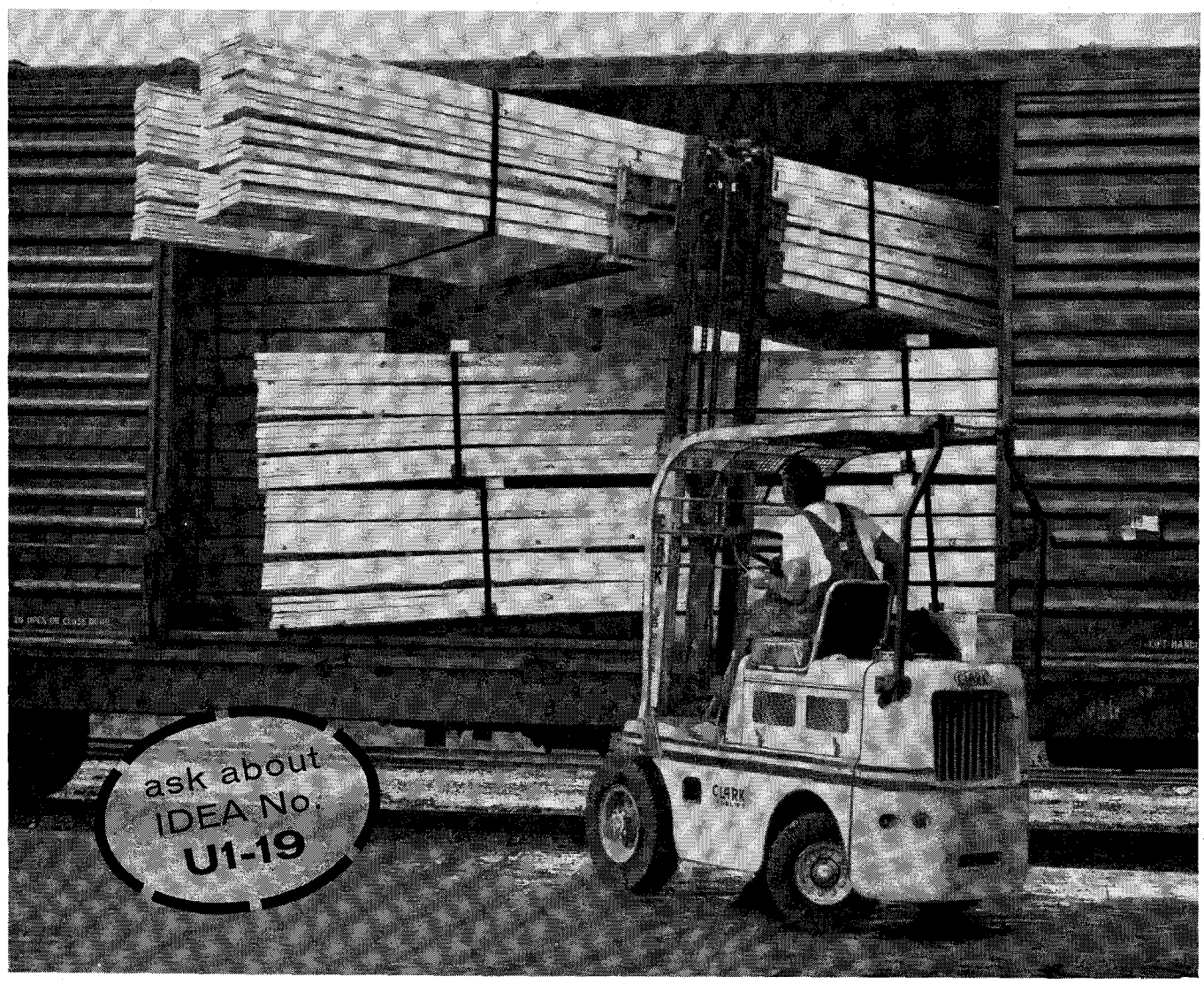
He felt her shaking. He felt the tears, large and hot, falling on his forearm. He removed his hand and turned his head quickly because this was just what he didn't want—sorrow, pity or whatever you might want to call it.

She drove him to Mayport for his ice and bait and helped him to launch the boat in the surf at Palm Valley. It was a simple job because the wind was from the west, flattening the water and making the waves soft and lazy, like those in the Gulf of Mexico early on a summer morning.

But as he climbed aboard, she had warned, "If I don't see you on the horizon at the crack of dawn, I'm going to call Lieutenant Mason."

Her father had grinned. "That name's acquirin' a familiar ring. But you won't need Lieutenant Mason—this time." He had rumpled her hair affectionately. "I'll be back with enough snappers to pay off the electric company an' the grocery store—and with enough left over to get you a hairdo. Been a long time since you had a hairdo, daughter."

The snappers became active again. Perhaps it was the moon. Anyhow, Jim Barrett attached two hooks to each line, and for more than an hour he hauled



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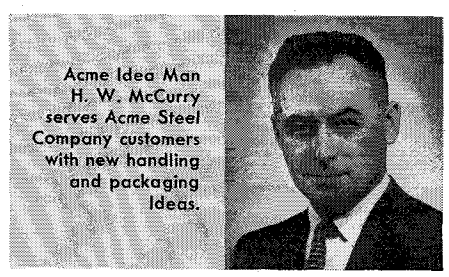
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them over the rail in pairs. The icebox overflowed. But he had two large washtubs aboard, so he chipped some ice and began tossing the fish into the tubs.

Once, during a brief lull, the fingers of his left hand groped into a jacket pocket. The old-fashioned gold watch he carried had no crystal. The face of the watch was protected by a thin, plastic film. His fingers barely touched the plastic. The hands of the watch told him it was four-forty-five A.M.—time to be heading back to meet Martha at the crack of dawn. And that was a promise to be kept.

He raised the anchor and then flipped the switch on his little radio compass. Before he started his motor, he took cross bearings on two of the coastal stations, and again he picked up the dash-dot-dash from the nearby Navy radio beacon.

But even as he cranked the motor, which had become stubborn from disuse, his ears picked up a shockingly shrill whine. The whine became a thunderous roar. Something large, something sizzling, with an acrid odor, zoomed over the Sara II. He heard it crash into the ocean, less than a hundred yards astern. For seconds—but only for seconds—it hissed like a sizzling steak on a hot metal platter. Then all was quiet.

Jet, Jim Barrett thought. *One of the newer, batwing jobs. Probably Navy. Probably the pilot bailed out. If so, patrol boats will be here, pronto. Scoot, Barrett.*

But he couldn't scoot. Something stopped him. He sat there, holding the handle of the motor cord, sweating.

"Ahoy!" he shouted finally, "I'm coming. Hang on."

This time he pulled the cord with everything he had, and the motor started immediately. The Sara II made an abrupt turnabout. She roared ahead for about a hundred yards. Jim Barrett cut the motor.

"I'm here!" he shouted wildly. "I'm here to help. Make some noise. Scream—shout—splash. I'll pick you up. Please, make some noise."

He turned his head in all directions. He listened so hard that the glands at the roots of his ears hurt. But he heard nothing important—nothing but the soft lapping of water against the glass-smooth hull of the Sara II and the occasional sharp flip of a night, surface-feeding fish.

He started the motor again. He cruised in ever-widening circles. Now and then he stopped the motor and shouted—but nothing, nothing. After about fifteen minutes of this, he felt his watch. Again he took cross bearings on his radio compass and headed due west.

As he roared landward, he turned his head up. "I'm sorry," he said aloud. "I tried—I tried hard, but he went down fast. The water is 'lovely, dark and deep, but I have promises to keep.' I'm sorry, but You know I tried."

Just before he heard the lazy booming of the surf and the raucous shrieking of gulls, he felt the first feeble rays of the sun on the back of his leathery neck. Then he heard Martha.

"Dad—oh, dad!"

She had waded, shoulder-deep, into the surf. She came aboard the Sara II like a mullet leaping from a pond. She hugged him hard. She examined his bleeding hands, and she cried a little and kissed them gently. Together they took the boat through the surf, mounted her on the trailer and dug off from the beach.

As they drove over the Palm Valley Road, Jim Barrett said hoarsely, "Ice is gettin' low. Reckon we better go to the fish market, first of all."

"Yes, dad," Martha said quietly.

It was a twenty-five-mile drive from the beach to the fish market on Myrtle Avenue in Jacksonville. Jim Barrett was feeling terribly tired, but the weariness vanished like the early morning mist when the man at the market said, "That was three hundred and seventy pounds, Mr. Barrett. Nice and fresh too. That's forty-four dollars and forty cents."

The bills, too, were fresh and crisp, and as Jim Barrett poked them into a pocket, the market man said, "Nice to see you again, Mr. Barrett. It's been a long time."

"Too long," Jim Barrett agreed. "Much too long. Nice to see you again too."

On the drive home, for the first time in months, he felt exhilarated. Impulsively, he thrust two of the ten-dollar bills into a pocket of Martha's blouse.

"For hairdo and stuff," he said, smiling. "What's left will keep the electric company and the grocery happy for a while."

On the Beach Boulevard, Martha stopped at a supermarket. He heard her packing things in the trunk of the car, and when she got behind the wheel of the car again he asked curiously, "Now what?"

"I don't know about you," Martha said, "but I'm awfully tired of shrimp and crabs. I bought us a T-bone steak—cut three inches thick. And I got two bottles of that ale you used to love."

"But the hairdo," he protested, "and the ——"

She interrupted. "My hair is doing very well, thank you."

He chuckled. It was his old-time, deep, hearty chuckle, and he said, "I figure if we can get away with this a couple of times a week, Martha, we'll be ——" he stopped talking abruptly.

"You all right, dad?" she asked instantly.

He sighed. "I'm all right. But there's something I've got to tell you, Martha. I've got to tell both you and the Navy. After I've told you, we'll stop off at Jacksonville Beach and I'll phone the Mayport Base."

"It's something unique in a split-level home."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

He told her about the shrill whine, the thunderous roar and the crash in the ocean.

"I feel," he said reluctantly, hoping perhaps that she would disagree, "that I must report it."

"Of course, dad," she said immediately.

"It—it will spoil our plans. The Navy may throw the book at me, you know."

Martha was thinking. After a while she said, "I have a better plan. I'll make the phone call. I'll tell Lieutenant Mason. He's in Public Relations. He'll know what to do."

Her father said nothing.

"Maybe," Martha said hesitantly, "I'll just tell him you went for a boat ride yesterday afternoon. Then you got lost. Yes—that's it. Your compass broke and you got lost."

Her father shook his head vigorously.

"Your mother wouldn't like that. Remember, your mother always said—'the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth'—about everything."

"Yes, dad. I remember."

She stopped at a highway telephone booth near Jacksonville Beach and she was gone for about five minutes. When she returned and started the car, she sounded a little breathless and, when she spoke, a trifle scared.

"They'll be down to see us in about an hour," she said.

"They?" he asked.

"Lieutenant Mason and Captain Somerset."

Her father shrugged.

"Captain Somerset," she added, "was only recently placed in command of the base. He—he's the one who has been tightening all restrictions. Lieutenant Mason says he can be tough—very tough. Lieutenant Mason says ——" she stopped abruptly.

Her father said quietly, "Your Lieutenant Mason wishes you hadn't phoned and got yourself mixed up in this deal."

He heard her take a sharp breath. "How did you know?"

He didn't answer that. Instead, he said, "You are fond of this Lieutenant Mason?"

"Yes, dad. Very fond."

"You are awfully young, Martha."

"He is permanently assigned to the Mayport Base, dad. We plan to wait two years. Dad, I haven't said anything. I didn't wish to upset you."

He felt the car swerve sharply to the right, and fenders were lashed by palmettos.

"Why was that?" he asked.

"I almost hit a possum. He was in the middle of the road."

Her father took a deep breath. "You will be all right. You are so much like Sara. I have known men—and women—who have swerved off the road just in hopes of hitting a possum. Or a raccoon or some other animal."

"I think there is something wrong inside of such people," she said.

"That is what I mean," her father said.

Back at their cottage, which was deep in the woods of Palm Valley, facing the Intracoastal Waterway, he showered, shaved and put on his best brown shoes, his newest brown slacks and a crisp white shirt. He walked out to the kitchen, where Martha was preparing bacon, eggs and coffee.

As he sat down at the table and replaced his sunglasses she came over and hugged him again. "I have a handsome father," she said. "It's good to have a handsome father. I'm awfully proud of you, you know."

He looked up and smiled. "Get out of those dungarees. Put on that pretty yellow dress—the one with the pink in it. Sara would be ashamed of you—looking like this with company coming."

"Yes, dad," she said, and a little later, from her bedroom, she called gaily, "I'm even splashing on some of that foo-foo water you brought me back from Havana last year."

His voice was equally gay as he replied, "Good! Cuban foo-foo water has paralyzed more lieutenants and stopped more captains than all of Castro's army."

Right then he heard a sharp rapping on the screened front door. He pushed his chair away from the table, walked over to the door and opened it. He extended his right hand.

The hand that grasped his was solid, firm, warm. "Mr. Barrett, I'm Lieutenant Mason. And this is Captain Somerset."

"Howdy," Jim Barrett said cheerfully, shaking hands again. He motioned. "Come on in, gentlemen. Set."

Captain Somerset sounded formal, stiff. "Mr. Barrett, before we accept your hospitality, I feel obliged to warn you that anything you say may be used against you."

Jim Barrett caught a whiff of Cuban perfume, and he turned a little. "My daughter, Martha," he said proudly. . . . "Captain Somerset . . . Lieutenant Mason, of the United States Navy."

"Martha and I, sir," Lieutenant Mason said quietly, "are old friends."

"Then let us sit down," Jim Barrett suggested. "Let's all be friends and have a cup of coffee."

Captain Somerset coughed. "Mr. Barrett, on the fourteenth of June, about the time the tension increased in the Middle East, I dictated a special bulletin. I placed certain waters off the North Florida Coast under absolute nighttime restriction. My bulletin, Mr. Barrett, appeared in local newspapers and was broadcast over radio and television."

Jim Barrett's lips were tightening.

"We picked you up last night," Captain Somerset (*Continued on Page 66*)

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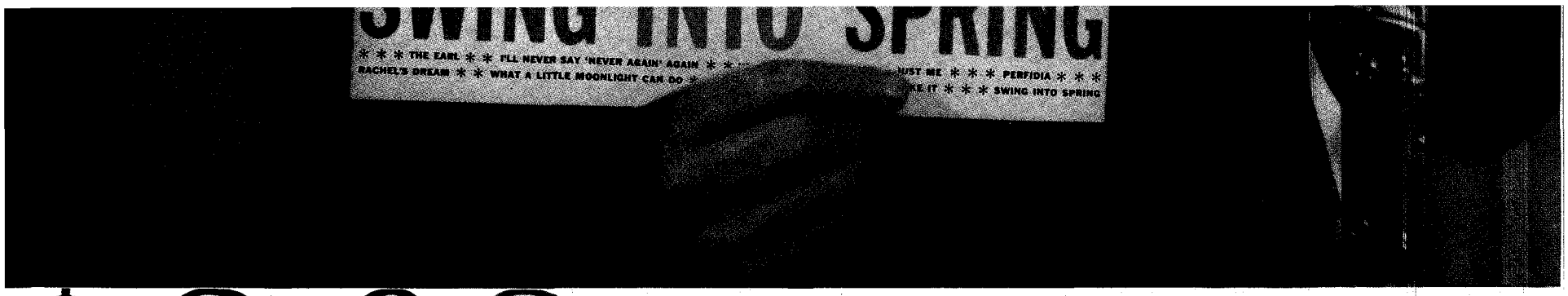
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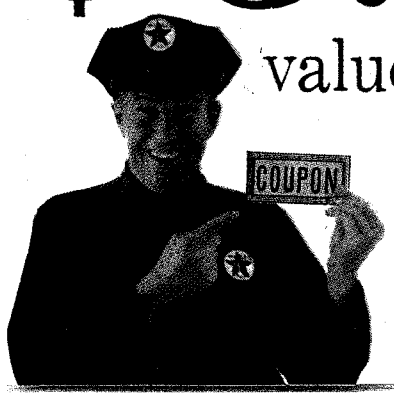

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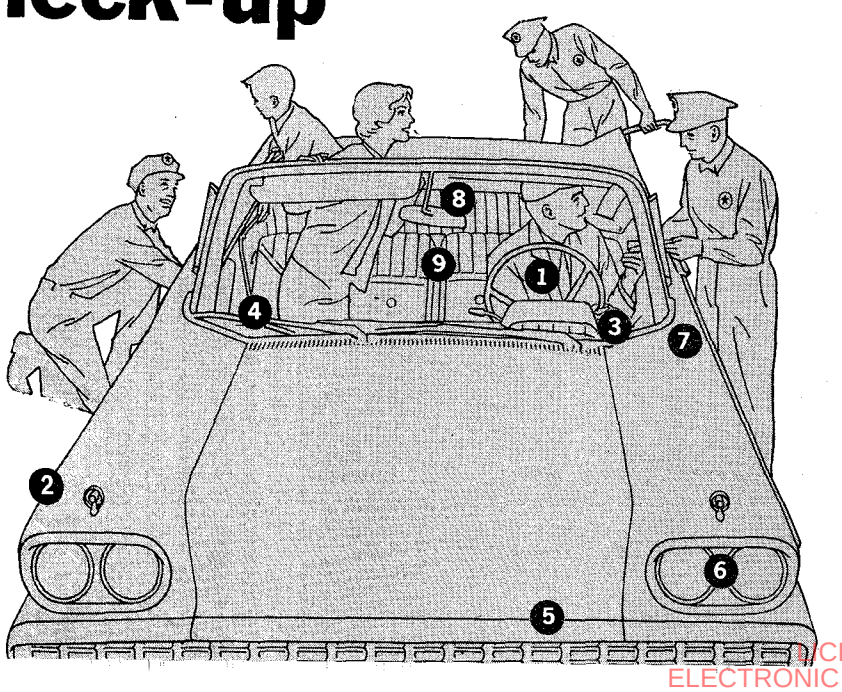

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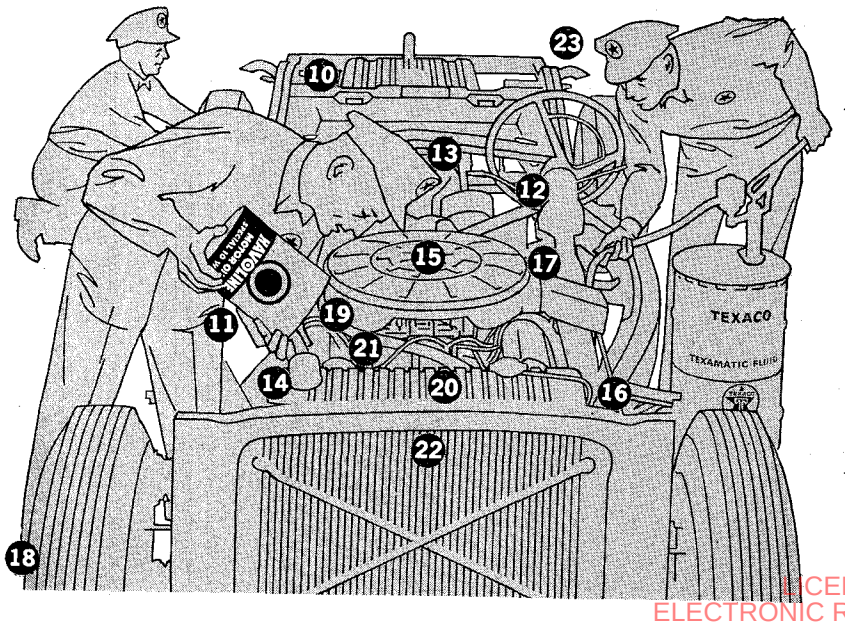

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(*Continued from Page 60*) said angrily. "But we decided, tentatively, that you were a ghost from our temporary beacon. However, if you had returned tonight, you would have found our patrol boats waiting."

Jim Barrett remained grimly silent.

Impatiently Captain Somerset reached in a pocket, unfolded a piece of paper and thrust it forward. "Here is a copy of my special bulletin," he snapped. "Read it. Read it aloud."

Jim Barrett grabbed the paper and held it in his right hand. His hand was shaking. Large beads of perspiration formed on his forehead. It seemed that minutes passed.

"No—oh, no!" Martha finally said, and she sounded agonized. "Captain, my father can't read."

Captain Somerset spoke gruffly. "I am afraid that ignorance is no excuse for——"

"Captain," Martha said chokingly, "my father has been blind for nearly six months."

The silence was unendurable.

"Good heavens," Captain Somerset said softly to Lieutenant Mason, "why don't you tell me these things?"

"I didn't know, sir," Lieutenant Mason said soberly. "Honestly, I never knew."

Martha was sobbing quietly. "Very few know. That's the way dad wants it. He says it is a humiliation. Do you understand now? Dad doesn't want it talked about. He—he ——"

"Martha," her father said, "stop it, please."

Humbly Captain Somerset said, "Let's sit down. Miss Barrett, could we have some coffee, please?" Then something seemed to have stuck in his throat. He took a sip of steaming coffee and then he cleared his throat.

"Mr. Barrett," Captain Somerset asked finally, hesitatingly, "how could a bli—a man without vision navigate a boat twenty miles to sea and back."

"I have a radio compass, captain," Jim Barrett said.

"I—I see. Could you do it again?"

"Of course." This time he sounded a little proud.

"This afternoon, perhaps?"

Jim Barrett hesitated. "I would prefer this evening. The tide will be an hour later. But under the same conditions, one hour later this evening, I feel sure that I could find the place."

Captain Somerset finished his coffee and stood up.

"We'll consider it a date. Lieutenant Mason and I will meet you shortly after sundown on the beach at Palm Valley. We will trail you in a patrol boat. But we'll stay far enough behind so that we won't disturb you in any way."

Three days passed and then, of an evening at the time when the mockers were singing good night and the mullet were flipping farewells in the canal, Jim Barrett, sitting in his rocking chair on the porch, heard footsteps on pine needles.

"Evenin', captain," he said. "Mind the wisteria vine. It's growing like crazy. I've got to cut it back."

Captain Somerset, astonished, said, "How did you know who was approaching, Mr. Barrett?"

"Easy," Jim Barrett said. "You got a habit of jingling money in your pocket, captain. Sounded like two quarters and a couple of dimes. Come on up and set. We've got two rocking chairs."

Captain Somerset sat. He lighted two cigars, handed one to Jim Barrett. For a long time he said nothing. He sat and rocked and absorbed the deep summer beauty and the view of the Intracoastal Waterway and its pine and palm-hammocked banks.

"Mr. Barrett," he said finally, "what I am about to tell you is classified. But you, above all, deserve to hear it."

Jim Barrett nodded.

"What you heard the other night," Captain Somerset said, "was not a jet plane. It was, actually, a North American Navaho—an unmanned airplane of five-thousand-mile range. It was launched from Cape Canaveral, but it got out of control. We have recovered it—thanks to you. It contains much valuable data."

"I'm glad," Jim Barrett said, "awfully glad there was no pilot."

"Mr. Barrett," Captain Somerset said, and the gruffness crept back into his voice, "I've checked your record. It's a good one. You were an excellent charter-boat skipper. During the last war, you were sparks aboard one of our tankers. Do you still remember the code?"

Jim Barrett smiled. He started tapping his right index finger against the porch rail. He tapped three dots, four dots, three dashes, three more dashes, then a single dash. He added, after a pause, dash, dot, dash, dash, a dot, and three dots.

"Shoot, yes," he said.

"Man," Captain Somerset said, "why are you sitting here, just rocking? I need a civilian relief radio man in the shack at Mayport, starting Monday. We've got plenty of eyes. We need some experienced ears. Is it a deal?"

"You bet," Jim Barrett said cheerfully. He added, "Sir. Martha can drive me to and from the base."

Again Captain Somerset was silent for a long time. He was breathing deeply, as though endeavoring to absorb the solitude, the peacefulness.

"Well, Jim," he said finally, "this is all very nice. 'The woods are lovely, dark and deep.'"

"But you've got promises to keep," Jim Barrett added.

Captain Somerset looked surprised. He puffed hard on his cigar. "That's right," he said, smiling. "'And miles to go before I sleep.'"

They gripped hands. It was much more than a mere handshake.

Marry the Boss' Daughter

(Continued from Page 37)

"O.K., I get it. I'm a gruesome ex-airplane driver. And sometimes I wish ——"

"I know, dear, but it's better to quit than to be displaced by a push button one of these days."

"That's all you know about it," Jimmy yelped. "It'll be a long time before ——"

"Now don't get excited." Jimmy's mother glanced at her watch. "You'd better start thinking about a shower and getting dressed. Wear your gray flannels, moccasins, that black knitted tie, and your new cashmere jacket."

"Yes, ma'am. What about socks and underwear?"

"Never mind. You'll thank me one of these days."

"For what?"

"For introducing you to Jill Foley."

Jimmy went upstairs, mumbling to himself. He peeled out of his old suntans, walked into the shower, tipped his head up and got wet. He soaped himself as he sang Embraceable You. He decided that Crosby had never sung the song any better. He rinsed off the soap, and reached for a bath towel. He tried Love Me or Leave Me.

The door opened and his father stuck his head in. When he saw his son he sighed heavily.

"That's a relief," he said. "I thought for a moment we had air in the pipes again."

"Jealousy; that's all it is, jealousy. Just because you can't carry a tune in a gunny sack, you fail to appreciate one of the really superb voices of the century."

David McGovern grinned. "That's what I like—supreme modesty."

Jimmy walked out into the bedroom. He picked a clean pair of shorts out of his drawer and got into them. "You know, of course," he said, "that your dear wife and my dear mother is giving a cocktail party at five-thirty?"

"I know."

"And you know, of course, the reason for said cocktail party?"

"U'm'm'm."

"Then why don't you put your foot down!" Jimmy screamed. "What are you—a man or ——"

David held up his hand. "James, my boy, you know women."

"Me?"

"They would not dream of walking directly from Point A to Point Z. That can be done by any fool man."

Jimmy found a T shirt and climbed into it. He looked at his father.

"Women would much rather zigzag. Point A to B—B to C. And so on. The trip will be interminable and sometimes frustrating, but she'll have a wonderful time along the way. Do I make my point clear?"

Jimmy got a clean shirt out of the drawer and started putting in cuff links. "If you mean that she would rather see me marry the boss' daughter in order to get a job than to ask the boss for a job, you have made your point clear."

"I have made my point clear," David said. "Want some help with those cuff links?"

"No," Jimmy said. "Neither do I want any help with my love life, my working life or my drinking life. I think I'll go down to Little Joe's bar and talk to some truck drivers."

David McGovern sighed. "I would like," he said, "to go with you. Except that ——"

"—— my dear mother, and your dear wife would land on us."

"Right. Excuse me while I get dressed?"

"Do you know what to wear?"

"Certainly. The briefing took place just before I came upstairs."

Jimmy watched his father leave the room. He dutifully selected a black knitted tie. He tied it carefully, got into gray flannels, shrugged himself into the cashmere jacket. He went downstairs.

A bar had been set up out on the sun porch. A broken-nosed bartender named Pete, wearing a white jacket, presided.

"Martini?" the bartender said.

"Bourbon and water," Jimmy said.

The bartender seemed to approve. Jimmy picked up the drink. He wandered to one end of the sun porch, which overlooked the Pacific Ocean. The sun was starting its slide down the horizon. Jimmy looked skyward. Vapor trails laced the sky. One long, recent white ribbon slashed whitely against the blue. At the end was a black dot. Jimmy stood, transfixed.

Behind him, his mother said, "You're all through with that, you know."

He turned. "I was just wondering who it was. I might know those guys."

Geraldine McGovern adjusted Jimmy's necktie. "Now when I introduce you to Jill Foley, be casual, and don't try to be charming, because you haven't the muscle for it. Just be yourself."

"O.K., coach. Be casual."

"And I feel that I should tell you about Sally Stone."

"Why?"

"She's a Reed College graduate, fancies herself an intellectual, and loves to needle men. Pay no attention to her. She thinks that needling approach will get some wealthy man interested enough to propose. She's been hunting for a bankroll for a couple of years. I had to invite her because Sheila Stone, her mother, and I went to Catlin together."

"O.K. Throw rocks at Sally Stone."

"I guess that's all. Try and act something like Gregory Peck."

"Me?" Jimmy said.

Some time later he stood in a corner and tried to remember how Gregory Peck acted. The Foleys had not yet made an appearance. He moodily contemplated the bottom of his glass, walked over to the bar and got his second drink.

He tasted the drink and looked around. People were breaking up into smaller groups, the men gravitating to one another.

Over by the window, one man was saying, "Club-head speed has very little to do with it. You have to hit the ball square."

Two men came up to the bar. One said, "So I told J. C. it would be better if we spun the wheel and see where it stopped. Well, when we came out of the meeting ——"

Jimmy moved out to the sun porch. Brittle conversation assailed his ears. "I'd get my gowns at Rico's, too, if Charles made the kind of money that . . . Well, I just told Fred that I don't intend spending the whole, gloomy winter . . . Nomad walls, (*Continued on Page 68*)

The Robin Tree

By Herbert Merrill

Where chilly robins huddle now
Along each windy, naked bough,
The casual eye can almost see
Red apples in a barren tree
And, scattered here and there below,
Windfalls of robins in the snow.

It is a curious sort of thing
To hear a flock of apples sing,
And now especially out of reason
In such a bitter, frosty season.
High time, don't you think, for May
To clarify all this some way?

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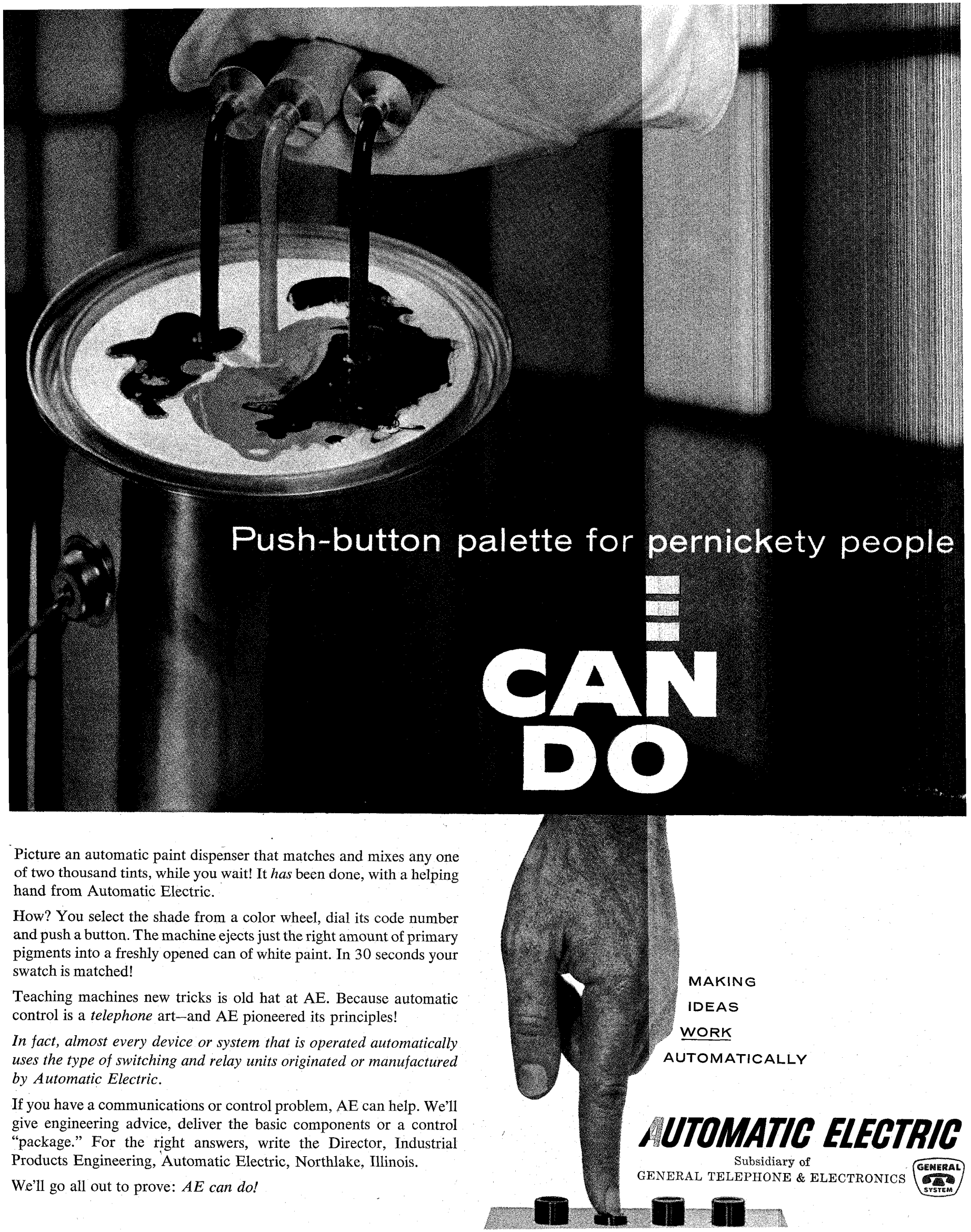

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(*Continued from Page 66*) and a white ceiling, then for accent points . . . I get them for two cents less at George's Market, and . . ."

Jimmy moved back into the front room. He looked idly around him and then almost dropped his glass. His mother was coming toward him, towing a blonde. Honey-colored hair, dark eyebrows, eyes the color of carbon paper. Her construction was as devoid of flaws as a new air-mail stamp.

They stopped in front of Jimmy. The faint scent which cloyed the air around her almost broke him up. "Jill, this is my son, Jimmy."

Jill Foley smiled at him. Her teeth were as perfect as the rest of her.

"M'm-m-m," she said. "A real, live jet pilot, and I've never owned one. Get me a martini, will you, Jimmy? And hurry back."

"You bet," Jimmy said. He went out to the bar, waited while Pete stirred up a martini, picked it up and turned around. Jill Foley was surrounded by four men. He walked over to the group, said "Pardon me," and handed her the drink. Then he stood on the side lines while the ball game went on.

The conversation was as foreign to him as if they had been speaking Russian. He stood on one leg and then the other. He smiled when they smiled, laughed when they laughed. No one paid any attention to him. Finally he gave up and walked away. His mother came over to him.

"Well, what did Jill say?"

"She said to bring her a martini, which I did."

"And that's all?"

He motioned toward the group. "I couldn't penetrate the Ivy League curtain."

"Then go over and talk to Tom Foley. He's by the fireplace."

Jimmy looked. Tom Foley was a big, square, hard-faced man wearing a two-hundred-dollar suit. He looked around the room with eyes that could pierce like a bazooka.

"He looks as if he'd bite," he said.

"Nonsense," Jimmy's mother said. "He's a big softy, at heart."

"Him?" Jimmy said. "He's about as soft as Tillamook Rock."

"Why don't you ask him if he'd like a drink?"

That seemed fair enough, Jimmy decided. He walked over to the fireplace.

Some of the scientists who work on space rockets are likely to go far.

HAROLD COFFIN

"Hello, Mr. Foley, I'm Jimmy McGovern. I don't suppose you remember me. I worked ——"

"You were on the green chain one summer, you patched plywood the next, and you were on a lift truck in the summer of nineteen fifty-one."

"Yes, sir," Jimmy said. He nearly stood at attention.

"You've been in the Air Force six years, flying forty-sevens and fifty-twos."

"That's right. Could I get you a drink?"

"You could. Some bourbon on the rocks."

Jimmy complied. Mr. Foley tasted the drink. Jimmy hoped the man would approve. Mr. Foley sighed. "Mighty good bourbon."

"Glad you like it."

"Meet my daughter?"

"Yes, sir." Jimmy glanced over at the group surrounding Jill Foley. "She's a beautiful girl."

Tom Foley grunted. "She's a spoiled brat, but it's my fault. I spoiled her. So does everyone else. Look at all those young fools clustered around her."

"Can't say I blame them," Jimmy said.

"No, I suppose not." Tom Foley peered at Jimmy. "I suppose you want your old job back?"

The man can't be serious, Jimmy thought. *You are no longer a teen-ager, McGovern, and you have been chewed out by experts, including a three-star general.* Jimmy realized that he was no longer frightened by Tom Foley. Who needed this arrogant old goat? He knew that he was supposed to be nice to the entire Foley family, including the gorgeous Jill, in the hope that he'd get a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job. But Jill seemed well taken care of, and her father seemed to feel that driving a lift truck was the ultimate of his capabilities.

"Which one?" he asked.

"I'll let you know," Tom Foley said.

"Thanks," Jimmy said, and moved away.

His father approached him. "How's it going?"

"It's gone," Jimmy said. "Real gone. I can't get close to Jill, and her father offered me a job."

His father raised his eyebrows. "Already? Without even proposing to his daughter?"

"Uh-huh. Either driving a lift truck, pulling lumber, or patching plywood."

"I suppose it's better than starting at the top and working down."

"Much better. Look at the president of General Motors. The man's in a rut at the top of the ladder. No future at all." He looked over toward Jill Foley. Two other men had joined the group around her. He'd have a better chance trying to get into the Detroit Lions' backfield.

He walked through the sun porch and out onto the patio. The floodlights were on, and he saw a girl stretched out on a chaise longue. She was wearing a sweater and a skirt and heavy-rimmed glasses. She had black hair and heavy eyebrows. She glanced at him and said "Hello."

"Hello. You don't like the party?" Jimmy said.

She shrugged. "Do you?"

Jimmy sat down in a chair beside her. He took a pack of cigarettes out of his pocket, handed one to her, took one himself and flicked his lighter. "Not particularly. I like people, but not collectively." He dragged on his cigarette. "I'm Jimmy McGovern."

"Hello, Jimmy. I'm Sally Stone. How was the wild blue yonder?"

"It was all right." He squinted his eyes and peered at her, mindful of his mother's words about this dame needling men in order to get them interested enough to propose. Well, he wasn't going to put his foot in that bear trap.

"But not as remunerative as Foley Enterprises?"

"What do you mean by that?"

"The word gets around."

"What word?"

"Why, that you're going to marry Jill Foley and be a vice president."

"Listen, I just met her tonight. I only said two words to her. That's hardly the basis for a proposal of marriage, even if I planned to, which I don't."

"Well, that's an approach she hasn't yet had tried. Usually, a new man follows her around like a bill collector."

"It isn't a new approach," Jimmy yelped, louder than he intended. He jerked a thumb toward the house. "Anyway, that gray-flannel curtain around her makes the iron curtain look like a sieve."

Thank
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Whenever a recipe calls for Corn Syrup...that's KARO!

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"I'll bet you a steak that she asks you to go swimming with her tomorrow," Sally said. "That's her standard shock treatment. One look at her in one of those things she wears for a bathing suit and you'll be added to the squad."

"You sound bitter," Jimmy said, "and I'll take that bet."

"I'm not bitter. I'll take my men one at a time. It's less frantic, I'll admit, but at least when the phone rings I don't have to look at a roster." In one beautiful, fluid movement she swung herself out of the chaise longue. She patted Jimmy on the arm. "Welcome to the club. And I'll bet you'll make a dandy vice president." She walked into the house.

Jimmy, seething, watched her go.

When the party was over, Jimmy still had spoken only two words to Jill Foley. He stood in the front room as his mother and father saw the last of the guests to the door. He picked a little sandwich off a tray and put it in his mouth. He chewed reflectively.

His mother came back into the room. "Well?"

"I think I'll apply for active duty."

"Don't be silly. When Jill left, she asked me why my handsome son had neglected her all evening."

"You never told me I had a brother."

"Here, take these glasses out to the kitchen."

"O.K., I admit the dame is beautiful. But she needs me the way she needs a cold in the head. Did you see all the talent hanging around her? The breathing was so heavy I thought someone had tied up a locomotive outside."

"I saw you talking to Sally Stone," his mother said accusingly.

"It was better than talking to myself. People get suspicious."

"I warned you about her, you know," his mother said. "Don't waste your time. One look at your bank balance and she'd drop you like a hot frying pan."

Jimmy went upstairs and pulled at his necktie. His father came into the room. "Well, what did you think of Jill?"

"To paraphrase Caesar—she came, she saw, she conquered. But not me."

Jimmy was just finishing his bacon and eggs the next morning when the phone rang. He picked up the breakfast-room extension and said hello.

"Jimmy?" She was either trying to sound like Marilyn Monroe or she had bronchitis.

"Uh-huh."

"You neglected me last night."

"Well, I got through the line, but the secondary stopped me cold."

"Oh, Jimmy, it wasn't that bad, was it?"

"It was worse. I was lying. I didn't even get through the line."

"I was hoping you'd try."

Jimmy frowned and peered at himself in a small mirror on the wall. *You aren't that good, McGovern.* He saw a crew-cut, sandy-colored head of hair, gun-metal eyes, and a standard operating mouth and nose. He had big hands and big feet and he was six feet, two inches tall. Engrossed in his own shortcomings, he failed to answer her.

"I said I was hoping you'd try. I thought maybe we could go swimming today."

"Why, certainly. I mean—you bet."

"Want to pick me up at noon?"

"I sure do."

"That's nice," she said. "That's really nice." Gently enough, she hung up.

Jimmy broke his connection and moodily contemplated the telephone. All right. So he owed Sally Stone a steak. So this mantrap was going to give him the shock treatment. He could take it—he hoped.

He went up to the Gearhart golf course and played nine holes of golf. He came home, showered, and changed into swimming trunks. He put on a sweat shirt and rope-soled slippers and drove over to Jill's house. She came out the door as he stopped. She was wearing a white robe with a hood, and was carrying a small beach bag.

They drove down on the beach at the Gearhart approach. Jimmy thoughtfully parked his car on the hard sand and they walked to a big driftwood log. The sun was high, the surf was as white and as foamy as two hundred acres of soap suds.

Jimmy peeled off his sweat shirt. "Shall we get wet?" he said.

"Why not?" she said. She got out of her robe.

Jimmy braced himself for the shock. She was wearing a chartreuse-and-black swimming suit. She was sleek and gently tanned and showed more curves than Warren Spahn. She put on her bathing cap and looked at Jimmy enigmatically. What was he supposed to do, Jimmy thought, faint? Clinically, he had to admit that Jill Foley, in a bathing suit, was as tasty as ice-cold watermelon. *So what's wrong, McGovern. You've had more reaction looking at an experimental jet.*

They walked down to the water, waded out and dived through the first breaker. If he had had any ardor, it was immediately chilled. The water was as cold as a frozen mackerel. They didn't stay long. They waded out of the surf. Jimmy felt as if he were walking on his ankles.

Jimmy stretched out on the sand in his shirt and presently his congealed blood returned to its natural state. They watched children build sand castles. They watched dogs chase sea gulls.

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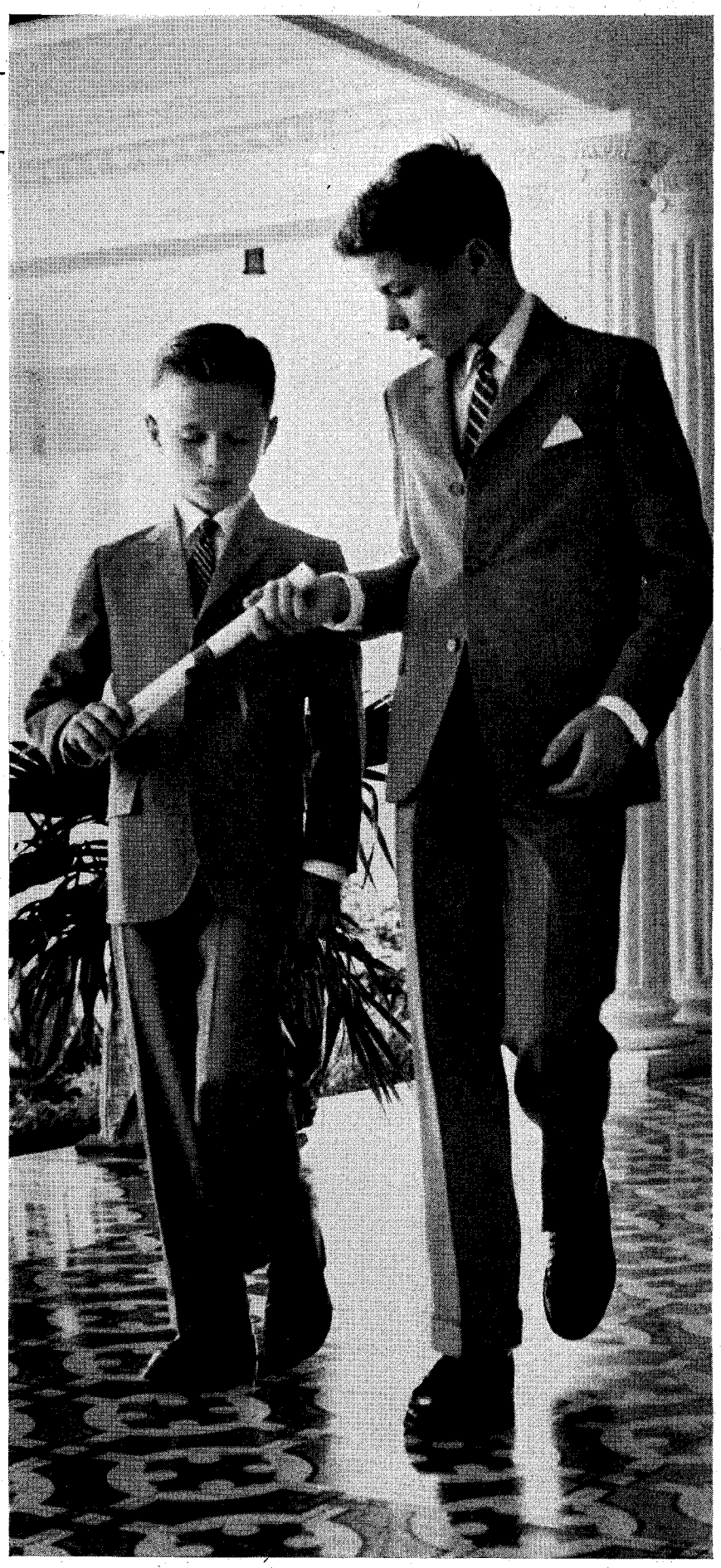

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Presently Jill, sitting above him, said, "Well, I must be slipping."

"Huh?"

"Normally, by this time, a man is either asking me what I'm doing tonight, telling me how gorgeous I am in preparation for a pass, or in some instances mentioning the little church around the corner."

"Well, for pity's sake," Jimmy said.

"Most pilots I've met eliminate everything but the pass."

"Well," Jimmy said, "I'm not one to let the Air Force down. I ——"

He reached for her and pulled her down beside him. With practiced ease she put one arm around him and he kissed her. He braced himself for the shock. His heart reacted normally, his blood pressure stayed at 120 over 70, and he found himself wondering how the Yankees were making out. Presently he released her. She looked at him, dewy-eyed.

"Jimmy, you can kiss me again, any time."

"Yeah," he said. He looked up the beach. The Ivy League curtain, wearing almost identical Hawaiian-print swimming trunks, was advancing. There were six of them. "Here come the Rover Boys," he said.

They took Jill away. Jimmy stretched out on the sand and closed his eyes. *Well, there goes the old ball game, McGovern.* Even if Jill would have him, which he doubted, not even for a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job would he marry a dame who made him react with all the intense force of a table-tennis ball hitting a bowl of jelly. What was the matter with him? She was beautiful, she was rich, and even if she was spoiled and a trifle empty-headed, you had to admit that she had other hearts palpitating all over town.

He realized that something was obscuring the sun. He opened his eyes and sat bolt upright. Standing between him and the ocean was Sally Stone, minus her glasses and most of her clothing. Her legs were long and sleekly muscular. She was tanned to perfection, and her skin was as flawless as distilled water. Her hair, gently ruffled by the wind, seemed as black as the inside of a wolf. He must have been blind, Jimmy thought. Sally Stone made Jill look like one of the girls in the second row of the chorus.

"I owe you that steak," he said.

"Leave it with the cook," she said.

"I thought maybe you'd have it with me. Charcoal broiled. At the Copper Grill."

"No, thanks," she said. "I don't remember saying that I went with the steak." She waved a hand. "Maybe Jill ——" She turned and walked away. She moved as fluidly as a cougar.

Jimmy went back up to the house. His mother was stretched out on a chaise longue, reading a book.

"Well?" she said.

"What's the matter with me, anyway?" Jimmy said. "I'm not such a bad guy. I have my hair cut once a week, I brush my teeth, I've been good to the taxpayers by not wrecking any expensive airplanes, and only last week I gave twenty bucks to the United Fund, but she won't even have dinner with me."

"You can't expect Jill to drop every man in town just because ——"

"I'm not talking about Jill. I'm talking about Sally Stone."

"Oh, for heaven's sake, don't waste your time on her."

"How can I? She acts as if I'm a typhoid carrier."

"How was your swim with Jill?"

"Just fine," Jimmy said. "I got wet and cold and turned her over to the second platoon."

"Well, don't delude yourself by getting interested in Sally. She's poison."

Jimmy, thinking of Sally Stone in a bathing suit, decided that it wouldn't be the most gruesome way of dying.

He called the butcher and had the man's choicest tenderloin steak delivered to Sally. The next day he called her for golf. She said that she was curled up with Tolstoy. The following day he called her for a swim. She said that she was going to wash her dog.

With all the enthusiasm of a man paying his taxes, he called Jill. She said that she'd love a swim. Jimmy kissed her behind a driftwood log. He evaluated the kiss in a detached manner. He decided that kissing his father's springer spaniel was more rewarding. Nevertheless, he took her to dinner. She worked her way through a crab cocktail, onion soup, green salad, fried chicken, mashed potatoes, pie and coffee. Jimmy picked at a lamb chop the size of a poker chip. He kissed Jill good night. She sighed. She said that Jimmy was a living doll, and what was he doing tomorrow? Jimmy said that he thought he'd wash his father's dog.

The next morning he went down on the beach. He stretched out on the sand and tipped his face up into the sun. He closed his eyes and went to sleep. He was awakened by Sally Stone tickling the bottom of his right foot with a piece of beach grass. Jimmy had a little trouble with his breathing.

"I think you're getting athlete's foot," she said.

"Get off my back," Jimmy said.

"Me?"

"Yes, you. I've called you for golf, for swimming. I asked you to have dinner with me. You act as if I'm Khrushchev's nephew. What's wrong with me, anyway?"

She pursed her lips and eyed him quizzically. "Do you want a quick rundown or the full treatment?"

"Never mind."

"The steak was very good."

"Dandy."

"I finished rereading War and Peace, the dog is clean, and I can't think of another excuse for not going to dinner with you."

Jimmy straightened. "You can't?"

"Huh-uh. I'll be hungry around seven."

Jimmy started getting dressed at five o'clock. He showered until he was surgically clean. He gave himself another shave. He shined his shoes. He tied his tie four times. He came downstairs, shining like an acolyte on his way to church. His father stared at him.

"Is that you? Is that my Jimmy?"

"Never mind the two-bit wisecracks," Jimmy said. "I'm going out to dinner."

His father shook his head. "Amazing what a man will do for a job."

"I'm not going to dinner with Jill. It's Sally Stone."

"I'll amend my declaration. It's amazing what a man will do for a dame."

"When you were courting mother, I suppose you showed up in your overalls."

"When I was courting your mother, I showed up in white tie and tails. But then, you should have seen your mother thirty years ago."

"You should take a good look at Sally Stone today."

"I have. And I can't say I blame you. You know, of course, that you're probably blowing a ten-thousand-dollar-a-year job?"

"Don't remind me," Jimmy said.

They had dinner at the Copper Grill. Afterward, they walked down on the beach. Sally took off her shoes. Jimmy put them in his coat pockets. The night was as soft as a down pillow. Jimmy wanted to kiss Sally the way he wanted to keep on breathing, but he was afraid she'd laugh at him. Finally, he could stand it no longer. He stopped walking.

"Sally ——"

"Yes?"

He choked up. He opened his mouth and closed it. Finally he said, miserably, "Do you want a rich husband?"

"Oh, honestly!" She turned away and started walking down the beach.

He caught up with her. "Well, that's what I heard."

"And of course you believe everything you hear."

He shook his head. He looked down at her. Without her shoes, she was no bigger than a pint of cider. His heart was hammering like a pile driver.

"Well?" she said.

"I'm trying to get up nerve enough to ask you if I can kiss you."

"Oh, Jimmy, don't you know that you aren't supposed to ask?"

"I'm not?"

She shook her head. She walked into his arms. He bent down and kissed her. He came unglued all at once. The nerves in his body jangled like the twenty-five-cent jack pot in a slot machine. Presently he released her and struggled for oxygen.

"Wow!" Sally said.

He gulped the night air and started all over again.

At midnight, he walked into the house. His parents were playing chess. His father stared at him. "Get hit in the mouth?"

"Don't be silly, dear," Mrs. McGovern said. "That's lipstick."

Jimmy took out his handkerchief and scrubbed his mouth. Jimmy's father moved his queen and said, "Check."

"I'm going to get married," Jimmy said.

Jimmy's mother moved her king. "Yes, dear. We know."

"You know!" Jimmy said. "How could you?"

His mother sighed. "When I tried to get you to learn the piano, you took up golf. When your father wanted you to go to Stanford, you preferred Washington State. If I handed you an orange, you reached for an apple. Your father had an appointment to Annapolis all set up. So what did you do? The Air Force. We always thought Sally was the girl for you."

Jimmy's father moved his queen again. He took a rook. He said, "Checkmate."

Jimmy frowned. "Why all this jazz about Sally looking for a rich husband? Why the routine about Jill? Why ——"

His father started putting away the chessmen. "I told you before, son. Women do not move from A to Z. That's too simple. Think of all the fun your mother had thinking she arranged this whole thing."

"Ha! Listen to the man," Jimmy's mother said. "How was it that you proposed to me?"

David McGovern leered at Jimmy's mother. "Confidentially, you were the sexiest babe around."

Jimmy left before his mother tipped over the card table.

Three days later, Jimmy had a call from Tim Foley. "Hear you're getting married. You'll be needing a job."

"Yes," Jimmy said, "but I don't know about that lift truck. It'll never fly."

"Who said anything about a lift truck? For a while I thought you were going to be my son-in-law. I can do without a son-in-law, but I can use a good salesman. I think you'll cut the mustard. Come in to Portland and see me Monday morning."

Jimmy, stunned, hung up the phone.

"Who was it?" his mother said.

"Tim Foley offered me a job. And don't tell me you arranged it."

"Not exactly," his mother said. "I talked to Tim just before you got out of the Air Force. He said he was considering only married men. That's all."

Jimmy peered at his mother and shook his head. "Women!" he muttered, and walked out of the house. THE END

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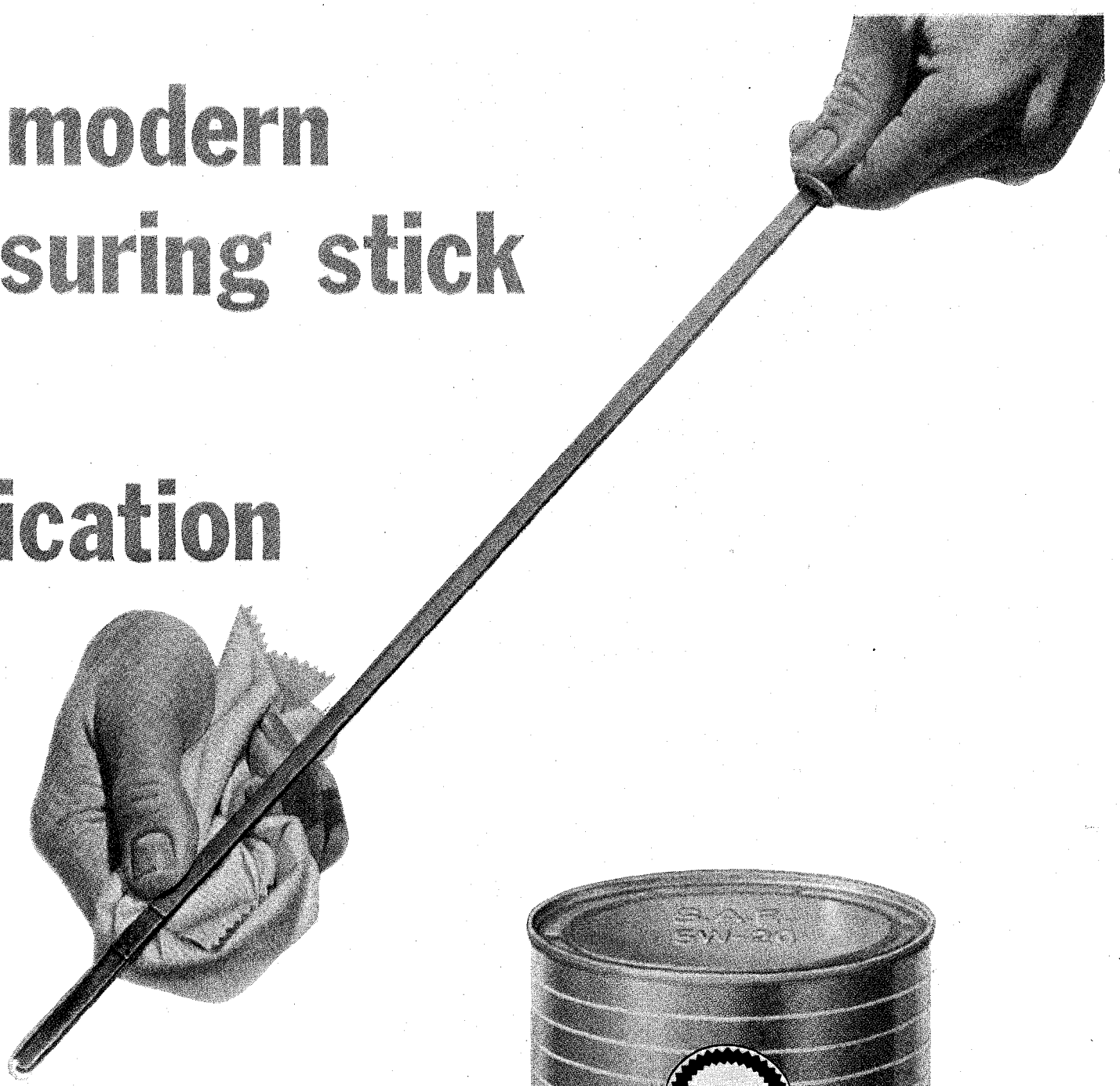

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How War Began (Continued from Page 24)

animosities and resentments, childhood misinterpretations of natural events, such as birth, death, separation—all account for the persistence of infantile patterns of conduct. Often, later in life, these patterns overcome the adult and leave him helpless. He still views present realities through the distorting glasses of his childhood fantasy.

That something unfortunate once happened to man at the very moment when an immense creativity was released was perhaps recognized in part in the Jewish and Christian myth of the Fall, which was anticipated by even earlier Egyptian lamentations over the perverse wickedness of man in going contrary to the gods. Many other peoples, from China to Greece, looked back to a golden age when war and strife were unknown, and when, as Lao-tse put it, one village might look at the smoke rising from the chimneys of another nearby, without envy or rivalry.

There is now enough anthropological and archaeological evidence to show that there is at least a partial basis for these wistful memories of a more peaceful past, when scarcity of food, violence, danger and death were mainly the results of natural disasters, not the deliberate products of man. If civilization's first great achievements awakened new fears and anxieties, we must understand how and why this happened; for these fears and anxieties still press on us. As long as the source of our irrational acts remains hidden, the forces that are still driving us to destruction will seem uncontrollable. The worst part about civilized man's original errors and the most threatening aspect of our present situation are that we regard some of our most self-destructive acts as normal and unavoidable.

There is a close parallel between our own age, exalted yet stunned by the seemingly limitless expansion of all its powers, and the epoch that marked the emergence of the earliest civilizations in Egypt and Mesopotamia. In his pride over his present accomplishments, it is perhaps natural for modern man to think that such a vast release of physical energy and human potentiality had never taken place before. But on examination this proves a too flattering illusion: the two ages of power, modern and ancient, are bound together by many similar characteristics, both good and evil, which set them apart from other phases of human history.

Just as the prelude to the nuclear age came with the large-scale introduction of water, wind and steam power, so the first steps toward civilization were taken in the neolithic domestication of plants and animals. This agricultural revolution gave man food, energy, security and surplus manpower on a scale no earlier culture had known. Among the achievements that mark this transformation from barbarism to civilization were the beginnings of astronomy and mathematics, the first astronomical calendar, the sailboat, the plow, the potter's wheel, the loom, the irrigation canal, the man-powered machine. Civilized man's emotional and intellectual potentialities were raised further through the invention of writing, the elaboration of the permanent record in painting, sculpture and monuments, and the building of walled cities.

This great leap forward came to a climax about 5000 years ago. A like mobilization and magnification of power did not again take place until our own era. For most of recorded history, mankind has lived on the usufruct of that early advance, making many piecemeal additions and widening the province held by civilization, but never essentially changing the original pattern.

There was probably an important religious side to this whole transformation. With the priestly observations that produced the measured months and years, people became conscious, as never before, of human dependence upon the cosmic forces, the sun, the moon, the planets, on whose operations all life depended. Planetary movement of "clockwork" regularity gave man his first glimpse of an orderly, repetitive, impersonal world, utterly reliable, but benignly productive only within the frame of its inflexible laws.

With this new cosmic theology there came a sudden fusion of sacred and secular power, in the person of the all-powerful king, standing at the apex of the social pyramid. The king was both a secular ruler and the chief priest or even, in the case of the Egyptians, a living god. He no longer needed to follow village tradition and customs, like the village council of elders. His will was law. Kingship by divine right claimed magic powers and evoked magic collective responses.

What kingly power could not do solely by intimidation, and what magical rites and orderly astronomical observation could not do alone by successful prediction, the two in combination actually did accomplish. Large assemblages of men moved and acted as if they were one, obedient to the royal command, fulfilling the will of the gods and rulers. People were driven to heroic physical efforts and sacrifices beyond all precedent. Throughout history, the major public works—canals, embankments, roads, walls, "pyramids" in every form—have been built with forced labor, either conscripted for part of the year or permanently enslaved. The enduring symbol of this vast expansion and regimentation of power is of course the Great Pyramid of Cheops, built without wheeled vehicles or iron tools, by relays of 100,000 men working over many years.

Should we be surprised that the achievements of our own age of nuclear power appeared first at this period as myths and fantasies associated with the gods? Absolute power, power to create and annihilate, became the attribute of a succession of deities. Out of his own substance the Egyptian sun god, Atum, created the universe. Instantaneous communication, remote control, the collective incineration of whole cities (Sodom and Gomorrah), and germ warfare (one of the plagues of Egypt) were freely practiced by a succession of inhumane deities in order to insure that their commands would be obeyed. Human rulers, who still lacked the facilities to carry out these dreams on a great scale, nevertheless sought to counterfeit them. With the growth of an efficient bureaucracy, a trained army, systematic taxation and forced labor, this early totalitarian system showed all the depressing features that similar governments show in our own day.

An overconcentration on power as an end in itself is always suspect to the psychologist. He reads in it attempts to conceal inferiority, anxiety and impotence. Perhaps early civilized man was justifiably frightened by the forces he himself had brought into existence, in the way that many people are frightened now by nuclear power. In neither case was the extension of physical power and political command accompanied by a complementary development of moral direction and humane control.

There were further grounds for doubt and fear among men of that early civiliza-

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tion. Though they had achieved a hitherto unattainable security and wealth, the very growth of population and the extension of trade made their whole economy more subject to conditions and forces they could not control.

Our age knows how difficult it is to achieve equilibrium and security in an economy of abundance. But the early fabric of civilization was far more precariously balanced, since the welfare of the whole was based on the magical identification of the king and the community in the beliefs and rites of their religion. The king personified the community; he was the indispensable connecting link between ordinary men and the cosmic powers they must propitiate and obey. While the king assumed full responsibility for the life and welfare of his subjects, the community, in turn, waxed and waned with the life of its ruler.

The magical identification produced a further occasion for anxiety, far deeper than any threat of actual floods or bad crops; for despite their claims to divine favor and immortality, kings too were subject to mortal accidents and misfortunes. So constant was this anxiety that the Egyptian Pharaoh's name could not be uttered without interjecting the prayer, "Life! Prosperity! Health!" This identification of the king's life with the community's fate produced an even more sinister perversion. To avert the wrath of the gods, indicated by any natural mischance, the king himself must be slain as a sacrifice. At this early stage, dream and fact, myth and hallucination, religion and science formed a confused welter. One lucky change in weather after a ritual sacrifice might give sanction to a long-repeated chain of ritualistic slaughters.

To save the king from this discouraging fate, which might lessen the attractions of the office, a further trick of religious magic came into play. A stand-in would be chosen and temporarily treated with all the honors and privileges of a king, in order to perform the final role of sacrificial victim on the altar. As the demand for such victims increased in times of trouble, these substitutes were sought outside the community, by violent capture. And what began as a one-sided raid for captives in time brought about the collective reprisals and counterraids that became institutionalized as war. Back of war lay this barbarous religious sanction: only by human sacrifice can the community be saved.

War, then, was a specific product of civilization—the outcome of an organized effort to obtain captives for a magical blood sacrifice. In time, armed might itself took on a seemingly independent existence, and the extension of power became an end in itself, a manifestation of the "health" of the state. But underneath the heavy overlayers of rationalization, war remained colored by the original infantile misconception that communal life and prosperity could be preserved only by sacrificial expiation. Civilized man's later efforts to impute the origin of war to some primal animal instinct toward murderous aggression against his own kind are empty rationalizing. Here the words of the anthropologist, Bronislaw Malinowski, are decisive, "If we insist that war is a fight between two independent and politically organized groups, war does not occur at a primitive level."

What is most remarkable about the spread of war as a permanent institution is that the collective anxiety that originally brought about the ritual of human sacrifice seems to have deepened with material progress. And as anxiety increased, it could no longer be appeased by a mere symbolic sacrifice at the altar, for the ritual itself produced hatred, fear and a natural desire for revenge among the peoples victimized. In time ever greater numbers, with more effective weapons, were drawn into the brutal ceremony, so that what was at first a preliminary, one-sided raid before the sacrifice became the essential sacrifice itself. The alternative to permitting the mass slaughter of one's own people was the destruction of the enemy's city and temple and the enslavement of the population. These acts periodically eased anxiety and enhanced power. War provided a kind of self-justification in displacing neurotic anticipations by actual dangers—that return to reality seems to restore human equipoise. Psychiatrists observed during the blitz in London that the need for facing real dangers often removed a patient's load of neurotic anxiety. But war performs this service at a ghastly price. Psychologically healthy people have no need to court dismemberment and death.

The growth of law and orderly behavior and morals, which improved the relation of men in cities, was not transferred to the collective relations of communities; for the ability to produce disorder, violence and destruction itself remained a symbol of royal power. From the relatively peaceful Egyptians to the bloodthirsty Assyrians and Mongolians, one monument after another boasts of kings humiliated, prisoners killed, cities ruined. The solemn association of kingship, sacred power, human sacrifice and military effectiveness formed a dominant complex that governed human behavior everywhere. But in time the search for sacrificial captives took on a utilitarian disguise—if spared as slaves, they added to the labor force. So the secondary products of military effort—slaves, booty, land, tribute—supplanted and concealed the original anxiety motive. Since a general expansion of productive power and culture had accompanied kingship and human sacrifice, people were conditioned to accept the evil as the only way of securing the good. The repeated death of civilizations from internal disintegration and outward assault underscores the fact that the evil elements in this amalgam largely canceled the goods and blessings.

This perception is not a discovery of modern historians. After the eighth century B.C. the working principles of a power-centered civilization were boldly challenged by a long series of religious prophets, from Amos and Isaiah to Lao-tse and Mo Ti. Whatever their differences the exponents of these new ideas scorned the notion of a mere increase of power and material wealth as the central purpose of life. In the name of peace and love they rejected irrational human sacrifice in every form—on the altar or on the battlefield. Christianity went even further. Alone among the religions, instead

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English Assignment: Poem

By Margaret Evelyn Singleton

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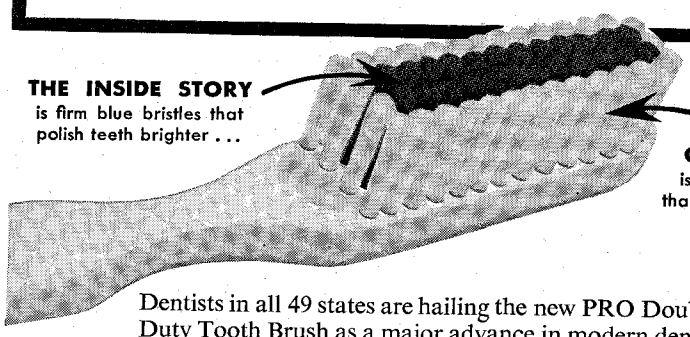
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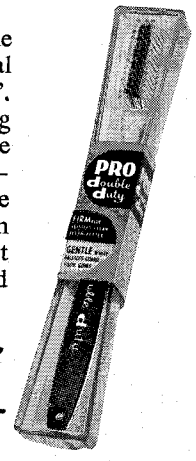

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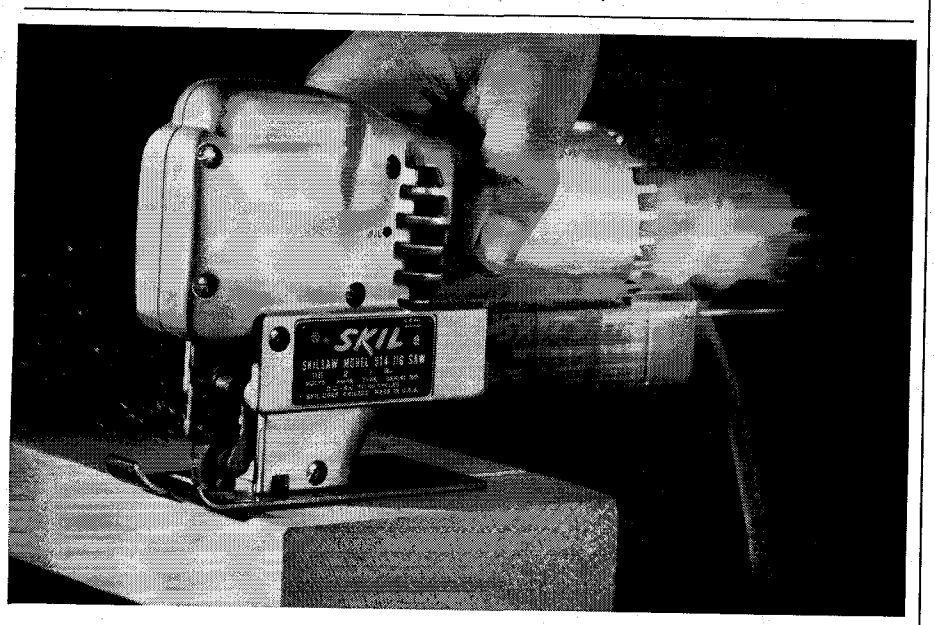

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of sacrificing human beings to appease the divine wrath, it sacrificed its God, renouncing His power in behalf of love, in order to save mankind by cleansing the sinner of anxiety and guilt.

But the power complex, embedded in the routines of civilization, was not dislodged by even this challenge. Ironically, Christianity itself supplanted its pagan rivals by seizing the power of the state under Constantine (A.D. 313) and utilizing all its engines of compulsion. As in the times of Moloch and Bel, the bloodiest collective sacrifices in history were those made in wars to establish the supremacy of a state religion.

How are we to explain the persistence of war, with its victories that turn out as disastrous as its defeats, its just causes that produce unjust or contradictory consequences, and its heroic martyrdoms sullied and betrayed by the base, selfish conduct of the survivors? There seem to me two general answers. One is that the original pattern of civilization, as it took form in the walled city and in turn produced the "walled" state, has remained unaltered until modern times. War was an integral part of the constellation of civilized institutions, held in tension within the city, on the basis of a division of classes, slavery and forced labor, and religious uniformity. To remove any part of this fabric seemed, to the rulers of men, a threat to every other part. They exalted the sacrifices of war because they wanted to maintain their own power.

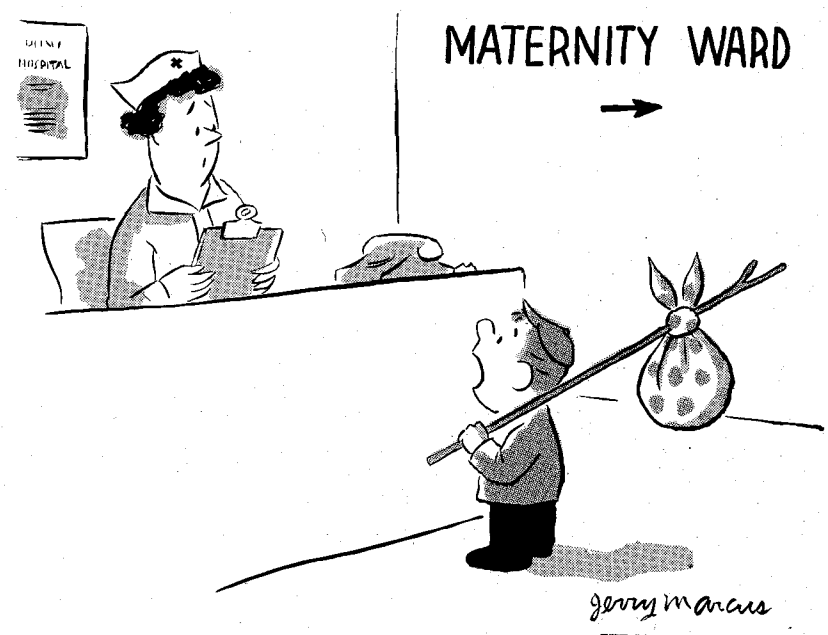
There was an additional mitigating factor: until recent times, only a small part of the world's population accepted the terms of civilized life and its constant involvement with war; moreover, the amount of damage any army could inflict was limited. In Christian nations the human cost of war had been further reduced by the acceptance of a military code that limited violence to armed soldiers and generally exempted civilians and even their property from capture or deliberate destruction. Finally, the greater part of the world's population, living in rural communities, immune by their feebleness and poverty from the rapacious temptations of urbanized power, constituted a reservoir of vitality and sanity.

These mitigations and compensations progressively reduced the evils of total war as practiced by the early empires; but neither the needs of commerce, nor the admonitions of religion, nor the bitter experience of bereavement and enslavement altered the basic pattern. By any reasonable standard, war should early have been classed with individual murder, as an unqualified collective crime or an insane act, but those who held power never permitted any subversive judgment on the irrationality of the method, even if applied to rational ends. The fact that war has persisted and now threatens, at the very peak of our advances in science and technology, to become all-enveloping and all-destructive, points to the deep irrationality that first brought it into existence. This irrationality springs not only from the original aberration but from the unconscious depths of man, plagued with repressed guilt and anxiety over the godlike powers he presumptuously has learned to wield.

Western culture during the last four centuries has produced an explosive release of human potentialities and powers. Unfortunately the irrationalities of the past have been subjected to a similar projection and magnification.

The most formidable threat we confront, perhaps, is the fact that the fantasies that governed the ancient founders of civilization have now become fully realizable. Our most decisive recent inventions, the atom bomb and the planetary rocket, came about through a fusion of secular and "sacred" power, similar to their ancient union. Without the physical resources of an all-powerful state and the intellectual resources of an all-knowing corps of scientists, that sudden command of cosmic energy and interplanetary space would not have been possible. Powers of total destruction that ancient man dared impute only to his gods, any mere Russian or American air-force general can now command. So wide and varied are the means of extermination by blast and radiation burns, by slow contamination from radioactive food and water, to say nothing of lethal bacteria and genetic deformities, that the remotest hamlet is in as great peril as a metropolis. The old factor of safety has vanished.

As our agents of destruction have reached cosmic dimensions, both our tangible fears and our neurotic apprehensions have increased until they are so terrifying to live with that they are involuntarily repressed. This repression is particularly notable in America, where it is marked by the virtual absence of any discussion or critical challenge of either our nuclear weapons or our ultimate aims. This is perhaps an indication of the unconscious guilt we feel for developing and actually using the atom bomb. Along with an unwillingness to face our own



"I won't stay long—I just want to tell mom good-by."

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conduct or search for alternative courses, our behavior presents an even more dangerous symptom—an almost pathological sense of compulsion to pyramid our errors. This drives us to invest ever-increasing quantities of intelligence and energy in the building of ever more dangerous absolute weapons, while devoting but an insignificant fraction of this same energy and intelligence to the development of indispensable political and moral controls. We are in fact using our new knowledge and our new powers to reenforce ancient errors and prolong the life of obsolete institutions that should long ago have been liquidated.

What is more disturbing than our official reversion to the lowest level of barbarism in war is the fact that even after the last war only a minority of our countrymen seems to have reflected on the moral implications of this practice of total extermination as a normal and acceptable means of overcoming an enemy's resistance. There is nothing in our own code now to distinguish us from moral monsters like Genghis Khan. If we are willing to kill 100,000 people with one blow by random genocide, as at Hiroshima, there is nothing to keep us from killing 100,000,000—except the thought that our own countrymen may be massacred in equally large numbers.

During the last dozen years every responsible head of government has confessed openly that with our present readiness to use methods of atomic, bacterial and chemical extermination, we might bring an end to civilization and permanently deform, if not destroy, the whole human race. Our failure to act on this warning, as an animal would act in the face of a comparable danger, gives the measure of our neurotic compulsions. So even the prudent thought of our own retributory, collective death offers no guarantee against the misuse of our powers so long as the engines of total annihilation remain available and the neurosis itself persists.

The two principal nuclear powers have been acting as if each was all-powerful and could dictate the terms of existence to the rest of the planet. In the name of absolute sovereignty they have actually achieved impotence. What has been called the "stalemate of terror" is in fact a deliberate checkmate of those humane gifts and adroit moves that might save us. This precarious stalemate may be ended at any moment by a careless gesture, which could upset the board itself and sweep away all the pieces. It can be effectively ended only by both sides acknowledging their paralyzing inability to move and agreeing to start a new game.

To conceive this new game, which can no longer be played under the old rules with the old pieces, both powers must take their eyes off each other and address themselves to the common task of saving the world from the threatened catastrophe they have impetuously brought within range. Instead, these governments with the connivance of their allies have been seeking to normalize their neurosis and have made participation in their infantile plans and infantile fantasies a test of political sanity. By now, a respected official in charge of Civil Defense finds it easier to envisage a whole nation of 180,000,000 people living permanently underground than to conceive of any means of delivering the world of its diabolical hatreds and collective paranoias. Strangely, such a national burial is put forward as an ingenious method for combating possible Russian blackmail. This failure to recognize when the remedy is worse than the disease is one of the score of current symptoms of mental disorder in apparently orderly minds.

If no great changes were yet visible in the general pattern of civilization, this picture would be extremely dismal; for as long as the old institutions remain operative, war will continue an integral expression of the anxieties and tensions they produce. Fortunately, this original structure has undergone a profound change during the past four centuries; and a large part of it is no longer acceptable. The old urban container has in fact exploded, leaving behind only a few citadels of absolute power on the ancient pattern, like the Kremlin and the Pentagon. What is even more important, the invisible walls between classes and castes have been breaking down steadily during the last several decades—more rapidly in the United States perhaps than in Communist countries.

What applies to the division of classes also applies to the disparity between nations. Neither knowledge nor power nor material goods can be monopolized by any privileged class or privileged country. Those Americans who fancied we had a permanent monopoly of atomic energy and technical skill recently found this out to their dismay; but the moral is not that we must "catch up with the Russians," but that we must accept the duties and demands of living in an open world among our equals. The real world of modern man has become porous and penetrable: every part of it is more closely interrelated than ever before and therefore more dependent upon the good will and sympathy and self-restraint of the rest of mankind. St. Paul's injunction to the little Christian congregations that everyone should be "members one of another," has (*Continued on Page 77*)

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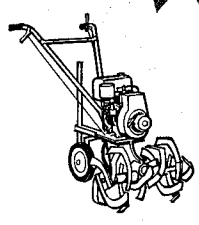

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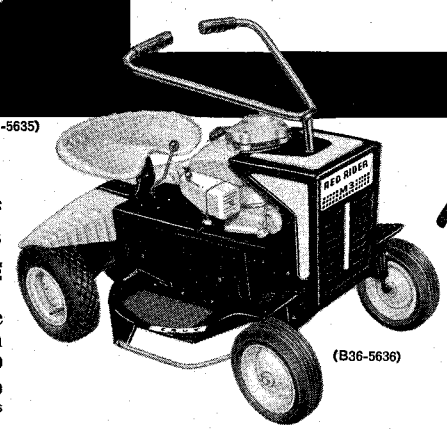

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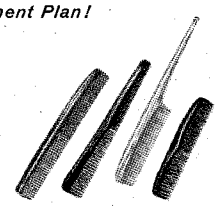

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(*Continued from Page 75*) now become a practical necessity of survival among the nations.

If so many other institutions of civilization, which held together solidly for 6000 years, have been crumbling away and are being replaced, is it likely that war will escape the same fate? The logic of history suggests it will not—if history has a logic. Our own military leaders have wryly admitted that in any large-scale war neither side can hope for a victory; indeed they have not the faintest notion of how such a war, once begun, might be ended, short of total extermination for both sides. Thus we are back at the very point at which civilization started, but at an even lower depth of savagery and irrationality. Instead of a token sacrifice to appease the gods, there would now be a total sacrifice, merely to bring an end to our neurotic anxieties.

In short, only the irrational, superstitious, magical function of war remains as a live possibility—the propitiation of gods in whom we do not believe by a sacrifice that would nullify the meaning of human history. In that surviving pocket of festering irrationality lies our chief, if not our only, enemy.

What are the possibilities of mankind's acquiring a fresh grip on reality and shedding the compulsive fantasies that are pushing us to destruction? There is little question of what measures must be taken to avoid a general nuclear catastrophe. Every intelligent observer understands the minimum precautions necessary for securing physical safety and for enabling a reconstituted United Nations to operate, not as a feeble hand brake on power politics, but as an active agent of international justice and comity. The only vital problem now is whether we can liberate ourselves from our irrational attitudes and habits, so that we may firmly take the necessary steps. It is not enough to appeal to human reason alone, as intelligent people often so earnestly do, to avert a general holocaust. We must first bring our long-buried sacrificial fantasies into the open before they erupt once more through internal pressure. Only exposure will counteract their power over us.

As with a neurotic patient, one of the conditions for resuming control and making rational decisions, free from pathological deformation, is the continued existence of large areas of conduct that are still orderly, co-operative, harmonious, life-directed. Once the patient has the courage to unburden himself of his disruptive experiences and recognize them for what they are, the sound parts of his personality can be brought into play. Fortunately, much of our life is still conducted on wholly rational and humane terms; furthermore, modern man is closer to confronting his hidden irrationalities than ever before. Scientific curiosity, which led to the discovery of the hidden structure of matter, also led to the exploration of the hidden structure of the human psyche. We now begin to understand the actual meaning of the morbid dreams, fantasies and nightmares that have repeatedly undermined the highest human achievements.

With the knowledge that the biologist and the psychologist have furnished us, we must now perceive that both the original premises of civilization and those of our own so-called Nuclear, or Space, Age are humanly obsolete—and were always false. In purely physical terms, we now have possession of absolute power of cosmic dimensions, as in a thermonuclear reaction. But "absolute power" belongs to the same magico-religious scheme as the ritual of human sacrifice itself: living organisms can use only limited amounts of power. "Too much" or "too little" is equally fatal to life. Every organism, indeed, possesses a built-in system of automatic controls which governs its intake of energy, limits its excessive growth, and maintains its equilibrium. When those controls do not operate, life itself comes to an end. When we wield power extravagantly without respect to other human goals we actually upset the balance of the organism and threaten the pattern of the whole organic environment. Unqualified power diminishes the possibilities for life, growth, development. More than a century ago Emerson wrote, "Do not trust man, great God! with more power until he has learned to use his little power better."

The test of maturity, for nations as for individuals, is not the increase of power, but the increase of self-understanding, self-control, self-direction and self-transcendence. For in a mature society, man himself, not his machines or his organizations, is the chief work of art.

The real problem of our age is to search into the depths of the human soul, both in the present generation and in the race's history, in order to bring to light the devious impulses that have deflected man for so long from his fullest development. For the human race has always lived and flourished, not by any one-sided exhibition of power, but by the constant sustenance and co-operation of the entire world of living beings. Not to seize power, but to protect and cherish life is the chief end of man; and the godlike powers that the human race now commands only add to its responsibilities for self-discipline and make more imperative a post-magical, post-mechanical, post-nuclear ideology which shall be centered, not on power, but on life.

Can such a new approach become operative in time to liberate man from war itself, as he was once liberated by his own efforts from incest, cannibalism, the blood feud and slavery? It is too early to answer this question, and it is perhaps almost too late to ask it. Admittedly it may take an all-but-fatal shock treatment, close to catastrophe, to break the hold of civilized man's chronic neurosis. Even such a belated awakening would be a miracle. But with the diagnosis so grave and the prognosis so unfavorable, one must fall back on miracles—above all, the miracle of life itself, that past master of the unexpected, the unpredictable, the all-but-impossible.

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further, the following books are recommended:

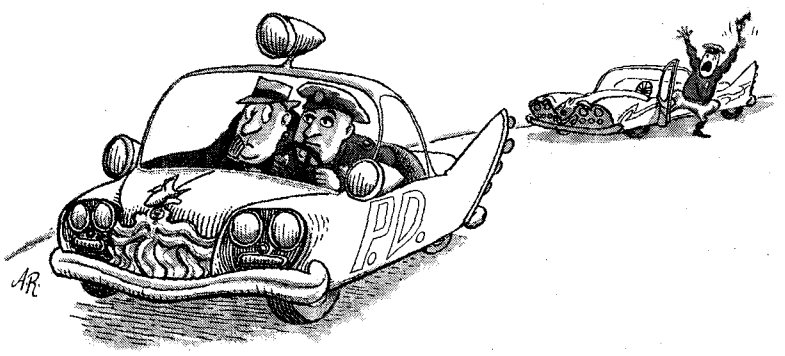
Mumford, Lewis
THE TRANSFORMATIONS OF MAN
(World Perspective Series)
Harper
$3.50

Nef, John U.
WAR AND HUMAN PROGRESS
Harvard University Press
$6.50

Toynbee, A. J.
WAR AND CIVILIZATION
Ed. by A. V. Fowler
Oxford University Press
$3.00

Turney-High, Harry
PRIMITIVE WAR
South Carolina University Press
$4.50

Frankfort, Henri
KINGSHIP AND THE GODS
Chicago University Press
$9.00



You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Two detectives stepped into Charley's office and asked him to go down to the police station for a "little chat." While one drove him there, the other got in Charley's car and removed a loaded pistol from the glove compartment. Charley was charged with violating a law against wearing or carrying a pistol "in any manner whatsoever, as a weapon."

"I certainly wasn't wearing that pistol," Charley argued. "And as it was tucked harmlessly away in a glove compartment, I don't see how anyone can say that I was carrying it. So, let me go."

"The law in this state forbids gun-toting not only on the person but in any manner whatsoever," the prosecutor countered. "Certainly it covers keeping a pistol in a glove compartment within easy reach."

If you were the judge, would you exonerate Charley?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

Charley lost. The court said that putting a pistol in a glove compartment "is certainly one way of carrying it, and in many instances, the operator of the car could get it out of such a place easier than he could draw a pistol from his pocket."

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Bright Young Boss of Princeton

(Continued from Page 21)

greatly its ratio of teachers to learners, which now stands, roughly, at one to seven. But it will not dilute the quality of its teaching, and it will continue stubbornly to hold out against those who would turn all institutions of higher learning into technological factories. In the future, as in the past, it will lay great stress on science and engineering, but on science taught as a liberal art, seeking the ultimate "why" of things, rather than utilitarian "how," which can be taught by rote. Teamed with its continuing advances toward the frontiers of pure science will go an expanded program in the humanities; for no man is educated, Goheen believes, who knows only his own time and his own task. The poets, the philosophers, the painters, the playwrights and the historians of the past still have much to say to modern men, he insists, no matter how deeply we may be engrossed in material and transitory things.

This dedication to the liberal tradition will be modified, of course, to meet the needs of changing times. Great neglected fields of study—the history, languages, religions, customs and political structures of the countries of Asia and the Middle East, for example, will hold a higher place in the curriculum hereafter. But the highly expensive—and, in Goheen's view, extremely effective—methods of teaching will not change. Princeton's faculty will continue to be made up of teacher-scholars, men whose minds ceaselessly range outward toward the furthermost boundaries of human thought, and who return from these intellectual explorations to translate their discoveries into language the undergraduate can understand. The faculty will also remain a single faculty, teaching both graduates and undergraduates. By this method the least enlightened freshman can come in contact with the most learned and profound of Princeton's professors—to the mutual stimulation, Goheen hopes, of them both.

The preceptorial system—the "fifty guys to make us wise," of which the students used to sing—will also be retained, despite its cost. Under this procedure, initiated by Woodrow Wilson, the student hears two lectures a week in the subject of his choice. The third session is the "precept" which, on balmy days in spring, is often conducted outdoors under the trees. In this highly informal proceeding six or seven students meet with their faculty preceptor to discuss their own reading in a subject and to explore it in depth. It is the old concept of Mark Hopkins on one end of a log and a student on the other—and no better method of teaching has ever been devised, Goheen believes, so long as the preceptor is smart enough to keep some articulate, bright boy from running away with the show, or to prevent its degeneration into a vague and nebulous bull session about sex or religion.

Beyond the precept is the Princeton practice of requiring juniors and seniors to pursue some independent search for knowledge on their own, culminating in a senior thesis. The thesis is not expected to make any profound contribution to human knowledge, and the student invariably bites off more than he can chew. Its virtue is that it requires the student to go back to original sources, research his subject thoroughly, assemble his facts in logical order, and from them draw some valid generalized conclusions. It is less a test than an exercise in learning, an attempt to flex the muscles of the mind. This, too, is a slow and expensive process, Goheen admits, but it fits in with his view that education, to be good, must focus on the individual. There must be direct and intimate contact between teacher and student, he says, and mind must strike sparks from mind, or nothing much is achieved.

Education by mass methods, in which students peer at television screens, listen to recordings or sit torpidly in huge lecture halls, passively receiving neatly packaged facts, he believes, can only result in mass mediocrity. Knowledge, he points out, paraphrasing Mr. Wilson, is contagious as a disease is contagious, but the germ cannot be spread by remote control.

Goheen's views on education, and the way he has handled himself since he took office on July 1, 1957, have deeply pleased the trustees, convincing them that they made no mistake when they startled the academic world by choosing him as president, despite his youth and lowly station. The amazement of the academicians did not stem from the fact that the thirty-seven-year-old Goheen was selected, for those who knew him as teacher and classical scholar considered him highly qualified. It rose from the fact that trustees rarely show such perspicacity.

"Usually," one of Goheen's colleagues observed, "they go out and hire some back slapper and promoter, some retired general, politician or businessman. What surprised all of us was that in this case they showed such rare intelligence."

"This guy," another professor said, "is first of all a teacher. He knows what a university's for. He's got the words and the music. He may turn out to be a great fund raiser, a great administrator, and I hope he does. But above all, he's a teacher and he speaks a teacher's language. He's known the satisfaction a man feels when some little guy who has just been sitting there all semester looking stupid suddenly comes alive, begins to reach out hungrily, grasping and grabbing for knowledge. That's a great miracle, a great thing. That's the richest reward a teacher ever receives. And to bring that miracle about thousands of times, as the generations of students come and go, is what a university's for."

The election of a man whose special field of scholarship was the Greek drama seemed to please the scientists on the faculty as much as it did Goheen's fellow classicists. Goheen, the scientists discovered, might not always know what they were talking about when they drifted into those upper reaches of the mind where ideas can only be conveyed by mathematical symbols. But he was smart enough to grasp, in the round, what they were getting at, and he was also smart enough to know when he knew enough. He has pleased the scientists greatly by laying plans for beefing up studies in the field of biochemistry and biophysics, and he is a strong supporter of Princeton's James V. Forrestal Research Center, where the fabulous Project Matterhorn is now in progress.

This project, which is the brain child of Prof. Lyman Spitzer, who had the idea one afternoon while sliding down a ski slope, is an attempt to bring about a controlled fusion of the hydrogen atom for the purpose of producing electric power. If this can be successfully accomplished, Doctor Goheen explains, man forever will be freed from dependence on fossil fuels and scarce uranium as a source of power. At first glance, the Matterhorn project seems to do violence to Goheen's idea that Princeton shall devote herself solely to "pure" science, for the experiment does have a utilitarian purpose. However, so much pure theory must be evolved, tested and proved that the project in its present state is as abstruse as anyone could wish. Right now the scientists are trying to figure out how to create man-made temperatures as hot as the core of the sun, which must exist before fusion can take place; how to measure such temperatures and how to contain them once they are created.

When the board of trustees seeks a man to head so complex an organization as a great university, a fine intelligence, capable of comprehending the tasks of both the scientists and the philosophers, is assumed. The other criteria the trustees laid down were fairly simple. The new president must have had faculty experience; he must be young enough to give the university at least fifteen years of service before he reached retirement age, and he should have had some connection with Princeton, either as student or on the faculty. It would also be helpful if he had a Presbyterian background, for though the college is nonsectarian and there is nothing in its charter to prevent its president from being an atheist or a Trappist monk, Princeton, which was founded by Presbyterian preachers, has traditionally been guided by the disciples of John Knox.

"I call this Beethoven's unfinished fifth!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Goheen qualified under all these requirements. Born in Vengurla, India, in 1919, he was young enough, if the fates were kind, to give the university nearly thirty years of leadership before he would have to retire. His grandparents on both sides had been Presbyterian missionaries, and his mother's father, Sir James Ewing, had rendered such noble service to education in India that the British Government had knighted him. His mother and father, both India-born, had been educated in this country, and both had gone back as missionaries after their marriage, where his mother became famed as a teacher, and his father, a surgeon, had become a minor Doctor Schweitzer.

The intelligence which the trustees were seeking had become manifest at an early age. His parents, now retired and living at Princeton in the home he formerly occupied as an assistant professor, recall that by the age of fourteen months he was speaking fluently to them in English, to his nurse in Hindustani, and to the cook and houseboy in Marathi, the local dialect. He also made no protest, his mother recalls, when at an early age she sat him down to teach him Latin. He was, however, no bookworm in his formative years, but an exceedingly bold and active small boy, fond of going tiger hunting with a local rajah, and wandering abroad alone with a twenty-two-caliber rifle, hunting jackals.

His mother subscribed to the theory that a child should be cut loose from the apron strings by the age of four, but that if he abused his freedom he should be sent to his room and made to stay there until he repented. This form of punishment, she remembers, was recommended by a book—well thought of at the time—called Gentle Measures With the Young, which forbade the laying on of hands. Now she is not quite sure that such gentle measures are best. Both Bob and his wife, Peggy, smack their own young heartily when they need it, she says, and all six of them behave beautifully. Goheen's father also had some definite ideas about the rearing and the education of the young. He believed that thoughts could be transmitted to the subconscious mind during sleep, and he would sometimes pass through the children's ward in his hospital, gently admonishing the sleeping youngsters not to wet the bed. They rarely did. His own young needed no such counsel, but if one of them had a difficult poem to learn and recite in school, Mrs. Goheen would slip in with a candle and, kneeling beside the bed, read the poem over and over, softly, as they slept.

Goheen's memories of India are of the lush green plains, just north of Goa in Portuguese India, where he lived as a small boy, and the great hills above Kodaikanal, in South India, where he was sent to boarding school at the age of seven. Most of his friends in Vengurla were Indians, and he soon became filled with great zeal for the cause of Indian independence. His parents, however, would not permit him to wear the white cap his companions (*Continued on Page 81*)

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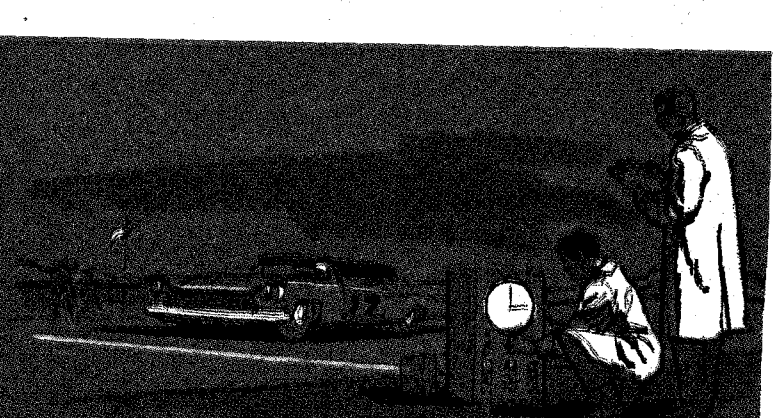

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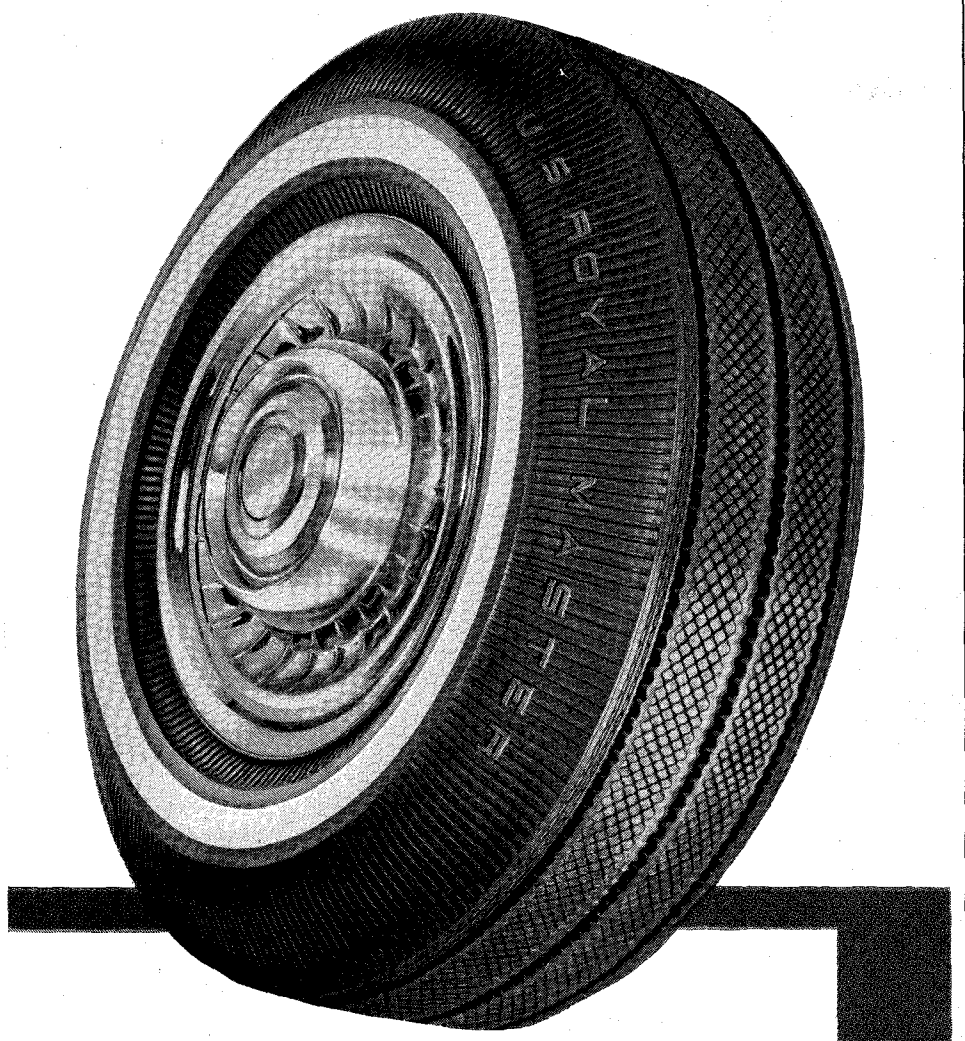

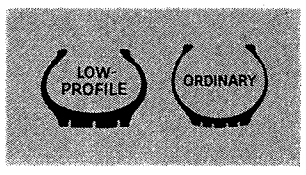

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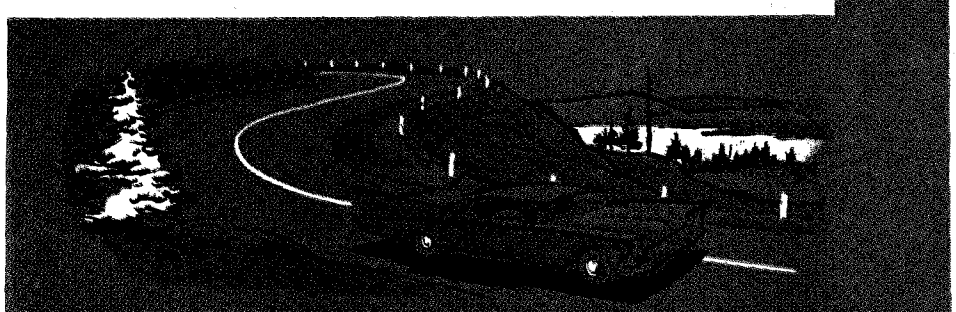

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(*Continued from Page 78*) wore, as a symbol of his allegiance to their cause. They thought it would be in bad taste, since the American missionaries in India were, in actuality, Britain's guests.

His first exposure to the classical world which later was to absorb all his interest left him bored and wearied. When he was ten his mother brought him and his older brother, Dick, to the United States for a visit, stopping off in Italy to make a tour of the museums. Days of peering at heroic marble statues and ogling old masters, lingered in his memory as a dreary business, and years later when he went to Italy with his own family, he ruled that none of his children should be compelled to visit any museums until they felt a strong compulsion to do so.

The trip was his introduction to the Princeton community, for he lived there a couple of years, attending grammar school, while his brother went to Lawrenceville School, five miles down the road. Princeton at the time made no strong impression on him, though he does recall that once while riding his bicycle past the gates an automobile hit him and knocked him into the ditch.

He returned to India with his mother, but was back at fifteen to enter Lawrenceville. The issue of his education was for a while in doubt. Lawrenceville's tuition was then $1500 a year; the depression was on, and the bank in which his parents had salted away the money for his schooling had closed its doors. However, eloquent letters from his mother persuaded the headmaster to accept him as a day student at $350, while he lived with his sister, Alice, a teacher at another Princeton institution called Miss Fine's School.

The headmaster at Lawrenceville remembers him as "a bright and shining boy," and his old instructors recall him as both a brilliant and determined student who did not accept a low grade without demanding to know wherein he had erred. Pictures taken at the time show him as a somewhat bench-legged center fielder on the baseball team, his brown eyes, full face and long hair giving him a vague resemblance to Elvis Presley.

Graduating fourth in a class of 109, with honors in Latin, he went on to Princeton, where, in addition to a small scholarship available to sons of Presbyterian missionaries, he earned money by peddling sandwiches in the dormitories at night. Later he found a more lucrative source of income—buying up furniture from departing seniors and selling it at a handsome profit to incoming freshmen.

Out of admiration for his father he had thought of preparing himself for a medical career, but premed would have required late-afternoon labs, which would have interfered with his soccer practice. In his sophomore year he had discovered the beauties of the ancient world revealed to a man who could read the Greek poets and dramatists in the original, and his devotion to the classics never swerved thereafter.

He remained as bright and shining at Princeton as at Lawrenceville, making Phi Beta Kappa his junior year, heading his club, Quadrangle, and climaxing his career by sharing with another student the M. Taylor Pyne Honor Prize, given to those who demonstrate both scholarship and manly qualities.

His classmates of the time remember him as a fierce competitor—both on the soccer field, where he was known as an indefatigable shagger, nimble with both feet and with a fine head for butting, and in the classroom, where he had a fine head for everything. Princeton was not so far removed from the days of the coonskin coat and the hip flask as it is now, and the respect for scholarship perhaps was not so deeply ingrained in his classmates as it is in the more serious-minded students of today. Goheen, in the class poll, was described as the school's "biggest grind" and the man who had the "most drag with the faculty."

"He was sobersided, terribly ambitious, never happy unless he excelled," one classmate remembers. "But he didn't claw his way. He was always fair-minded and friendly."

Graduated in 1940, bedecked with honors, he was married in 1941 to Margaret Skelly, daughter of a Hercules Powder Company executive, whom he had met at a vacation spot in Delaware, where he was tutoring the son of an old Princetonian who was having scholastic troubles at Hotchkiss. He and his wife were not long together. Goheen's plans to continue graduate study were interrupted by his draft board soon after the wedding, and he enlisted as a private in the Army. It was, he recalls now, a tremendously valuable experience. He had up to that time led an extremely cloistered existence, far removed from the main stream of American life, and his days in the Army widened his horizons almost as much as Princeton had done.

Quiet, neatly dressed, formal in manner and precise in speech, he boarded the troop train at Trenton to find himself surrounded by extroverted characters from Brooklyn and the industrial towns of New Jersey. Both their swaggering cockiness and their language, which was made up in the main of Anglo-Saxon words rarely encountered in a Greek reader, were strange to him at first. Before basic training was over, though, he was completely at home in this new environment, and some of the words he picked up then he continues to use, for emphasis, today. His drive to excel in no sense abated during his Army tour. He went in as a private and came out, in 1945, as a lieutenant colonel, with two Bronze Stars and the Combat Infantryman's Badge, after serving as G-2 of the 1st Cavalry Division during the Philippine campaign.

Goheen came home from the Pacific convinced it was going to be more difficult to win the peace than it had been to win the war, and for a while he felt strongly that he should make a career for himself in the Foreign Service. On a visit back to the campus, though, he fell into the clutches of his old classics teacher, who was determined that such a promising scholar should not escape into the labyrinth of the State Department.

The teacher, Prof. Whitney J. (Mike) Oates, had been a marine officer in the war. On Peleliu, during a lull in the fighting, he had evolved the idea of establishing fellowships which would support bright young men through a year of graduate school, in the hope that this taste of the academic life would inspire them to go on into college teaching. Oates, who had known Goheen since boyhood and felt toward him as he would toward his own son, insisted that Goheen take the first of these fellowships, which were named in honor of Woodrow Wilson. Goheen accepted, tentatively keeping both doors open by taking two graduate courses, one in political science, one in Plato. Plato

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If the rocket age has accomplished nothing else, it has taught a lot of us how to count backward.

DAVID O. FLYNN

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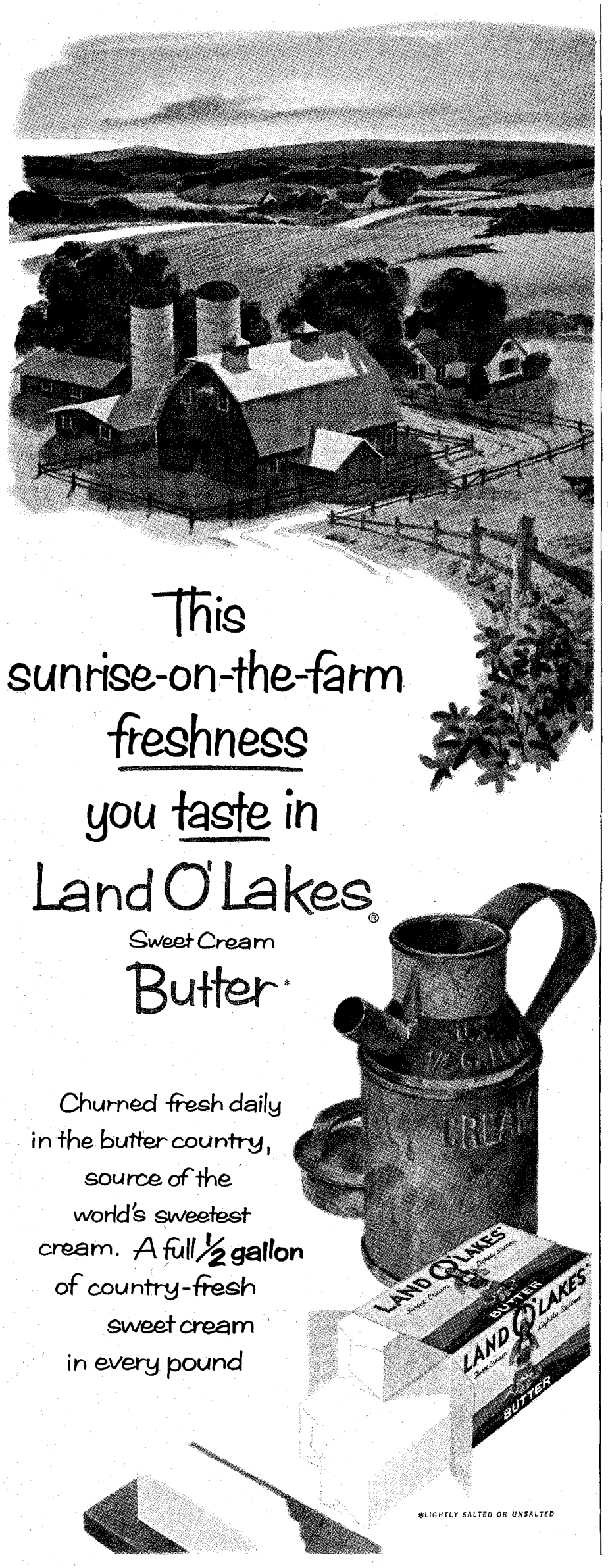

soon won out over politics, and Goheen was committed to the career in teaching that led to the presidency. He took his M.A. in 1947, his Ph.D., in 1948, and in 1951 expanded his doctor's dissertation into the book which established his reputation among classical scholars. The book, called The Imagery of Sophocles' Antigone, is not recommended as hammock reading, but it broke new ground, the critics said, in modern criticism of ancient literature.

Afterward Goheen received a fellowship to continue his studies in the classics at the American Academy in Rome, and moved with his family to Italy. In Rome he again ran into Mike Oates, who was in a hospital, suffering from jaundice. Oates asked Goheen's advice as to who should head up the Woodrow Wilson Fellowship project, which, with foundation help, by then was supporting the scholarly studies of some 200 prospective teachers.

"Uncle Mike," said Goheen, "why not toss my name in the pot?"

For three years thereafter Goheen spent half his time visiting colleges and universities over the country, setting up the machinery by which promising young men and women could be lured into college teaching. It was the only administrative experience he ever had until he was chosen Princeton's president, but the lack did not seem to handicap him greatly. His first year as president, which began with the retirement of Dr. Harold Willis Dodds in June of 1957, was full of alarms and crises, all of which he handled deftly.

The first, of painful memory, was the case of Father Halton, a Catholic priest assigned as chaplain to the Princeton students of his faith. The good Father, a brilliant young man with a zeal for reform that would match that of Savonarola, for several years had been denouncing the university for being "irreligious, atheistic and amoral," though offering no proof that this was so. One of Goheen's first acts, therefore, was to withdraw from Father Halton the privileges which the university extends to its chaplains. Halton, on the eve of his departure, countered with the allegation that three individuals in his opinion deserved the title of anti-Christ: Martin Luther, Margaret Sanger and Robert Goheen. This seemed a curious statement in view of the fact that Doctor Goheen was married to a Catholic, and his six children were being brought up in the Catholic faith.

Shortly after the Halton incident came the great "bicker," or club-election uproar, in which several students wrote to the New York papers complaining that men were being barred from Princeton's eating clubs because they were Jewish. This caused a stir in the New York press, making it necessary for Princeton to reply that there were many Jewish students in the eating clubs. Goheen poured oil on these troubled waters by announcing plans for the construction of a new quadrangle, complete with dining and recreation facilities, where upper classmen rejected by the clubs could eat and lounge in surroundings as pleasant as those provided by the privately operated clubs.

As the bicker row died down, a third crisis arose. A young professor of political science named Otto Butz asked eleven of the most articulate Princeton seniors to write down, anonymously, what they thought of God, marriage, their parents, happiness, security, success, what they wanted out of life and what they hoped to contribute to it. He then edited these essays for publication in a book titled, Unsilent Generation, which turned out to be a strange mixture of sophomoric boasting about sexual and alcoholic prowess, interwoven with some deeply poignant passages revealing the frustrations, ambitions and goals of the modern generation.

Goheen, who had seen the manuscript, was not happy about the image of Princeton it would create in the public mind. The book seemed to him to convey the idea that the Princeton student body was composed in the main of cynical, smart-alecky, antiauthoritarian egotists. He suggested to Professor Butz that the book painted an inaccurate picture of Princeton undergraduates as he knew them, but not wishing to gain a reputation as a book burner, he made no effort to suppress it. The book came out, and the administration waited nervously, expecting cries of outrage from parents all over the country. Nothing much happened. About fifty angry letters came in, and the next year a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Don't worry, Mr. Smythe. I'll fix this so you'll never have trouble with it again."

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somewhat greater than usual number of prospective students withdrew their applications for admission, indicating that a few parents had been perturbed.

Not long afterward came another crisis that was easier to handle, since it involved no explosive element such as religion, racial prejudice or freedom of speech. In honor of its new members, an eating club called Tiger Inn imported from Philadelphia a couple of strip artistes, named Judy and Bubbles, to perform at a joyous beer bust at Squatters Grove, a local *bistro*. From there the party repaired to one of the dormitories where, presumably, they continued to demonstrate the arts of Terpsichore. Late in the evening, however, some controversy arose over the remuneration the young ladies should receive, and they went screeching off across the campus in search of the police.

Goheen came down hard on this one. The university's discipline committee called the culprits in and confronted them with their misdeeds. Those who confessed and expressed contrition were reprimanded or suspended. Those who stubbornly denied complicity, though known to be involved, were expelled.

Goheen appears to take such trials calmly, though his colleagues, noting the set of his jaw and the way his hands clench, sense an inner tension. His irritation, they believe, stems from the fact that he must spend a great deal of time straightening out matters that never should have got out of hand in the first place, when his mind is engrossed with far larger problems.

Marriage is a woman's way of calling the meeting to order.

KENNETH J. SHIVELY

The groves of Academe, one Princeton professor explained, are not so tranquil as they may appear on the surface. Institutions must compete fiercely with one another for students, for top teachers and for the largess of the great foundations, which have replaced as sources of revenue the philanthropists whose ranks in these days of heavy taxes are growing exceedingly thin.

Private schools such as Princeton must depend on tuition and general fees for roughly half their support, and many of the smaller ones are faced with the prospect that they may price themselves out of the educational market. Several big land-grant universities, supported by tax money, receive as much per year from their state legislatures as Princeton, Harvard and Yale combined receive as income from their endowments, and their tuition fees in consequence can be kept exceedingly low.

The private institutions, who get no tax support, must get out and scramble for their money. At Princeton, where tuition, lab and library fees have gone up to $1450 a year, a third of the students are already receiving some form of aid, either in jobs, scholarships or loans. Much more will be needed in the future as fees inevitably rise. Before too long, Goheen predicts, a way must be found by which students can pay for their schooling over a long period of years after graduation.

One of his first tasks is to find the money with which to bring Princeton professors' salaries up, at least to the buying power they had in 1940. To accomplish this and other things, a campaign to raise $53,000,000 is now being launched. Twenty millions would go into the endowment fund—for higher faculty salaries, fellowships, research funds and new professorships in the field of Far Eastern and Russian studies. Thirty million would be used to build new dormitories and dining facilities in anticipation of the coming rush, new labs for the engineering school, a new art museum and a decent music auditorium. Finally, $3,000,000 would go into working capital.

Princeton's endowment funds, 60 per cent of which are invested in stocks, now have a market value of some $140,000,000, on which the university earns some $4,500,000 a year. Roughly $10,000,000 comes in from sponsored research; the alumni contribute $1,500,000 in annual gifts; and $3,500,000 trickles in from sundry other gifts and legacies. Tuition fees from 3600 students add another $4,000,000 or more, but the total income does no more than meet the annual budget of some $26,000,000. If Princeton expects to take even part of its share of the increased enrollment of future years, larger revenues must be found.

Money, though, is not a cure-all, Goheen points out. Good teachers working with good students on subjects which stretch and extend the mind are in the last analysis the measure of a university's worth. The cardinal role of education, Goheen says, is "to develop human beings of high character, courageous heart and independent mind, who can transmit and enrich our society's intellectual, cultural and spiritual heritage, advance mankind's eternal quest for truth and beauty, and leave the world a better place than they found it.

"I think," he says, "that just about sums up what we are trying to do."

THE END

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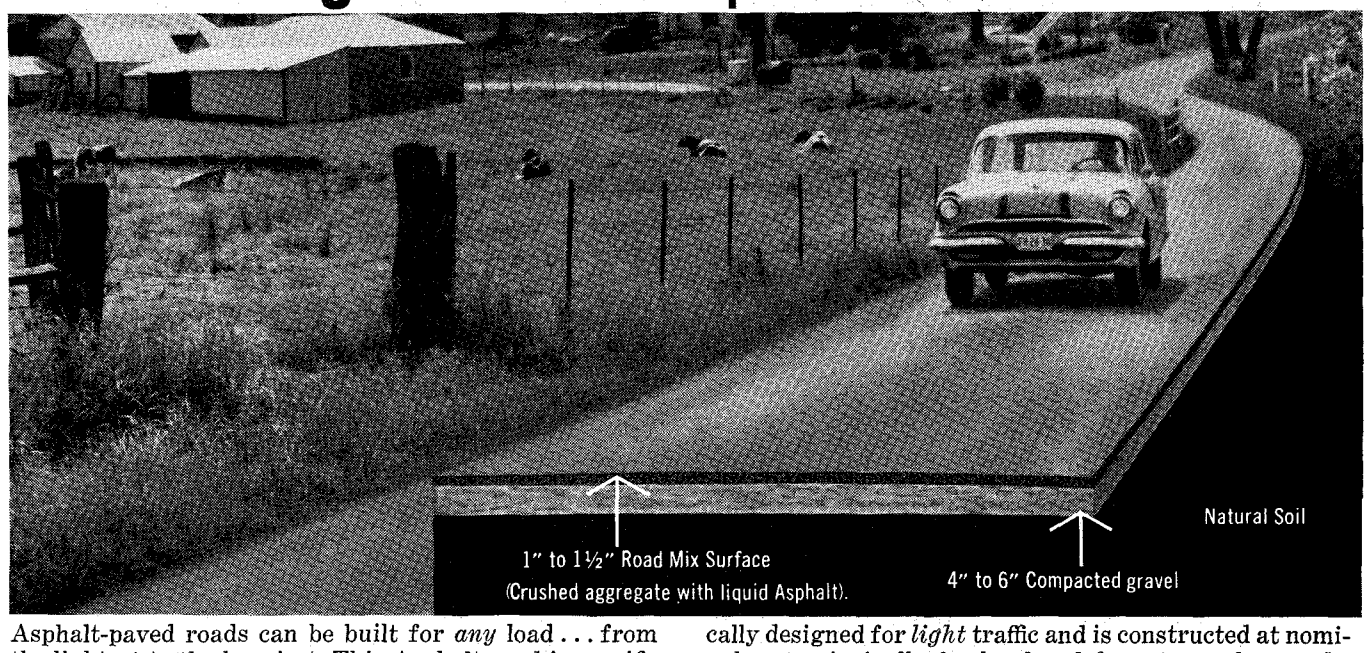

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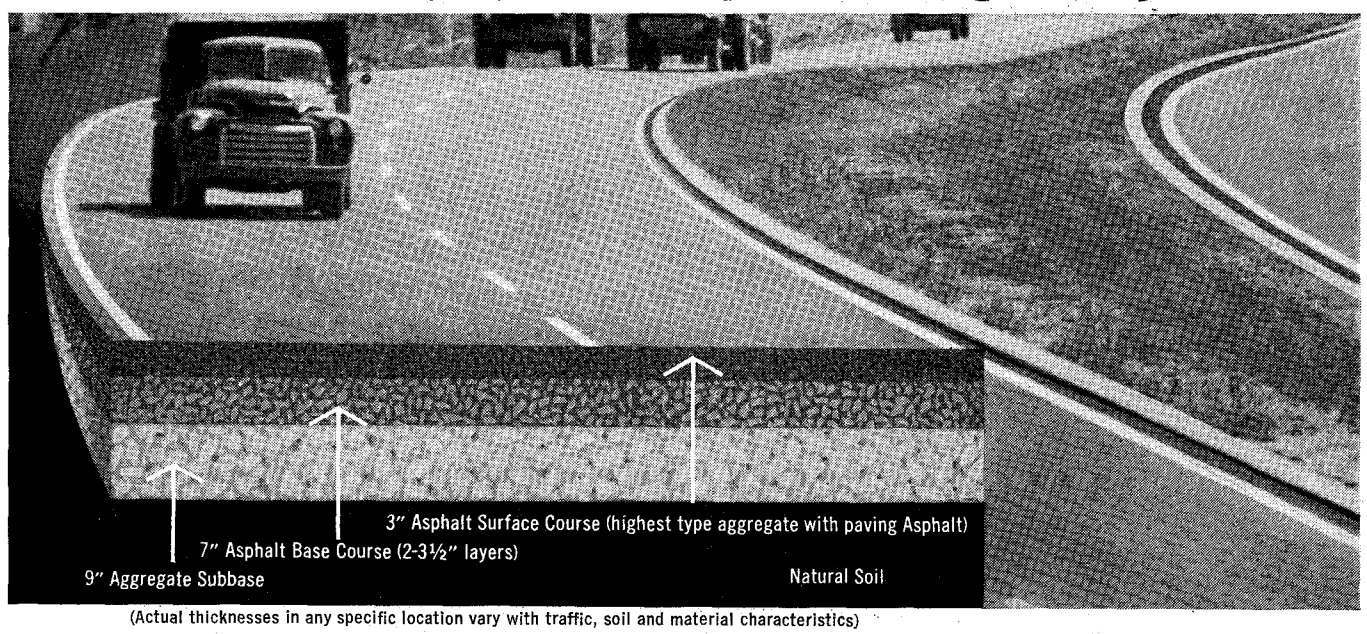
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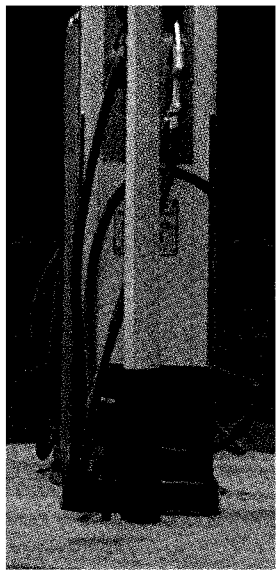

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D Day (Continued from Page 36)

ended in June, 1944, with the final embarkation in a landing craft in Southampton Water. The landing craft carried six tanks, and Bell was second in command of the team and had a tank of his own. His tank was a flail, specially designed to open tracks through mine fields. His team, a mixture of Westminster Dragoons and Royal Engineers, included three different kinds of the peculiar tanks which were officially known as Specialized Armor, and less officially as Funnies.

These tanks were the products of a study of the problems of invasion which went back to the raid on Dieppe in August, 1942. The experience of Dieppe had persuaded the British that in a sea-borne assault on prepared defenses army engineers could not efficiently demolish obstacles, lay roads, clear mine fields, fill antitank ditches or destroy fortifications while they themselves were under heavy fire. The Funnies were designed to provide the engineers in the forefront of the landing with armored protection and mechanical means for carrying out their tasks.

The amphibious tank was one of the Funnies. Others were flails, such as Bell commanded, bobbins, fascines, roly-polies, petards, crocodiles, self-propelled ramps, and tanks which carried bridges. The whole British plan of assault was based on the use of these tanks, and a description of the British landings must start with an explanation of their code names.

The flail tanks were designed to supersede the slow and dangerous process of clearing land mines by hand. A flail was an ordinary Sherman tank with two arms in front of it which carried a revolving drum. On the drum were short lengths of chain, and when the drum revolved, the chains flew around and flailed the ground, exploding mines ahead of the tank. The tank left a wide visible track which other tanks or infantry could follow.

Bobbins and roly-polies unrolled various kinds of matting or steel mesh to form temporary roadways. They had been designed for laying roads across sand dunes or over the patches of clay which reconnaissance had revealed in some of the British beaches.

Fascines each carried an enormous bundle of logs which they could drop into an antitank ditch so that they themselves and other tanks could cross it. Self-propelled ramps were tanks without turrets, which could lay themselves against a sea wall or an antitank wall so that other tanks could climb up them and get over. The bridging tanks carried thirty-foot bridges for wide ditches or craters; they laid their bridges and then drove over them. Most of these machines reverted to the functions of ordinary tanks as soon as they had finished their special missions.

Petards and crocodiles were tanks for destroying gun positions. The petard threw an enormous bomb from a short-muzzled mortar; it could blow a large hole in a concrete emplacement. The crocodile threw flame—much more and hotter and farther than the flame throwers carried by infantry.

These gadgets had been offered by the British to the American high command, but they had politely refused all except the amphibious tanks, which unfortunately were the least successful because they depended on the weather.

The landing craft which carried Bell and his tanks got under way on the morning of the fifth. The rough weather made most of the thirty men on board seasick. At nightfall Bell encouraged them to lie down on the steel decks and get what sleep they could. At midnight, two thirds of the way across the channel, Roger Bell fell asleep too.

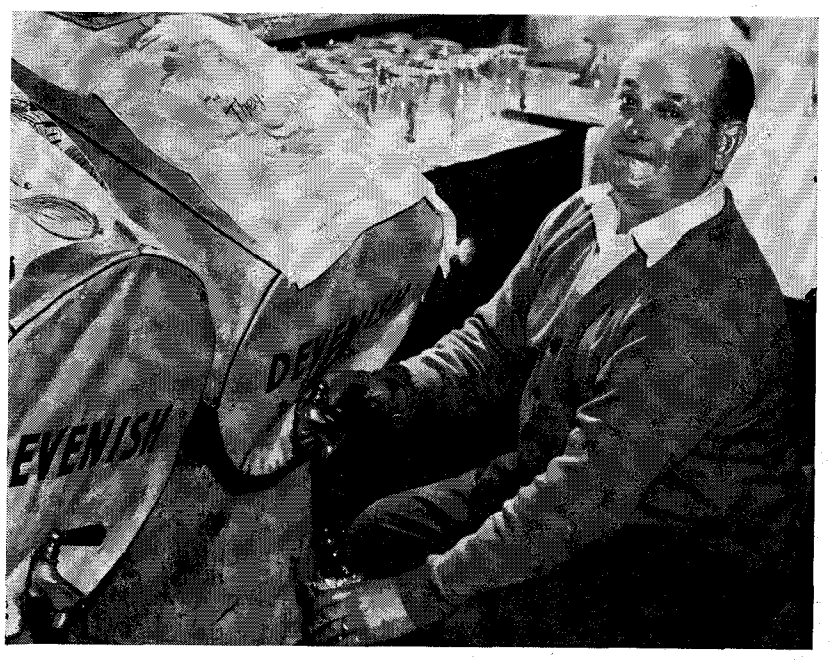
At that same hour, in a gun battery on a hill behind the exact part of the coast which was Bell's objective, a young German named Friedrich Wurster was on duty as a sentry. Wurster had been a soldier for four years. At seventeen he had marched into France with the conquering army. At nineteen he had been wounded within 100 miles of Moscow. Before he was twenty he had been patched up and sent back to Russia and witnessed advances and then retreats; and he had been wounded a second time, so badly that they could not make him fit for Russia again, but sent him to the Atlantic Wall instead—a semi-invalid at twenty-one.

So he knew a lot about war. On his solitary nights as a sentry he often wondered whether it would ever end, whether he would survive it, whether he would ever live at home with his family again. But so far he had never imagined its end as anything but German victory. That night, as he stood at his post in the dark, looking out toward the glimmer of the sea, he was bored and unsuspecting.

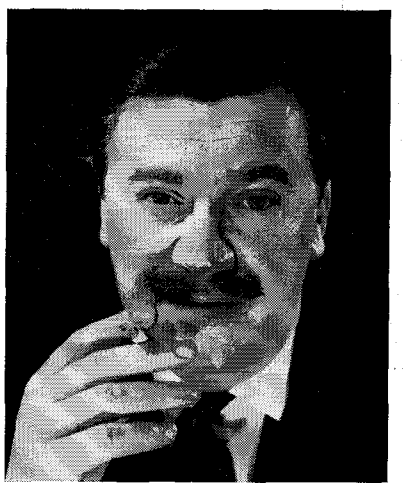
It was still dark when he was relieved, and he went back to his quarters to turn in. Before he had finished undressing, the alarm bell rang and the battery loudspeakers called everyone to the first state of alert. His companions crawled out of bed grumbling sleepily and began to grope about for their clothes. Before any of them were ready, the second state of alert was sounded, and through the loudspeakers an officer told them that parachutists and gliders had landed beyond the Orne River and attacked the battery at Merville.

But still they did not worry. They had been told by their leaders time and again that the Atlantic Wall was impregnable, and they believed it. So they went on dressing in a leisurely manner, discussing the news. Merville was twenty miles away, and the general opinion was that this was a local raid.

When Roger Bell woke up and looked out at the break of dawn, he saw the gray, turbulent sea full of ships from horizon to horizon. It was the first time he and his tank crews had had any real impression of the fantastic size and power of the force which had been assembled to support them. Bell saw to the clearing of the chains and chocks which held his tank and looked at the shore ahead—the shore which he knew, from maps and photographs, almost as well as Friedrich Wurster knew it. This was Gold Beach. It was a stretch of sand about three miles long, with a small village at each end of it—at the west end, Le Hamel, and at the east, La Rivière.



Henry Bowers now runs a pub in Cornwall, England. On D Day he silenced the deadly fire of a German pillbox by dropping a hand grenade through its gun slit.



Roger Bell. With his "flail" tank he saved the better part of a battalion.

Friedrich Wurster. As a German soldier he defended the beach Bell attacked.

Beyond Le Hamel a line of hills runs out to the coast and ends in cliffs which separate the beach from the little town of Arromanches. Beyond La Rivière, at the other end, the shore was protected in 1944 by a very high sea wall of concrete, with a road on top of it. Between the two villages there were only dunes behind the beach, with a few holiday houses and wooden bungalows. Beyond the dunes there was a narrow strip of marshy ground and a road which joined the villages and then a line of gentle grassy hills. The hills presented no obstacle for tanks, but they commanded a view of the whole beach, and Wurster's battery, among others, was built on top of them.

Bell was to land at the eastern end of the beach, and one of the landmarks he had been told to look for was a large emplacement on the top of the sea wall. It was believed to contain an 88-mm. gun, sited to enfilade the beach.

So far, as Bell advanced under the arch of gunfire from heavy ships behind him, he had not seen any activity from the German batteries. The smoke of the bombardment hid the hills and hung over the village, but as the craft drew in, the beach itself was clearly visible. It looked perfectly deserted. La Rivière itself had just been bombed by six squadrons of heavy bombers and was now being shelled by sixteen 5-inch guns of four destroyers and by twenty-four 25-pounders of the Royal Artillery in landing craft and by 2000 rockets.

The bombardment, striking just before dawn, was the first warning Friedrich Wurster had that anything really serious was happening. It did very little structural damage to the battery, but while it lasted the artillerymen were paralyzed. Not one could stand up to keep a lookout or lay a gun. Wurster dived into an armored emplacement, and so did everybody else who could. In the only glimpse he had outside, in the whole of that awful hour, he saw cows and horses in the meadow beside the battery being felled by high explosives and set on fire by incendiary bombs.

Before the bombing stopped, the artillerymen had detected the sound of shells among the other noise, and shellfire could only have come from a ship, improbable though that seemed. When suddenly there was a lull in the noise, Wurster stood up and looked out. It was a shock. He had half expected ships, but he had never dreamed of 600 ships, and at least that number must have been in sight. Nor had he ever heard of landing craft; yet there they were, already in the surf, and men and tanks were pouring out of them and advancing across the beach to the foot of the hill.

Bell's was among them. He had spotted the end of the sea wall and the 88-mm. emplacement on top of it, and he knew his skipper was going to put him down at exactly the right place. His job was simple—to flail a track through the mine fields, across the road and on up the hill. He was intensely excited. The supreme moment of all his training was approaching.

The crews of the other tanks, the bobbin ahead of him and the other flails astern, were starting up their engines. Bell gave the order to start up too. The starter motor whined, and whined again. He shouted to his driver. They tried again and again—no good. Bell jumped down and seized the towing cable from the bobbin tank ahead of him and shackled it onto his own. The Royal Engineers in the bobbin were not pleased at the idea of entering battle towing a derelict thirty-five-ton tank of the Dragoons. In the excitement and argument Bell had no time to look around, and before he expected it

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the landing craft was aground and the ramp banged down into the water. The bobbin lurched forward and jerked the cable taut.

Bell's tank moved a few yards along the deck, and that did it—the engine started. Bell cast off the tow and climbed back to his turret. The bobbin roared down the ramp and almost vanished into deep water. Bell followed, and in a few seconds waves were splashing over him, and his tank was crawling toward the shore.

As the tank rose up from the sea, Bell in the turret had an impression of stakes on each side of him with land mines fastened on top of them. He glanced along the beach to his right; all along it, as far as he could see, tanks were rolling out of the water and making for the dunes. He saw two of them hit by shells—flails of his own regiment which had landed a little to his right. And then a petard tank of the Royal Engineers a few yards ahead of him exploded with a sudden appalling crash and a gush of flame. Bell felt his own tank shudder. He looked round. Flames were pouring from the stern, just behind his head.

A tank only starts to burn if its fuel is alight. Among British tankmen, Shermans had a reputation—perhaps undeserved—of burning often and quickly. The British called it brewing up—the phrase also means making tea. The Germans called them Tommy Cookers. When they brewed up, the crew had seconds to get out before they were burned alive.

Seeing the flames, Bell ordered his crew out and began to get out of the turret himself. Then a large lump of flaming steel fell off the stern of the tank and lay blazing on the sand, and he realized that he had not been hit at all. A piece of the exploded tank ahead of him had landed on him and rolled off again. He shouted to his crew that it was all right; but what, he wondered, had hit the three tanks ahead? Accurate fire was coming from somewhere. And then he saw a small puff of smoke. It was the 88-mm. gun in the emplacement 100 yards away, picking off the advancing tanks at point-blank range.

The emplacement at La Rivière, like many others, was protected by seventeen feet of concrete on its seaward side, as defense against naval gunfire; and the concrete had held. Bell, landing almost in front of it, was out of its field of fire, but to advance anywhere he had to cross almost under the muzzle of the gun. Indeed, all the armor on the beach was having to run the gantlet of its fire, and the outcome of the first assault in that sector was likely to depend upon somebody's doing something about that gun.

Bell drove at full speed to the place where the other tanks had been hit, so that he could see the embrasure in the side of the emplacement and the muzzle of the 88 sticking out of it toward him. There was a steel shield over it. He stopped and brought his own gun to bear. He was a sitting target, and he knew it, 100 yards in front of a gun which could knock him out at twenty times that distance. He fired two rounds of high explosive, but they seemed to have no effect. The German gun fired again, but it fired past him at one of the dozens of other targets down the beach. Bell fired three more shots, this time using armor-piercing shells. He didn't think he could have missed, and he was right. The 88 was dead. Bell and his crew had done what all the bombardment that morning had failed to do.

Ahead of him now were the wire and the first of the mine fields. He crashed through the wire and started his flail and began to flog his way across the mine field toward the road, the whirling chains churning the sandy earth like a gigantic cultivator. At this point he had been ordered to light a green smoke grenade and throw it overboard as a signal to somebody—he could not remember whom—coming in behind him. He lit the grenade, and at that moment the tank lurched, and he dropped the grenade inside the turret.

Immediately the tank was filled with a lurid green smoke. As it flogged on across the mine field, Bell was groveling in the bottom of it for the grenade and smoke was pouring out of the turret top. He found it at last and came up gasping and dropped it over the side. The flail did not seem to be exploding any mines. The ground was very wet, and just before the tank reached the road she stuck in the mud.

The two other flails of his team went past him on luckier patches of ground, climbed the embankment to the road, turned left and roared off into the ruins of La Rivière. Bell got out of his tank and climbed carefully down into the mine field. His gunner laughed, and he looked at himself and found the grenade had dyed him bright green all over. He looked back at the beach. The infantrymen were pouring ashore, crossing the tidemark where the German gun would have decimated them a few minutes before. All kinds of tanks were following the tracks of the flails through the mine field. Bell began to laugh too; and, still beautifully green, he walked back to the beach to find a tank-recovery vehicle to pull him out.

Almost everything, he thought, had gone ridiculously wrong with his landing. Well, what could they expect? He had always said he was no good as a soldier. It simply never occurred to him, till they gave him a medal long afterward, that he had done something brave at the very first opportunity he had had in all his four and a half years in the Army. His moment of blind courage—and his five unerring shots—had been worth the best part of a battalion.

The first mine field, in which Bell and several others were stuck, turned out to have been sown with Belgian mines which did not explode; perhaps they had lain too long in the wet earth. The second mine field, beyond the road, was much wetter than air photography had suggested—the ground was too soft for the flails to work. The commanders turned left, toward the ruins of La Rivière, and began to drive inland by road. One mine field had been too easy, and the other too difficult for the flails. Nevertheless, in their secondary role as ordinary tanks, the flails and the other Funnies had largely cleared this beach for the infantry, by many such actions as Bell's. And as soon as the flails were safely on the road, they began to force the exits from the beach inland.

At one point the road was blocked by an enormous bomb crater. One of the Royal Engineers' bridge-carrying tanks was called up and quickly laid a bridge across it. The flails went on and flogged a track for half a mile farther. Within half an hour of the landing, the Specialized Armor had broken a route right through the Atlantic Wall; and other tanks and the infantry—the Green Howards—began to pour along it into the open country, while the East Yorks cleared out the village.

Farther west, in the center of Gold Beach, the attack went in with even more precision; but at the other end of the beach there was serious trouble in front of the village of Le Hamel. The Germans there had fortified a sanatorium on the sea front. Aerial bombing had missed it, and the shelling from the sea had done no important damage to the guns. They were sited to cover the high-water mark along the beach. At low tide, close under the strong point itself, there was a small area of beach which was almost safe, surrounded by other areas almost impossible for a man to cross alive.

Here, other teams of the Royal Engineers and Westminster Dragoons went first, followed seven minutes later by the infantry of the 1st Battalion, the Hampshire Regiment. Among the veterans of the Hampshires was a company sergeant major named H. W. Bowers, and his landing may be taken as an example of the experience of the foremost companies, or at least of their survivors.

C.S.M. Bowers was an army regular with seventeen years' service. At the age of thirty-six he was an old hand at assault landings; he had been in the invasion of Sicily and had landed twice more on the Italian coast. He had won the Military Medal in one of these landings and had been mentioned in dispatches in another. So, unlike the great majority who crossed the channel, he had known what he was in for. It had scared him more than it had scared Bell, who knew so much less about it. Besides that lurking fear, there had been another private thought at the back of Bowers' mind all through the crossing. His British Army boots were killing him. Whatever else happened in the invasion, he meant to win a nice soft pair of German boots to give his feet a rest.

On the beach, as Bowers waded ashore with his company, the noise and concussion were so stunning that he was conscious of nothing more than the few men close beside him. But he knew exactly what he had to do and ran blindly up the beach to the first rolls of concertina wire above high-water mark, together with other men carrying Bangalore torpedoes. They thrust these into the wire and fired them, and Bowers went through the first of the gaps they blew and reached the low concrete sea wall which lay beyond it. Breathless in the illusory shelter of the wall, he looked round and saw that few of the company had made it—most of them were lying near the water's edge, dead or wounded or shocked into immobility. But his company commander, Maj. D. J. Warren, had got through.

The two of them could see their company being slaughtered, but time passed before they saw that the bulk of the fire was coming from a pillbox built on the seaward end of the sanatorium. An attack on the pillbox was imperative, but only four men close to Bowers were fit to move: the major and himself and the major's runner, who carried a walkie-talkie radio, and one other soldier.

These four crawled along below the wall toward the pillbox; but the wall petered out, and they found themselves pinned down on open ground, looking into the muzzles of three or four machine guns and an 88 which was firing close over their heads at tanks along the beach. While they searched for a way of moving nearer, the radio operator received a message for Major Warren to take over command of the battalion. The major began to crawl back. The radio operator shuddered in the sand and died without a sound. At this, the other soldier turned back and followed the major, and Bowers was left all alone. He was not feeling too good himself. But there was no way forward, so he also crawled back to where he had started; there he found his colonel with a smashed arm.

"What, Bowers, you still alive?" the colonel said.

"Just about, sir," Bowers said, and he told him about the pillbox.

The colonel listened, and then Bowers understood him to say, "Well, go and see what you can do about it."

"Very good, sir," Bowers replied, and he thought, *Cripes, he expects me to take on the whole damn Jerry army.*

Bowers had lost his sense of time by then, but a lot had happened while he had been alone. More of the Hampshires had made their way across the beach, but for a moment the situation was the same as at Omaha, the infantry being shocked and shot to pieces.

The Specialized Armor had broken the deadlock. The armored force had lost its commander, killed by a sniper, but the petard tanks had blown breaches in the sea wall. One of the flails had turned along the beach to fight a duel with the pillbox and had got the worst of the encounter, but several more had gone through the gaps in the wall and started to clear lanes through the mine fields up the coastal road.

Bowers was armed with a Sten gun, some British hand grenades, and a haversack full of Italian grenades, for which he had formed respect in Italy. With this equipment, the only way to "do something about" a pillbox was to get within arm's length of it, and that was impossible head on along the beach; so he went through the gap which the tanks had made in the sea wall.

In the gap he met two sailors of the Royal Navy Commandos. They had been with him on the landing craft, and he knew them as Paddy and Taffy. "Hey, Harry," they shouted, "where are you going? Can we come and have a bit of fun?"

"Some people have a queer idea of fun," he said, glad of their company and of their submachine guns.

The three men worked their way across the devastated space behind the sea wall, fighting off some Germans who threatened to take them in the rear, and won a position behind the pillbox, close to the ruins of the sanatorium. A grenade was thrown at them there. It rolled along the ground, rolled so long that Bowers shouted, "All right, it's a dud." Whereupon it exploded and wounded Paddy in the leg. The two others patched him up.

Bowers put the two sailors in a position to cover the pillbox with their submachine guns, because he had spotted a way to get to grips with it. They poured a continuous fire at the openings they could see, and under the protection of their fire Bowers climbed into the ruins and onto the roof of the pillbox. He lay down on his stomach and leaned over the edge with a grenade in his hand. Through the firing slit below him somebody was pushing a white sheet of surrender, but he thought, *Hell with you, mate, after all this trouble*, and he dropped his grenade through the slit.

After the explosion the door of the pillbox was opened, and the survivors ran out. They had their hands up. From his perch on the roof he looked down at them with interest, partly because they seemed to be shouting that they were Russian and (*Continued on Page 88*)

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Laurence Eisenlohr

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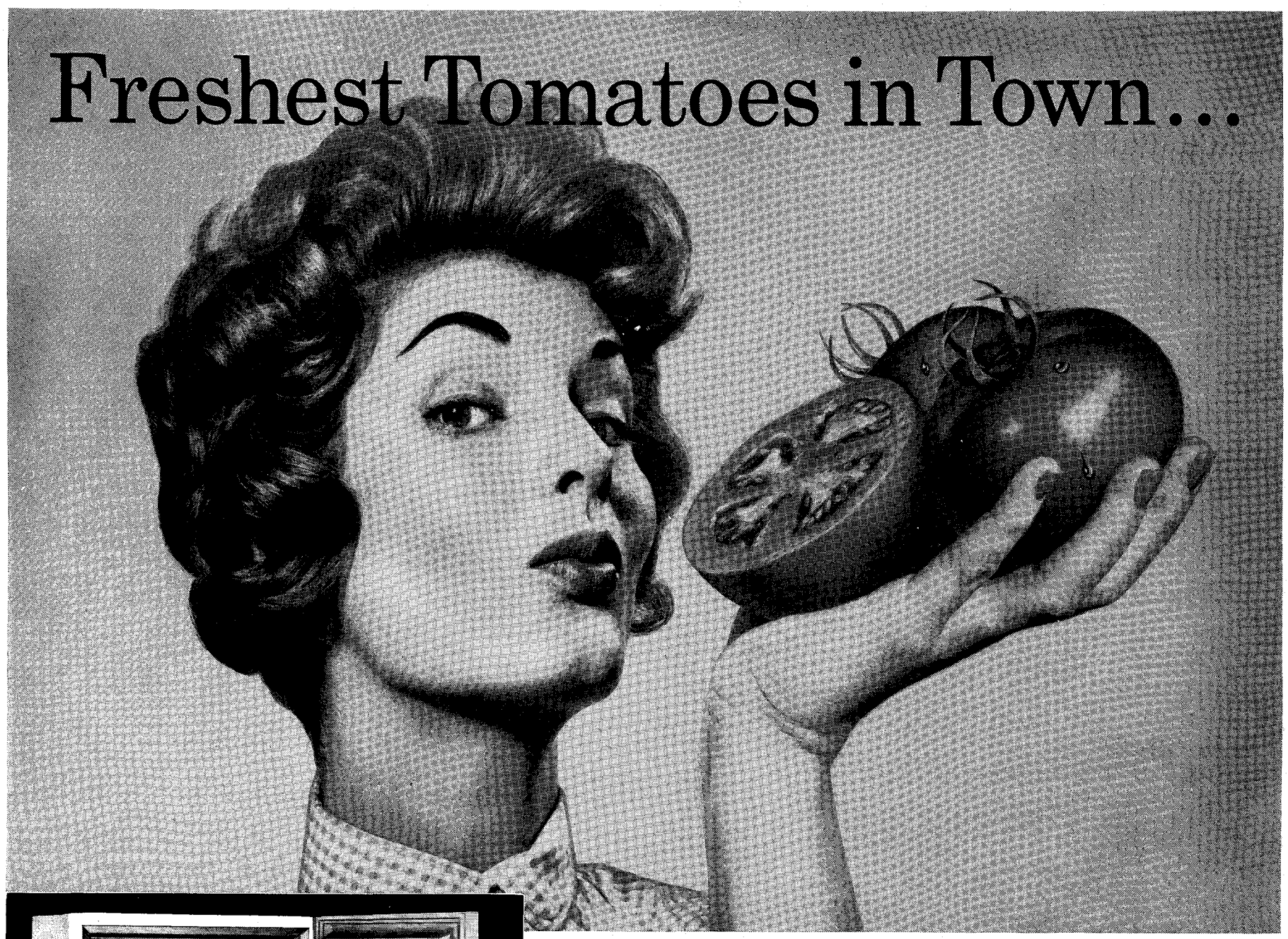

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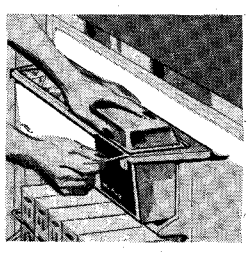

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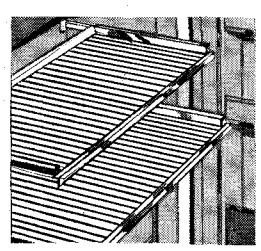

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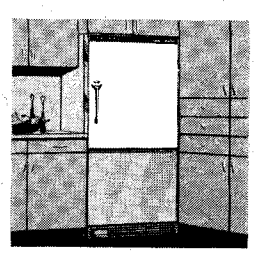

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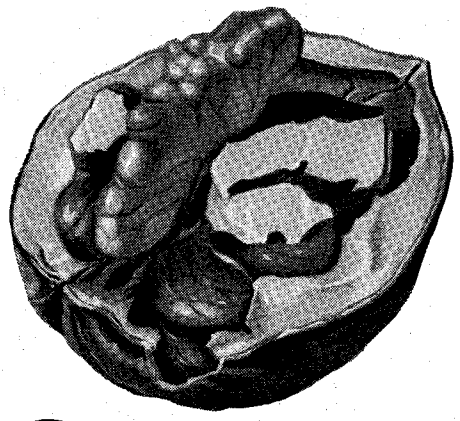

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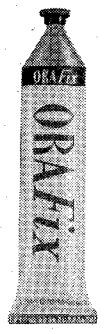

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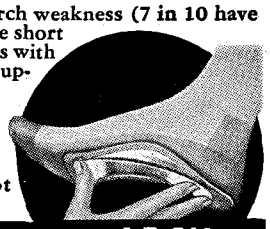

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(*Continued from Page 86*) also because some of them were wearing nice soft German Army boots.

As soon as Friedrich Wurster and his companions in the German battery on the top of the hill had recovered from the bombardment and the shock of seeing the fleet and the landing craft, they started to fire their 105-mm. guns against the beach. But the firing was interrupted again and again by low-flying aircraft which drove the gunners to shelter with machine-gun bullets and cannon shells. The number of casualties grew till the aid post overflowed. It was not very long till they lost their forward observation post, which was down by the shore. The battery commander was down there, and everyone in the battery heard his last call on the communication system.

"They're coming right in the post," he cried with a frantic note in his voice, and he added, "*Lebt wohl, Kameraden,*" and the line was silent. Soon after, the last call came also from regimental headquarters, which was near Merville. It said that Merville had fallen and headquarters itself was under fire from tanks and infantry. Then that line went dead, too, and the battery was isolated.

Wurster could see British tanks still coming ashore in what seemed to be limitless numbers and disappearing into the folds of the hills and the countryside around; and one after another, the neighboring German strong points were falling silent. Wurster knew the battery must be surrounded by tanks already.

The attack soon came, but it was short. The gunners managed to bring three of their 105's to bear against the tanks and hit two of them, and then the rest broke off the fight and disappeared inland. Wurster knew what that meant. The battery was so securely trapped that the British would not waste time fighting it, but would leave it to be captured at leisure.

The issue on Gold Beach had passed beyond any doubt. The Germans in Le Hamel had held out till the afternoon, and the Hampshires had suffered badly; but seven exits from the beach had been cleared by the armor, the follow-up forces were pouring through them, and the advance had carried over three miles inland and was going strong.

The pattern of the assault on Juno, the Canadian beach, had been different from any of the beaches farther west. In one respect it resembled Omaha: The bombardment mostly fell inland and left the beach defenses intact. The weather, on the other hand, had a different effect on the landing. The troops were put in at the right places, but the rough sea delayed the landing craft; the first waves of infantry were up to half an hour late, and some of the Specialized Armor was even later. The outer lines of obstacles on the beach were under water before anyone arrived. There was no chance for the demolition teams to get to work on them until the tide fell in the afternoon, and meanwhile the landing craft had to drive ahead blindly. Many were damaged or sunk, and the accumulation of wreckage added to the difficulties of the later waves.

The Canadian infantry crossed the beach under very heavy fire. On some parts of it the slaughter was as terrible as at Omaha. But here there were no hills behind the shore; the defenses were close to the beach, and once the Canadians reached them the defenses fell quickly. Fifteen minutes after the first attack, the first line of defenders had been killed or disarmed in furious hand-to-hand battles. The tanks and infantry tore through Courseulles and Bernières and only met the first check to their progress in the meadows and orchards beyond the villages. They were held up there for a couple of hours before they broke out and continued an advance which carried them farther than anyone else on D Day.

Most of the adverse conditions on Juno Beach in the early stages were also found on Sword Beach, on the eastern flank of the whole invasion area: the rough seas, the abnormally high tide and the defenses which had survived the bombardment. Sword was in an area aptly called *La Brèche*—the breach—on the outskirts of Ouistreham and the seaside resort of Riva Bella. It was also on the outskirts of particularly heavy fortifications.

But Ouistreham fell, and the defenses of Riva Bella were overcome in a fierce battle by a Commando force. Royal Engineers and other Commandos converged on the Caen Canal bridge, four miles inland, to join with the British glider force and the parachutists.

There are still rival claims for the honor of having been the first to reach the bridge. A unit of engineers drove there in jeeps by a roundabout route, finding no opposition on the way except from snipers. At about the same moment the first Commandos arrived on bicycles. An hour later the main body of Commandos under Brigadier Lord Lovat arrived at the bridge, and with a better eye for the picturesque and perhaps for history, they marched across with Lovat's personal piper playing a cheerful tune. With this meeting of sea-borne and airborne forces the assault on the beaches of Normandy was complete.

By nightfall the issue was decided. The foothold at Omaha Beach was still narrow, General Gavin's airborne troops were still isolated, and the landing of materials had lagged behind the plan; but the Atlantic Wall was decisively broken and the armies securely ashore. Where the first troops rested, the follow-up troops were passing through. In the channel, ships with more men and more material were passing ships returning to reload. In English ports more ships were being loaded, and all over the south of England still more men and still more material were on the move, southward toward the channel. The assault was over; the battle of the build-up had begun.

Editors' Note—This is the last of six articles by Mr. Howarth.

Making a Man Out of Charlie (Continued from Page 33)

life heard a voice raised in temper or seen a blow struck in anger. Suddenly he was surrounded by healthy young males, jeering, gibing, shouting and wrestling with one another on the slightest provocation.

So he fought shy of the other boys, preferring the company of nine-year-old Mary Beck, daughter of one of Cheam's two headmasters. While the other boys in his dormitory shared round the candy bars they had brought back to school with them, Charles kept his own initial-embossed box of milk chocolates—his mother's parting gift—strictly to himself.

"It wasn't that he was mean," one of the school staff explained. "It was simply that he was too shy of the other boys to offer the chocolates round."

Inevitably, because he was nervous and withdrawn, keeping to himself, Charles was bullied by some of the other boys. It became a source of pride at Cheam for a boy to boast that he had cuffed Britain's future king or sent him sprawling with a well-timed shoulder charge.

On the whole, Charles took the bullying pretty well. There were, of course, times when a yell of painful protest escaped him, but not once did he appeal to higher authority for protection.

The masters, though they sensed what was going on, were careful not to interfere. Official interference would have been resented by the boys, making Charles' position even worse. He had to find his own level. Moreover, Elizabeth had been bluntly explicit in her instructions to the headmasters, military-looking Mark Wheeler and forty-eight-year-old Peter Beck, when she first arranged for Charles to go to Cheam: "Treat him like any ordinary boy."

But it is difficult to treat a boy as completely "ordinary" when his mother's portrait is on the coins he spends during his twice-weekly visits to the school tuckshop and on the stamps he uses on the letter he mails home each Sunday; when his belongings arrive in a big trunk plainly labeled H.R.H. PRINCE CHARLES, and when his personal detective has to shadow him whenever he ventures outside the school grounds.

Yet, as far as possible, Charles has been treated like the rest of the boys at Cheam. He cleans his own shoes, folds his own clothes when he goes to bed at night, and has his hands and face checked for cleanliness by stoutish, prim Stella Jack, the school matron, before he is allowed through to breakfast each morning.

He shares a dormitory with nine other boys, sleeping just inside the door on one of the wood-slatted beds with which Cheam toughens the characters of its students. The dormitory lacks central heating, the floor is uncovered, and at night, except in very bad weather, the windows have to be open. Charles eats with the rest of the school, sitting on one of the long benches around the bare wooden tables in the paneled dining hall under the glassy gaze of the stuffed stag's head mounted above the main door.

No longer does Charles get special dishes prepared by the Buckingham Palace chef to tempt his appetite. He eats whatever Miss Hawes, the school cook, dishes up—cereal or porridge followed by bacon and egg for breakfast; a meat dish served usually with boiled vegetables followed by rice, semolina, lemon tart or suet pudding for lunch; and scrambled eggs, beans on toast, sardines on toast, followed by preserve or honey, fruit cake and sometimes fresh fruit for high tea. Once a week he has to take his turn in waiting on the other boys at table, a school chore he thoroughly enjoys.

His favorite dishes are Cheam stew—a mixture of minced beef and vegetables—for lunch and baked beans for tea. He has also become accustomed to eating "stodge," though the name baffled him when he first came up against it.

"What's the next course?" he asked the boy beside him on one of his first days at Cheam.

"Stodge," was the cryptic reply.

Charles looked puzzled. "I've never heard of it," he said. "Is it English?" It proved to be very English indeed. "Stodge," is Cheam slang for ordinary rice pudding.

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Like his mother, Charles usually prefers savories to dessert. Noticing that the young prince only toyed with the chocolate-flavored semolina, which most boys at Cheam wolf with delight, a master asked Charles if he didn't like it.

"Not much, sir," was the reply. "You see, we don't often have sweet desserts at home."

But Charles has become a healthy trencherman during his spell at Cheam. Originally he was inclined to pingle with his meals. Now he eats heartily, often asks for more and, on one occasion, caught shoveling stew onto his fork with a chunk of bread, was ticked off for eating too quickly.

Charles has changed in other ways, too, since coming to Cheam. He has shot up a few inches and is fast shedding his puppy fat, becoming leaner and more muscular. His cheeks have more color in them, thanks to the school's program of outdoor sports.

Emotionally, he is a lot less shy and nervous, more confident, more happy-go-lucky, and much, much more of a real boy.

Before he went to Cheam, Charles suffered from the diffidence which is a family trait of the Windsors and which his early upbringing had done nothing to counteract. Surrounded by petticoat influence, overawed by the teasing, quicksilver personality of his young sister, and inevitably conscious of the fact that his mother took precedence over his father in public affairs, Charles had become a timid child who tried to conceal his inherent nervousness behind a somber gaze.

What he desperately needed was the companionship of boys his own age. This, for the first time, he found at Cheam.

A man who often sees him tells me, "Charles is an entirely different boy since he went to Cheam. He used to be very shy and nervous and, because he was nervous, often appeared sullen and preoccupied. Now he's full of beans—happy, smiling, looking the world in the face, up to all sorts of larks."

The emancipation of Prince Charles started when he had been at Cheam only a few weeks.

Standing on the school terrace, his hands clasped behind his back—a pose he copies from his father—he had been watching some other boys play Chain-he. This is a game in which one boy chases the others. When he tags one, they join hands to continue the pursuit. The game ends when a long chain of running, shouting boys finally catches the last to elude pursuit.

Charles badly wanted to join in, but it took him a long time before he could pluck up sufficient courage to ask if he might.

His face, when the other boys said "Yes," mirrored his obvious pleasure—and relief.

Instilled with almost excessive politeness, the young prince has still not learned to hurl about boyish insults, as the other youngsters do on the least provocation. But he knows now how to hit back when tormented.

He learned in the washroom one day when an older, bigger boy seized hold of him and pushed his head down under the cold faucet. Charles looked on the verge of tears as he broke free.

The incident was witnessed by Cecil Cox, the school barber. "You aren't going to stand for that, are you?" he asked Charles. "I wouldn't."

Egged on by Cox, Charles flew at his tormenter so furiously that he succeeded in tipping him into a bath of cold water—then spoiled the effect by falling in on top of him.

Since then, the queen's son has been involved in several scrapes. A master walking along one of the corridors was suddenly sent flying by two small boys who shot out of a cloakroom, trying to struggle free of raincoats draped over their heads. Investigating, the master found Charles and another boy perched in ambush up on the cloakroom pipes, a vantage point from which they could drop raincoats over the heads of other boys before leaping down on them and pushing them out into the corridor.

Another time, during milk break, a boy taunted Charles about his royal ancestry. "Fine lot you are," he gibed. "Look at that other Charles. Had his rotten head cut off."

Charles promptly put down his unfinished bottle of milk. "Try cutting my head off," he retorted, "and I'll show you."

The other boy did try. The two of them fought so furiously that they fell to the ground together, rolling over and over until one of the masters finally separated them.

Britain's queen leans over backward to ensure that her son enjoys no privileges at school because of his special position. He goes to Cheam each term, not in a royal car, but on the train from London, traveling second class with a bunch of schoolmates.

At Newbury station, five miles from Cheam, he leaves by the ordinary exit and stands in line with the other boys to board the school bus. Though he is one of the richest schoolboys in Britain—his official income is $28,000 a year—Elizabeth insists that his spending money be restricted to thirty-five cents a week to accord with school custom.

When Charles wrote home that he wanted a toy yacht to sail on the school pond, Elizabeth checked to see whether most of the other boys at Cheam had model sailboats. Finding that they did, she sent one for Charles. It proved to be the smallest yacht owned by any boy in his dormitory.

He keeps the boat in a bedside locker, along with his pocket radio, his white-handled cricket bat, and a photograph of his pet Welsh corgi. At night he adds his wrist watch to these schoolboy treasures.

As with the yacht, the wrist watch was sent him only after he wrote home lamenting the fact that most of the other boys had one. It was a gift which delighted the school staff. Until then, young Charles had shown a tendency to be late for lessons on the grounds that he did not have any means of telling the time. Now he has no excuse.

The change in the boy's character was never more clearly demonstrated than when the cricket bat turned up from Buckingham Palace last summer. Charles insisted that every boy he could round up accompany him to the playing field to try out the new bat.

All went well until one boy refused to give up the bat when Charles said it was time for someone else to have a turn.

"I suppose you think you're playing in the Tests" (the England-Australia games), said Charles huffily, snatching the bat away and handing it to the next boy in line.

When Charles first went to Cheam, his detective, burly Reg Summers, stayed at the school, sharing a cottage on the grounds with one of the male kitchen staff and spending his days prowling around the woods and shrubberies which hem the school buildings. But now he leaves London for Cheam only on weekends, to watch over the young prince

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when he travels on the school bus for soccer games at other schools and when he walks in formation with the other boys to the village church on Sunday mornings.

The young prince's day begins at quarter past seven, when a master pops his head round the dormitory door to tell the boys to "rise and shine." He washes, dresses and makes his own bed before prayers at seven-forty and breakfast promptly at eight o'clock.

By nine o'clock he is in his green-walled classroom overlooking the school playing field in time for roll call, which is taken by John Lee, the tall, slim, twenty-four-year-old Oxford graduate who is in charge of Class V.

Charles was in Class VII during his first two terms at Cheam. At the beginning of last summer's term he was promoted to Class VI and he is now in Class V. At this steady rate of progress he will reach Class I—the top class—by the time he leaves Cheam in 1961 to go on to one of Britain's leading public (equivalent of an American private) school.

Academically, he has so far proved himself no more than average. He is bright at some subjects, backward in others. Following his mother's world-wide travels on the big colored map which hangs in the nursery-school room at Buckingham Palace has given him a taste for geography, and one term he topped his class in that subject. Similarly, pre-school lessons at the palace have made Charles quick at French and good at art—which costs his parents a further six dollars a term as a school extra.

Against this, he is inclined to be weak in mathematics, and at least one history lesson revealed a somewhat surprising gap in his knowledge. He did not know that Britain once had a King Edward VIII who abdicated to become the Duke of Windsor.

While teachers struggle to cope with classes of forty or more children in most of Britain's overcrowded state schools, Cheam's stiff fees enable the school to maintain a much higher proportion of masters to students. In Charles' class, for example, there are only nine other boys.

The curriculum for the young gentlemen of Class V includes English, Latin, French, history, geography and mathematics. The prince and his classmates have three forty-minute lessons between breakfast and the midmorning break for a bun and a glass of milk. After morning break there are two more lesson periods before lunch at one o'clock. The meal is followed by a short rest period in the dormitories—known as "digest"—before lessons are resumed.

On two afternoons a week—Wednesdays and Saturdays—Charles and his classmates are coached in cricket, soccer, rugby football and swimming, depending on the season, by Jack Mauldren, the gray-haired sports master who taught Charles' father to box in the days when Philip was a boy at Cheam.

Like his father, Charles is keen on sports. At soccer, he proved competent enough this season to merit a place in the Colts—the school's second team—donning the red sweater, white shorts and red-banded gray socks which are the school colors for games against Horris Hill School, eight miles from Cheam, and St. George's School at Windsor, where his mother has one of her castles.

The prince goes to bed on the dot of seven. Not until he is twelve years old will he be permitted to stay up until eight o'clock with the senior boys. And he will be the same age before he is permitted to wear long trousers. The queen sees to it that her son conforms to the Cheam tradition of short trousers for boys under twelve, though she allows him to race around in jeans and corduroys during vacations.

On Saturday evenings Charles crowds into the dining hall with the rest of the boys to watch the school's weekly movie show. The movies are mostly old Westerns or British-made comedies. Like Philip, Charles enjoys anything in the way of slapstick and lets go with deep belly laughs at the antics of boys and masters in the old Will Hay school-comedies.

On Sunday mornings he walks through the school grounds and along the main road to the village church. At first, church attendance embarrassed him because it includes prayers for the royal family. "I wish they'd pray for the other chaps too," he was heard to murmur on one occasion, wriggling uncomfortably in his seat. Later, on Sunday, he sits down with the other boys to write his weekly "duty" letter home in conformity with another Cheam tradition. Three times each term he is permitted to spend a Sunday away from the school. Sometimes a royal car will turn up to take him and a bunch of chums to tea at Windsor Castle. At other times Charles goes off to the home of one of his classmates—with Reg Summers tagging along to keep a watchful eye on him.

Since Charles really settled down at Cheam there has been a new relationship between him and his young sister, Anne, when he goes home on vacation. Anne used to tease him unmercifully, even administering a sharp, unsisterly push if he would not do what she wanted. But Charles has learned to hold his own at Cheam, and Anne's pushing ended on the day she found herself pushed back so hard that she was sent sprawling to the ground. She got up in tears and has never pushed Charles since.

Yet the two children get on better together since Charles began to exert his new-found masculinity. No longer does he hang back in their childish adventures. On the contrary, he is constantly leading the way into fresh escapades.

During their Christmas stay at Sandringham House, the royal family ate lunch, picnic-fashion, in the waiting room at a wayside station during a break in the day's pheasant shooting. Suddenly it was noticed that Charles and Anne were missing. Loud, prolonged shrieks from the whistle of an engine on one of the sidings finally betrayed their whereabouts. With Charles in the lead, the pair of them had clambered on to the footplate for a game of "engine-drivers."

Cheam has also helped bring about a new, healthy father-son relationship between Philip and Charles. Frankness compels the admission that Philip is not everybody's idea of an ideal father. The ways of young children tend to irritate him. But now that Charles is a sturdy, hero-worshiping man-in-the-making, Philip is glad to have him around.

Over Christmas, Philip took the boy duck shooting with him, and they stayed the night at a wayside inn. Last summer he initiated Charles into the tricky art of handling a racing catamaran on a loch near Scotland's Balmoral Castle. And at Windsor he has been teaching the boy to play his own favorite sport, polo. The two of them go out together to the Home Park, where they circle round on bicycles, belting tennis balls back and forth. Sometimes Anne goes along, too—but only to run after the balls and toss them back into the practice arena.

"Polo is a man's game," Charles told her firmly on one occasion when she wanted to know why she couldn't join in.

During her televised "fireside chat" from Sandringham on Christmas Day, Elizabeth explained something of what she and Philip are trying to do in the upbringing of Prince Charles. Referring to the scores of letters she had received urging that the young prince be televised with her, she said, "We want our son and daughter to grow up as normally as possible. We believe that public life is not a fair burden to place on growing children. I am sure that all of you who are parents will understand."

For this reason, though she has officially appointed her small son Prince of Wales, she does not wish him to undergo the nerve-shattering ceremonial ordeal of installation until he is eighteen or nineteen. For the same reason, she has turned a deaf ear to Canadian hints that her son should accompany her when she crosses the Atlantic this summer.

A royal adviser has explained, "The queen does not want her son treated like a piece of royal plate or one of the crown jewels, being constantly hawked round from place to place. She wants him given a fair chance to grow up and be educated like any other boy."

So, this summer, while his parents are touring Canada, entertaining President Eisenhower on the royal yacht and visiting Chicago, Prince Charles will plod doggedly on with his lessons and polish up his skill with a cricket bat as Cheam continues the all-important task of "making a man" of Britain's future King Charles III. THE END

NEXT WEEK

THE MEN WHO CHASE MISSILES

"Down Range" From Cape Canaveral

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

SENATOR HUMPHREY MAKES HIS BID

Will He Be Our Next President?

IN COLOR:

THE SECRETS OF THE SOUFFLÉ

An Expert's Favorite Recipes

FACE OF AMERICA:

INSIDE THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

THE BLOCK I LIVED ON

Growing Up on the Sidewalks of New York

By Ralph Schoenstein

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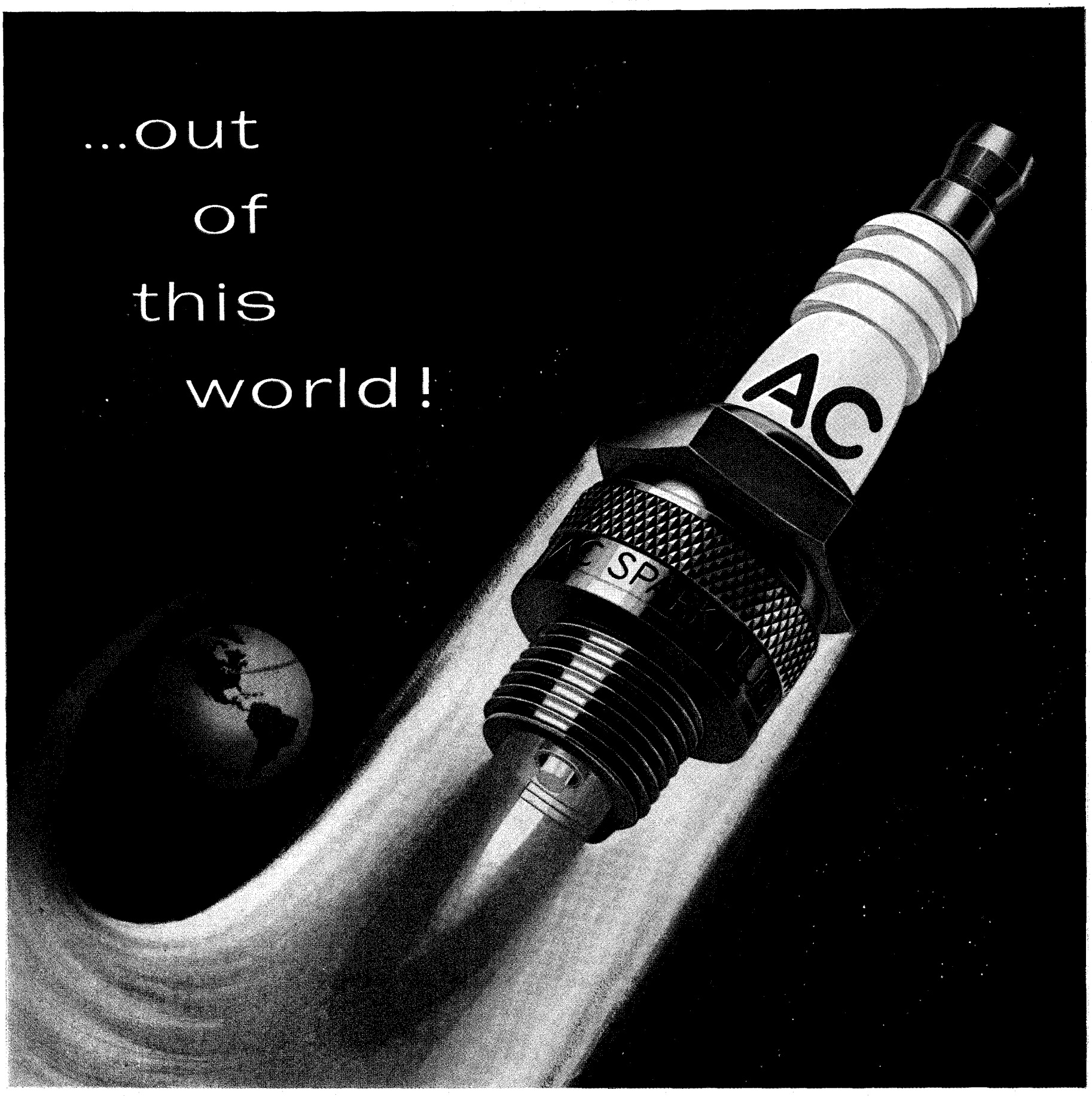
PERFORMANCE



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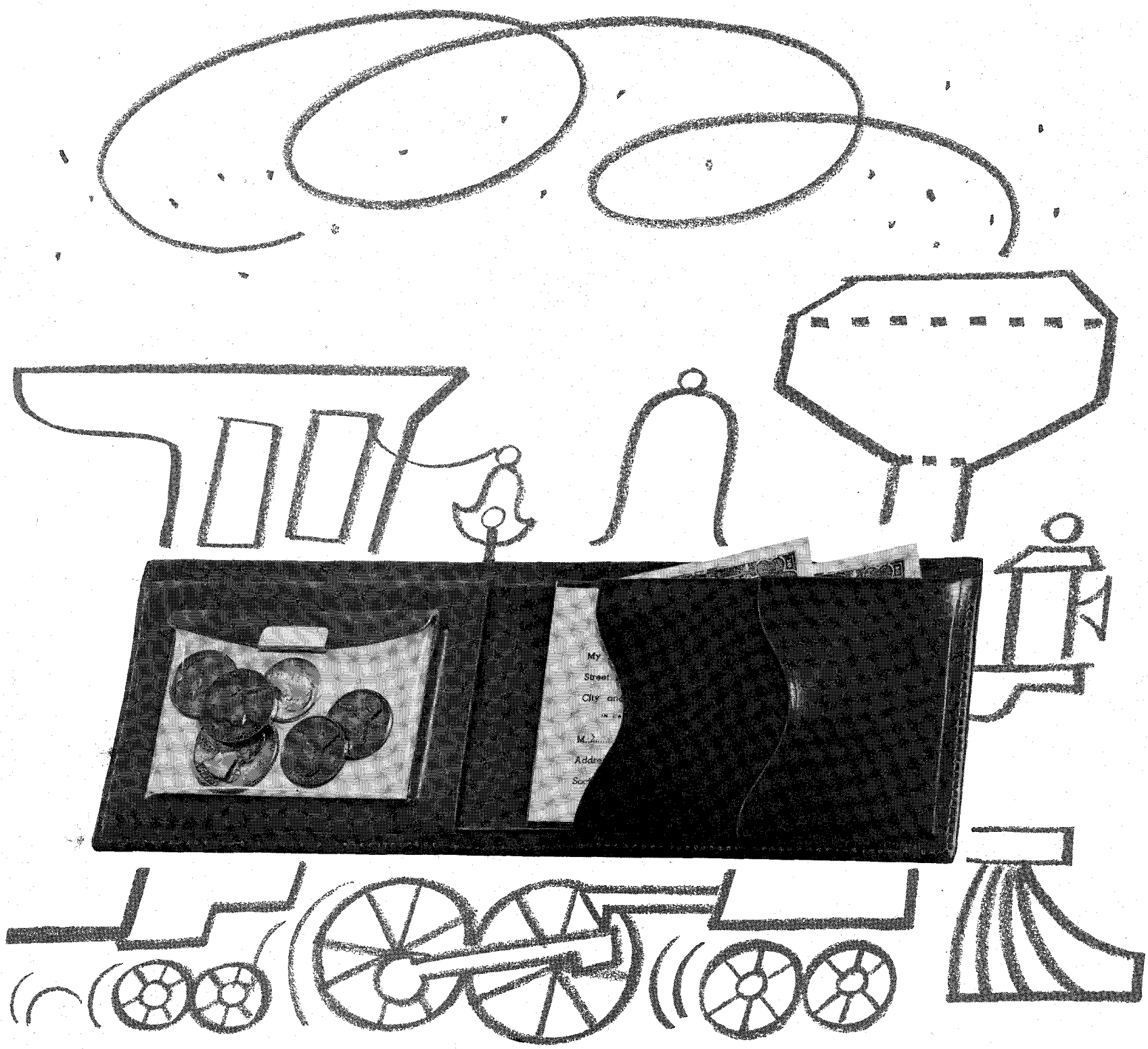

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Comanche Captives (Continued from Page 45)

detail met him at the railhead and quickly carried him to Fort Elliott. He arrived thirteen hours before Lt. Jim Gary, who took his time, rested the horses, and left Sergeant Goldman with the impression that he didn't care whether he got to Fort Elliott or not.

Gary checked in with the officer of the day, then went to his quarters, took a leisurely bath, changed his clothes and carefully shaved. Only then did he report to Colonel Frazer, who waited impatiently in his office.

The orderly closed the door and Frazer waved him into a chair. "Senator Tremain has been asking me how we were coming along with our prisoner recovery. I told him well. And I hope you substantiate that, Mr. Gary."

"We've recovered two prisoners, sir. Janice Tremain and a boy in his early teens. Unfortunately the boy killed a female member of the camp and was hanged."

Frazer dropped his cigar. "He was what?"

"Hanged, sir. A fit of frenzy, I'm afraid, but by the time they cooled down, he was dead. Actually he had it coming, and I don't think they were really sorry about their part in it."

Colonel Frazer sat down weakly and wiped a shaking hand across his face. "In the name of heaven, do you calmly sit there and tell me that after all this time you have recovered only two prisoners, and that one was killed? What have you been doing out there, Gary? Picking flowers?"

"No, sir. We've been quite busy, sir."

"The officer of the day reports to me that several wagons came back from Sand Creek. He's checking on the particulars."

"I believe they're discouraged, sir," Gary said. "May I ask why I was returned to the post?"

"Why, because Senator Tremain wants to talk to you. What did you think?" Frazer shook his head as though he were dealing with an idiot and did not want to lose his patience. "This evening the Senator is giving a party for the officers and their wives in honor of his niece's return." He glanced at his watch. "That will give you exactly two hours and fourteen minutes to have your written report finished and on my desk. That will be all, Gary."

"Yes, sir."

He went outside and on the porch he pursed his lips for a silent whistle. If Frazer was now shocked, Gary could only imagine what he would feel when the report reached his desk. The score: Two captives returned, one now deceased. Iron Hand antagonized. His brother, Stone Calf, killed. Guthrie McCabe missing, assuredly a prisoner of the Comanches, possibly dead. General morale of the civilians, very low. Six per cent returning to Fort Elliott. Possibility of that growing to twenty-five per cent most likely. Future prospects of recovery, very slight. Total abandonment suggested.

With the report on Frazer's desk, Gary walked to the officers' mess, now gaily lighted, brightly decorated for the dance. The musicians were there, tuning their small band, and two orderlies scattered soap chips over the floor.

One man stood alone, tall, pleasantly featured, somewhere in his early sixties; he seemed to be waiting for Gary, for he took his arm as soon as he stepped inside.

"You are Gary, aren't you? Good! I'm Clifton Tremain." He guided Gary to the punch bowl, speaking quite confidentially. Tremain was a likable man, soft-spoken, friendly. "I've been wanting to meet you, lieutenant. And please try this punch. I understand that mixed among the neuter fruit juices there swirl two quarts of the sutler's best whisky." He laughed and dippered a glass for Gary.

He offered a silent toast, then drank some of the punch. A frown momentarily made a furrowed field of his forehead. "Ah, I may be mistaken there, Mr. Gary. Perhaps it is closer to three quarts and not the sutler's best. Does that taste like horse liniment to you? No matter. I'm glad you came early. We have some matters to discuss."

"Exactly what, sir?"

"There's a matter of a reward, Mr. Gary. Janice is my brother's daughter. Surely you did not expect to go unrewar——" He stopped talking as Gary's expression froze slightly. "Of course! That was stupid of me, Gary. You'll have to forgive me. I'm so used to dealing with favor seekers and putting my hand on my bank roll when a favor is done." He put his hand on Gary's shoulder and gave him a shake. "You're a gentleman. Forgive me for forgetting it."

"That's all right, sir."

"I wish everything else were all right." He steered Gary to some seats along the wall, where they could talk quietly and in private. "Janice has said very little to me about her life in captivity. I thought perhaps, since you delivered her, she confided more in you. Understand me, Gary. I want to help her."

"She must understand that, Senator. If you give her a little more time, perhaps ——"

"No, no, I'm not making myself clear. Gary, the people who live here, the officers and their wives, they understand what it is to be a prisoner of the Comanches. Now Janice is returned safely, but has remained silent about her years as a prisoner. That can be worse than the truth at times. The wives on this post talk, Gary, and you know how that goes. They operate on the theory that if you have nothing to hide, you'll speak. So Janice must be guilty of—of anything you want to imagine. I'm giving this dance in her honor, Gary. I thought it would be a fitting homecoming. Perhaps I was wrong. Oh, I'm sure the attendance will be what it should be. Frazer doesn't want to offend me, and his officers don't want to offend him. But I'm afraid that there are more ways than one to hurt someone. I don't want Janice to be hurt."

"Yes, sir. I understand. Senator, I know the officers on this post, and I don't think it will be like that at all."

"Do you know their wives? Or how any woman squeezes a man? Just let a husband cross his wife the wrong way, and the food gets bad and his life can become pretty miserable." He shook his head.

"Senator, I can assure you ——"

"I'm too old a man to be assured any more," Tremain said. "Frankly, I believe in what I pay for, and I'm willing to insult you again by offering you a handsome remuneration to see that Janice is not deserted."

Color stained Gary's cheeks, and he got up slowly. "Senator, it could be that I fully intended to do just that, because I wanted to, or for my own reasons. But now you've changed all that. Whatever I do now will be spoiled—spoiled because you've put a price on it."

"I haven't yet," Tremain said. "I thought I'd let you do that."

"Do we really have anything more to say to each other, sir?"

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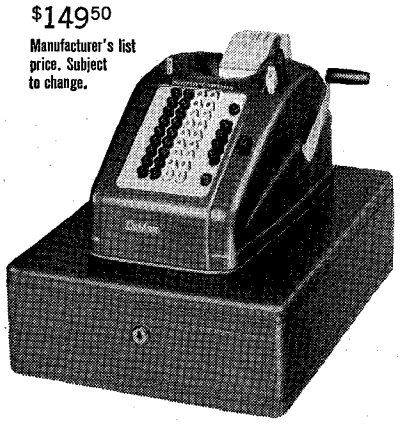

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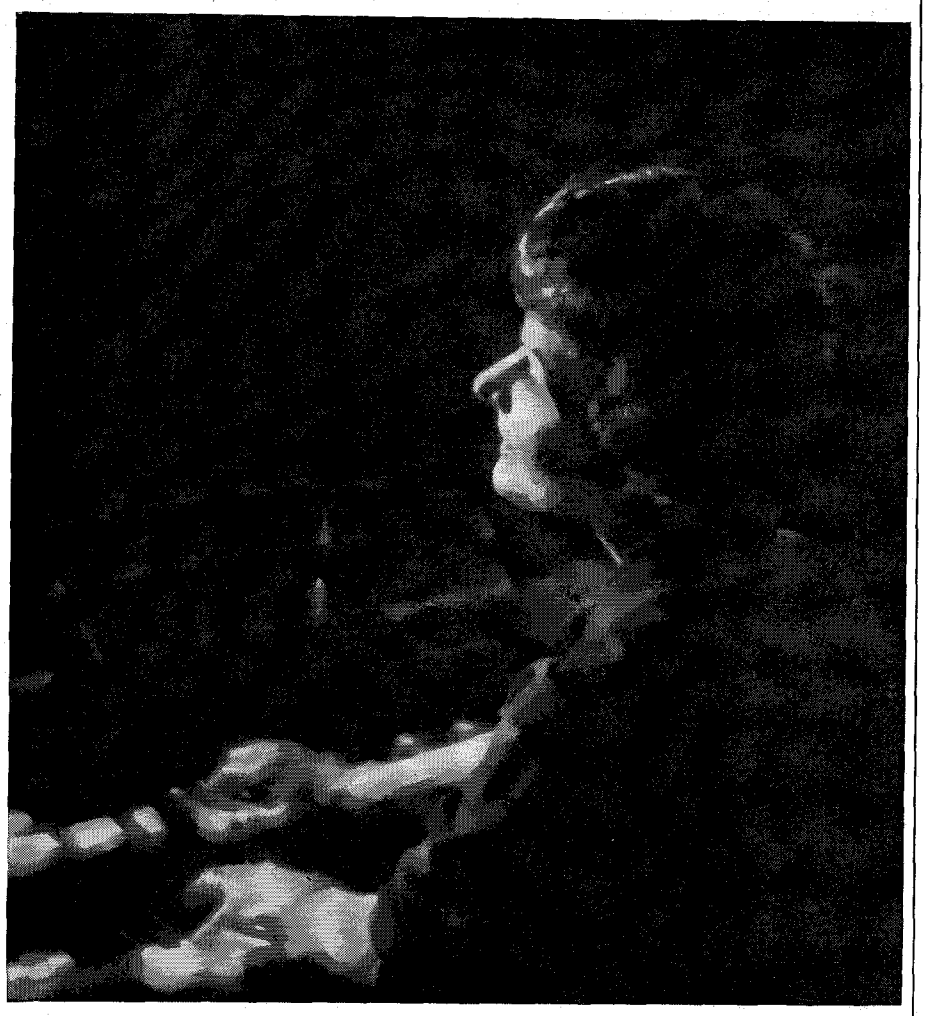

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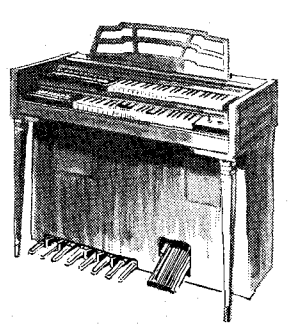

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"No, I guess not," Tremain said. "Gary, was she an Indian's—well, were there any children anywhere?"

"Good night, sir," Gary said stiffly and left the hall. He let the first coolness of night fan away his anger, and then he walked slowly toward the infirmary; guests were always billeted there. He could not hate Tremain, who was nagged by the same fears as other men. He could not blame him because he, too, had wished that she were different; he was a prudish man who wanted all women pure.

Gary felt slightly ashamed because he had blamed Tremain; he felt as Tremain did, so he had no right to be indignant, no right to be righteous.

Janice answered the door and was surprised to see him. Stepping aside, she ushered him inside and closed the door. Gone were the cast-off Indian dresses; she wore a pale rose dress with a tight waist and collar and a puff of ruffle around her wrists. Her hair had been brushed and fussed over; she had a ribbon in it, which made her seem young and frightfully innocent.

"Someone told me Uncle Clifton sent for you," Janice said. "It seems that someone is always sending for someone, or doing something that someone else doesn't want. Won't you sit down?"

"Thank you."

"Smoke if you like." She found a saucer for the cigar ashes and took the other chair across from him. "This is the first time I've ever seen you without dirt on your face, and you're quite handsome. What happened to your head?"

"I fell up a tree."

She smiled. "I see. Mind my own business."

"No, it isn't like that. Really it's not worth explaining." He put a match to his cigar and blew smoke toward the ceiling. "The party tonight was a stupid idea. He ought to have taken you home, but I guess he's human and has got to try to make up for the lost years."

"I'm glad you came to see me, Jim. Glad because you know about me, which saves a lot of painful explanation."

He took out his pocket watch and consulted it. "A quarter to eight."

"I suppose it would be inconsiderate to keep them waiting, wouldn't it?" She took her wrap off the bed and flung it around her shoulders. "Will you walk with me, Jim?"

"Yes, it would be a pleasure." He opened the door for her and closed it after him. She waited at the base of the steps and he offered her his arm; together they crossed the dark parade, listening to the music grow louder; the dance had already begun. At the doorway Janice paused, took a deep breath and stepped inside, her hand lightly on Gary's arm.

Whether by design or chance, the music ended and couples stood on the floor, politely clapping, all eyes turned to Janice Tremain. These Army functions were not new to Gary, and normally a few men would have approached and asked her to dance. At least the single men would have, and there were nine, not counting himself, at Fort Elliott. Yet they remained in their clannish knot by the punch bowl, and by their stillness drew attention to her. Gary expected the married men to mind their wives; but he expected something different from the bachelors.

The music began again, and there was that awful moment when she stood there, trying to keep her composure from breaking, while the genteel of Fort Elliott moved in their own exclusive circle. The anger returned to Gary, but he kept it out of his voice when he spoke.

"Will you do me the honor? I dance most awkwardly, though."

She put a bright, superficial smile on her face, leaving the hurt unerased from her eyes. "I think that is a lie," she said and lifted her arms.

As they danced she smiled at him again and said, "See? It was a lie. You dance well."

"Don't speak too soon. If I don't step on your feet, I'll trip on the hem of your dress. Did I tell you that I took dancing lessons when I was nine? It's a fact. One lesson and I was expelled forever."

The dance ended too quickly for both of them, and they stood undecided for a moment. Dancing, there was an excuse for their being together, but now that the dance had ended, Gary understood that no one would approach her, and he would have to dance with her again and again, which made her as much a leper as if no one had danced with her at all.

He led her to the punch bowl and handed her a full glass. Senator Tremain eased over to them and helped himself. His face was stiffly set and he spoke to Gary. "Everyone's thirst has vanished."

"I'm poisoning the water hole," Janice said softly.

"Nonsense!" Tremain said sharply, because it was true and he resented it. "Janice, I wanted this to be fun for you."

She looked at him oddly. "Fun? Uncle, how could it possibly be fun? And don't blame them. Blame me for being here."

"Now let's not talk like that," Tremain snapped. "Gary, what kind of friends do you have here? Frazer will hear of this rudeness, you can bet on it."

"Please," she said. "The solution is quite simple." She put her punch glass aside and looked around the room. The small talk faded as though they waited for her to speak.

"Don't do anything dumb," Jim Gary said.

"I'll do what I have to do." She folded her hands together in front of her. "Ladies. And gentlemen." She put just the right inflection on the gentlemen, a light lifting of tone which was enough, for they knew what they were and scarcely needed reminding of it. "I want to thank you for appearing here this evening. It was, in effect, a command performance, but my uncle meant well. Since I was released, since I returned here, I've said very little to any of you. Perhaps you think I've rejected your offers of friendship. I didn't mean to, and for my rudeness I must apologize."

"Janice!" Gary whispered, but she shook her head slightly, silencing him.

"All of you know that I was a prisoner of the Comanches. There may be one or two among you who know firsthand what that is like. To those who do not, I'll not keep you wondering any longer. After a year and a half I was taken for a wife by Stone Calf, who is a brother to Iron Hand. In his way, he was a good man who beat me only when I deserved it, and who killed his enemies quickly, with honor. We had no children, which I often regret; I think it would have made life more tolerable for me. Certainly it was more tolerable than my position here. Now enjoy yourselves. . . . Jim, will you walk with me to my quarters?"

"Yes," he said. Then he looked across the room to the junior officers. "Calvin, Upston, and you, O'Flynn, I'll see you behind the rifle butts at dawn."

"Aw, Jim ——" one began, then closed his mouth.

He took Janice Tremain's arm and walked her outside. Shielded by the dark coolness of the porch she stopped and leaned against the upright. The wind blew on her face and she closed her eyes tightly. "That was hard, Jim. Harder to do than anything I've ever done."

"You were magnificent, Janice."

Senator Tremain stepped to the door, intending to come out, and Jim Gary mo-

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tioned him back. He hesitated as though it was difficult to obey someone else, then he turned and went back inside.

"I'm all right now," Janice said.

"Are you sure?"

She looked at him quickly, then she smiled and he saw that her fear, her tension had vanished. "Yes, I'm very sure. Everything will be all right now."

Colonel Frazer was in a towering rage. He paced back and forth in his office and occasionally glared at the four officers standing poker-stiff, their eyes locked front and center. Lieutenant Gary had a swollen upper lip, and one eye was discolored and puffed. The three other officers bore more vivid marks, and Lieutenant O'Flynn's breath bubbled through the smashed cartilage of his nose.

"Utterly disgraceful!" Frazer roared. "Fighting!" He wheeled about and faced Gary. "What do you intend to do, Mr. Gary? Trounce every bachelor on the post?"

"Yes, sir. There's Muldoon, Riggs, Cunningham, Shea, Parkinson and Dulop left, sir."

Frazer shook his finger inches from Gary's nose. "If I hear of you even going near the rifle butts again, I'll have you court-martialed! Now clear out of here. And have the contract surgeon take a look at you."

They saluted and did an about-face, Academy-perfect.

"Not you, Gary! The rest of you may go."

When the door closed, Frazer gave Gary the order to about-face again, but left him standing, at attention. "Mr. Gary, with unbelieving eyes I read your report, not once, but five times. You have failed miserably, sir! Miserably."

"Yes, sir. I believe McCabe warned you of that possibility ——"

"Damn McCabe! I don't want to hear his name mentioned!" He sat down behind his desk and drummed his fingers. "Gary, do you understand that I have but little time left? You act as though I were going to be in the Army for another ten years, that I have the time to smooth out your incompetent mistakes."

"No, sir."

"I send you on a routine task, difficult, to be sure, but not impossible, and you bungle it. Gary, you're not putting your heart into your duty, and I'll so note it on your record. That captaincy is flying out the window, or don't you care about that?"

"Yes, sir." He licked his lips. "Colonel, I think it's a mistake to go further with this. I noted that in my report and ——"

"I read the fool thing! Get it through your head that we cannot abandon this. Why, Washington would make a shambles of the Army. Where do you think our appropriations come from? Heaven? Taxpayers have spoken, Gary, and now we jump. I want an accurate appraisal of our possibilities. We have no choice but to continue."

"Well, sir, I think a peaceful negotiation with Iron Hand is out of the question. Besides, the civilians are ready to drop this and go ——"

Frazer waved his hands. "I'm not concerned now with what they want or what's good for them. They set the wheels in motion, and now it's too late for them to change their minds."

"We just run over them, eh, sir?"

"If it has to be done," Frazer said. "So discount the possibility of my dropping this. I won't have the last notation on my record read that I failed to complete an assignment, or have my successor finish it for me. No, Mr. Gary, I believe this calls for a punitive expedition."

"I beg your pardon, sir?"

"A hundred men," Frazer said. "Yes, that ought to be enough. We'll have to be careful, though, in order not to violate the terms of the treaty."

"An armed movement would ——"

"Unarmed, except for pistols and sabers," Frazer said. "Does this not pique your fancy, Mr. Gary? You can make your base at Sand Creek with the civilians and make your sallies from there. If I read the treaty correctly, and I assure you that I do, I am within my rights to take troops into Iron Hand's country on matters involving the Government. Now McCabe is a Government scout and he is being held prisoner or, at worst, killed. Either way it's no great loss to Texas, but a blessing to me because this puts Iron Hand in direct treaty violation. Naturally the entire area will have to be combed and all white prisoners taken. It will be easy to say that they will have to be brought here for identification, and of course they will be given over to rightful relatives and we can appease Iron Hand and his subchiefs later with an extra beef ration."

For a moment, Lieutenant Gary was too appalled to speak. Finally he said, "And what if the Comanches resist?"

"It will be part of your duty to see that there is no trouble."

"Mine, sir?"

"Of course. You'll command the detail, Mr. Gary. At this moment I consider you most expendable. I'll give you Shea and Riggs; their careers are as yet unestablished, and disgrace is less important to men of twenty-three than of sixty. Provided, of course, you bobble this badly. Succeed, and you're a captain."

"Colonel, I could resign my commission."

"We all can, but we never do."

"Yes," Gary said, "you've got a point there. When am I expected to depart with this expedition, sir?"

Frazer paused. "With rations to draw, stock to select, men to pick, I believe a week or ten days would be reasonable."

"Very good, sir. I expect the Sand Creek camp will be vacant by then anyway."

"What's that?"

"Before I left, sir, I left orders for them to vacate the camp if I didn't return within a specified time. There is no need for them to remain there, with myself and McCabe gone."

"That was quite a responsibility to assume," Frazer said. "However, it's just as well, the way (*Continued on Page 97*)

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

New Moon

By Frances Higginson Savage

Beware the horned moon,
mischievous and slender,
Who tiptoes on the threshold
of the night:
No goddess she, beneficent
and tender,
But a capricious sprite.

Across your shoulder glance
at her obliquely,
Risking no lunar malice by
your stare;
Whisper your wishes
modestly and meekly,
Good lovers everywhere!

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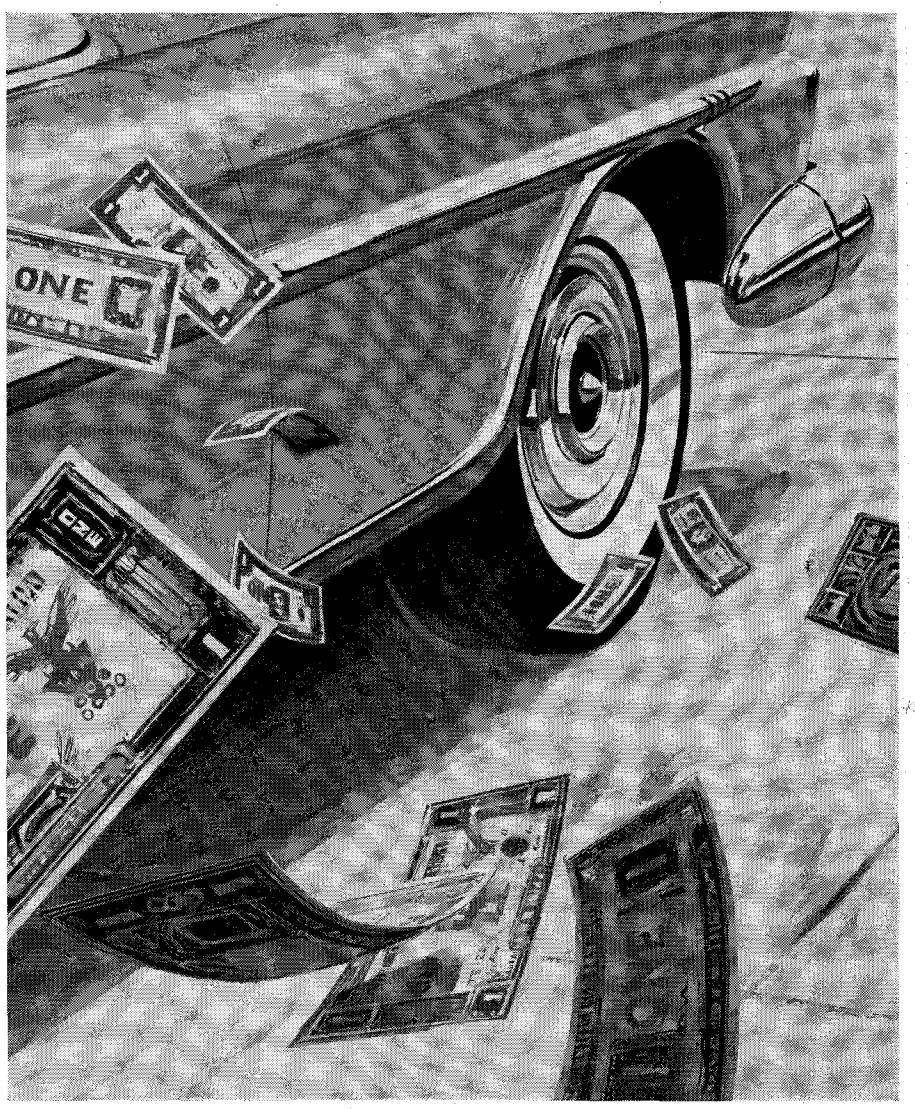

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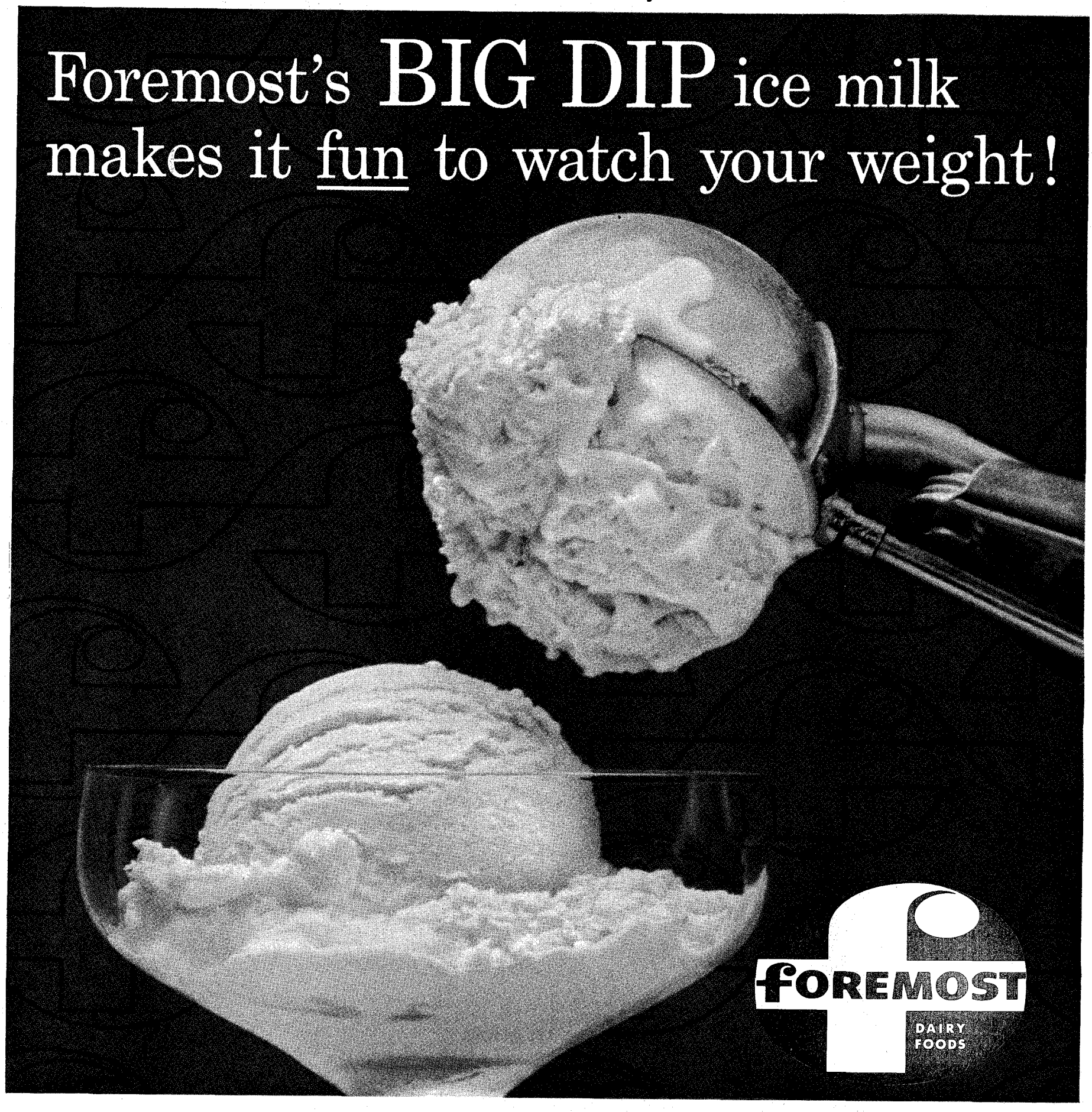

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(*Continued from Page 95*) it's working out. That will be all, Mr. Gary. I'd get busy in the morning, if I were you. Shea and Riggs will be notified."

Gary saluted and left the office; this development was too bold for him to accept entirely or think about clearly. Frazer was well within his technical rights, but Gary could not help feeling like a lawyer plotting to free a guilty client on some loophole in the law. He was getting to think like Guthrie McCabe; another ten years of this and he'd be like him or Frazer—*All for me and to hell with the next man.*

He went to his quarters and found Senator Tremain waiting outside. "The door was open," Gary said.

"A matter of principle," Tremain said and followed him inside. Gary put a match to the pair of lamps, then offered Tremain a chair. "A miserable night, wasn't it, Gary?"

"Yes it was."

"I suppose it took a desperate courage to do what she did. My thought right now is the aftermath. Of course, I'll have to take her east with me, and there'll be reporters and newspaper accounts."

"How's that going to affect your political career, sir?" Gary asked this because he knew it was Tremain's worry; actually he did not care if it was ruined.

"It's full of ups and downs anyway." He looked at Gary. "All right, this will be one of the downs." He paused and said, "Do you have anything to drink?"

"There's a bottle in the bureau drawer—among the shirts."

Tremain helped himself, drinking from the bottle. "Gary, I hate to keep coming back all the time for help, but it seems that you're the only man I can talk to."

"Talk's cheap," he said. "You want to sit down?"

"Thanks," Tremain said and took the chair. "Gary, I want to do what's right. You understand that."

"Yes, it seems to be a favorite cry of most people, to do what's right, but underneath it all I suspect it's a cover-up for an intent to do what they please, which isn't so right."

Tremain stared at him. "You speak what you think, don't you?"

"No," Gary said. "No, I wish I did. I cover up as much as the next man and I always clear my conscience by telling myself that it was something I had to do. Now let's hear your story. Or would you like to have me tell it? How could it go now? . . . Sure, I know. Back east, when you got the wire, you were overjoyed and rushed out here before you stopped to think about it. That was a generous thing to do, Senator, but it's like making a speech while you're drunk; you're liable to regret it later. But once you got out here and saw Janice, you realized that you'd bought yourself a problem, a tainted woman. Now, with anyone else you'd have pressed a check into her hand and backed away until the air cleared, but she was kin, and word would get around that you'd dumped her. That would be worse yet, because we may not do what's right, but we sure as hell won't tell anyone about it. So you're going to have to take her back and put up with her because you give odds that no man will marry her unless he's some no-good who doesn't care. Yes, sir, Senator, you've got a problem there."

For several minutes, Clifton Tremain merely stared at Gary. Then he said, "Lieutenant, you're insulting!"

"Honest, but insulting, that's me."

Tremain remained angry, or maintained the pose, but it could not last long, for Gary had punctured the man's vanity, his aura of righteousness, and revealed for the moment the unpleasant truth. Tremain said, "I need another drink."

"Help yourself."

Afterward Tremain came back and sat down. "All right, Gary, suppose it's all the truth. What do I do?"

"You could try doing what Janice did—standing up and spitting in their eye."

"No, no, I'm not built that way. I play angles, make deals, take the middle road; I've never been a man to commit myself on a personal or political issue. Call it a weakness if you want, but I'm human; I want everyone to like me."

"Yep," Gary said. "You're no different from the rest of us."

"She needs a man, Gary. A husband."

"Maybe. If she does, she'll pick one."

"Can she?" Tremain shook his head. "There's nothing like a grass widow to tickle a man's fancy, but any farther ——"

"And any farther with that," Gary interrupted, "will only earn you a bust in the mouth."

"I beg your pardon?" Tremain frowned. "Did you threaten me?"

"No, I promised you something."

Tremain could not doubt his sincerity; he rubbed his hands together and tried to think of another approach. "Gary, you were gallant to my niece last night. And I believe it was above and beyond any consideration I might have offered you."

"It was."

"Don't say it like that," Tremain said. "Gary, can't you put that down to a man's concern?"

"Concern for whom, sir?"

"For her!" He wiped a hand across his mouth. "Gary, I'll give this to you with the hair on. I'm an influential man and not far from being very rich. I have no relatives except Janice. One of these days I'll die and everything will go to her and the man she marries. But I want him to be the right man, Gary. A good, gentle man who will never remind her that she's been anything but a good woman."

"Get out of here," Jim Gary said.

He spoke so quietly that Tremain hardly seemed to hear him.

"What did you say?"

"I said to get out."

"Well, you're horribly righteous, aren't you?"

Gary leaned forward quickly, so that he could reach the point of Tremain's jaw with his fist, and the force of the blow was enough to send man and chair against the wall. There was a dull melon thump of sound when Tremain's head hit the wall; then he sat there, dazed, angry and afraid.

"Lieutenant, you've just shot your military career to hell and gone."

Gary shrugged. "I figured that before I hit you. Get out anyway."

"Sure," Tremain said. He got up. Quickly he straightened his coat and tie and fingered his jaw gingerly. "You just threw away the chance of a lifetime."

"You really think so?" He opened the door and stood there; Tremain edged past him and stopped on the boardwalk. He opened his mouth to speak, then closed it with a snap and walked on, his heels striking hard, sending a rattle along the row of quarters.

Gary waited a moment longer, then closed his door by kicking it shut. He put the bottle away and stretched out on his bunk.

"That was a fool thing to do," he said softly. He had no right to hit Tremain, but he knew it would look right, seem right, even if it wasn't. Now Tremain would think he was an honorable, iron-bound man, loaded with principles; he had a bruised jaw to prove it, and Gary had nothing but disgust for himself.

He supposed that he ought to go over to the infirmary and talk to Janice Tremain, but he held himself back. There was no sense in talking with her just for the sake of talk; she needed a man who meant what he said, whose interest was genuine, who was there because she was a desirable woman. And Gary didn't feel that way. He wished he could, but he couldn't. She needed the kind of man who could ignore the looks and the talk that would forever follow her. Or perhaps a man big enough to lift her above this—lift her so high that no one would ever dare to speak of those five years.

And I'm not that kind of a man, Gary thought. He wanted to be, but wanting it wasn't enough. She needed a man like McCabe, who could be as hard toward the world as it was toward him. *That's not me,* Gary thought. *I'm jelly inside, and McCabe's gone.* He felt very sorry for Janice Tremain, and a little sorry for himself because his best effort had been only to hit her uncle on the jaw.

The Indian agent made a special trip from Fort Dodge to put his reluctant endorsement on Colonel Frazer's punitive expedition; the agent recognized the legal validity of Frazer's move, but questioned the wisdom of his judgment. However, he affixed his signature to the document that made legal the movement of troops in Comanche country and took the first stage back to Dodge, as if by leaving the fort he could forget that this was happening or be blamed less for his part in it.

Lieutenant Gary worked his force into shape, carefully selecting men and mounts and seeing that all rations, forage and equipment were ready. He worked slowly, carefully, as though in fear of making a mistake, while in reality he wanted to give the civilians at Sand Creek plenty of time to depart and return to Fort Elliott. By his figuring, they were already on the move, and so he asked Colonel Frazer for permission to quit the post four days early. This was a sound move, for Frazer interpreted it as eagerness and erased some of his harsher thoughts concerning Lieutenant Gary.

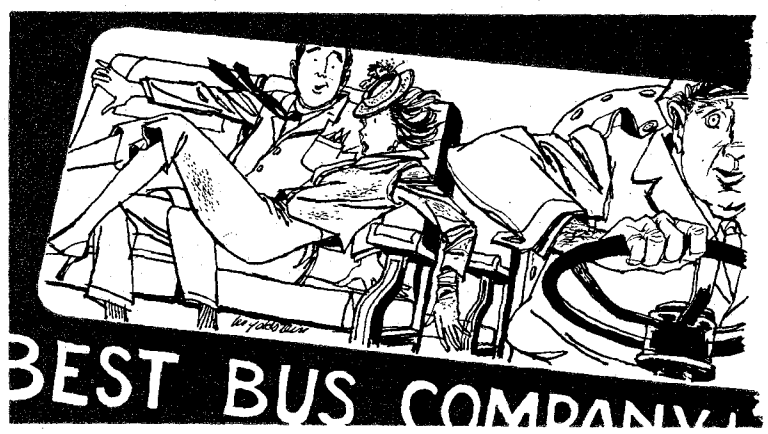
Lieutenant Gary and his command had fourteen miles behind them when the sunrise was full and a new heat began to grow over the land. Divided into three sections, Gary rode at the head of the column of twos, scouts out, flankers to the left and right, Lieutenants Shea and Riggs eating dust at the center and drag.

He held the march to regulations, saving men and horses, and camped that first night in the open. Some miles beyond—he did not know how many—the civilian wagons would be camping, and he considered that the meeting should appear like chance and rolled into his blankets.

Command kept him busy; he had a hundred things to check, for a good commander knows what goes on in his troop. Gary was the last to mount, next morning, and he waved them southward, pushing across the first dawn light and the miles of emptiness ahead.

In the middle of the afternoon the scout reported dust to the left, and Gary altered course, making contact with the first wagon two hours later. He gave orders to camp, and as soon as the squad fires were lighted and the picket lines established, he turned over the detail to Shea and walked across the five-hundred-yard interval to the first wagon, thinking it was Wringle's.

Sean Donovan met him, shook hands briefly and said, "Jane's visitin' the Pardeen wagon, lieutenant."



You be the Judge

By JOSÉ SCHORR

Shelley and her beloved met in a bus accident. Two months later, after her leg injuries healed, they were married and she quit working. Nevertheless, she dunned the bus company for loss of earning power and wages due to the accident. When it offered her only the wages lost up to the time of her marriage, she sued.

"I'm entitled to the wages I would get if I chose to work, even though it so happens that I don't choose to work," Shelley argued with feminine logic.

"If she doesn't work, she obviously isn't losing any wages," the company lawyer retorted. "Therefore there are no lost wages for us to pay."

If you were the judge, would you make the company pay?

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The company had to pay. The court ruled that "the impairment of the power of a woman to work is an injury to her personal rights" apart from any lost wages and that she ought to be paid for the impairment regardless of whether she works.

Based upon a 1955 Minnesota decision.

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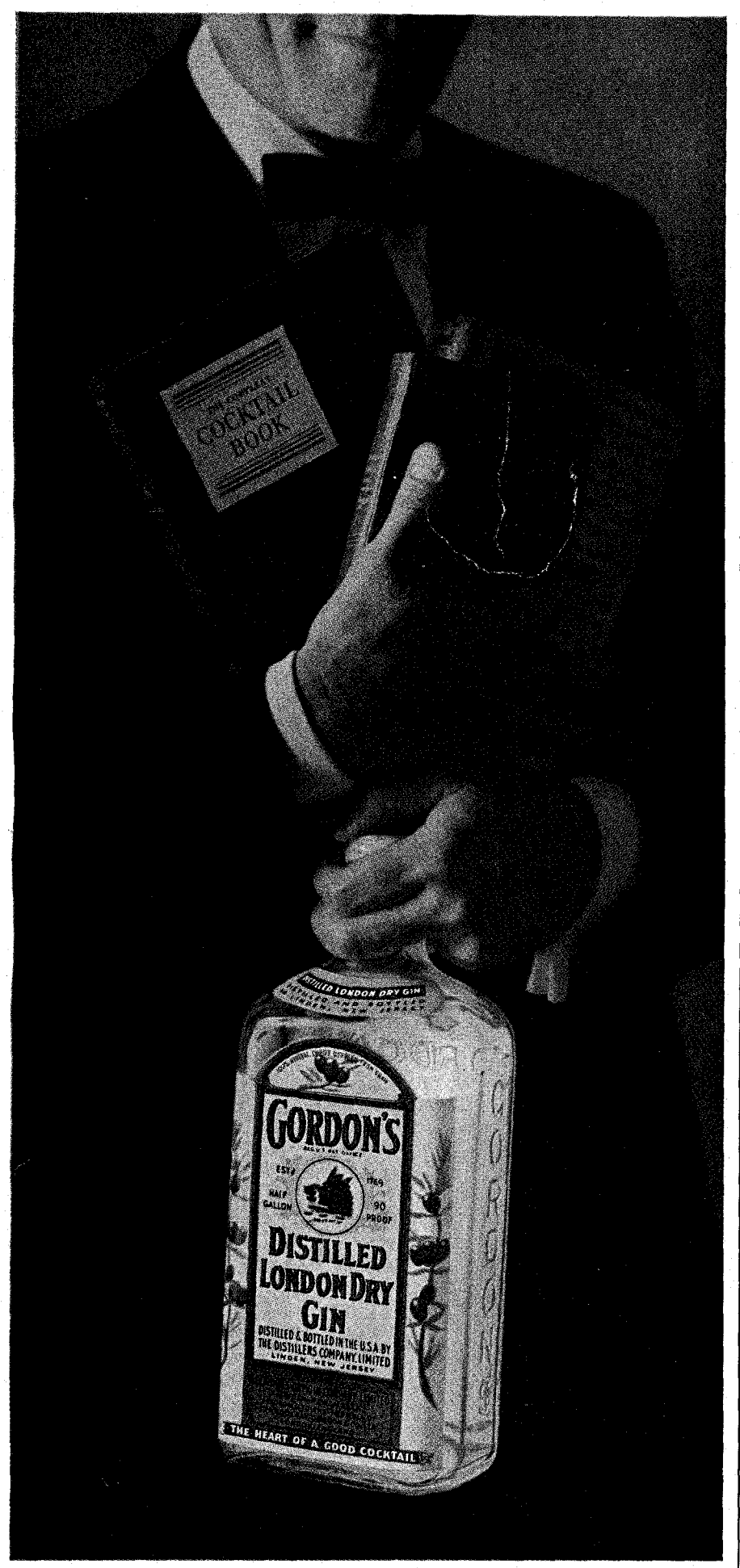
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"Where's Wringle?"

"Sand Creek. He said he was going to stay, and I guess he meant it." Donovan reached into the wagon and brought out a jug. "I like a little snort at evenin' time. Join me?"

"Sure," Gary said and laid it in the crook of his arm. He sighed and handed it back and wiped tears from his eyes. "That paint remover?"

"No, but it'll do the job. Where you going with the soldiers?"

"The colonel wants the job done," Gary said. He turned when he heard Jane's step. She ran to him, and he believed she would have kissed him if her father had not been there.

"Jim, I'm glad to see you. We left too early, didn't we?"

"No, you left just in time."

"Stay for supper," she invited.

"I should be with my men. Well, I guess it'll be all right."

"What kind of a job does the colonel want done?" Sean Donovan asked.

"He wants us to take all white captives from the Comanches—without force, if possible."

"Is it possible?" Jane asked.

Jim Gary shrugged. "Maybe; but likely it isn't. McCabe didn't come back?"

They both shook their heads.

"Well, I didn't think he would," Gary said. "And this time it isn't because he doesn't want to. One of the main reasons I'm going along with Frazer is to see if I can find McCabe."

"Or where they buried him," Sean Donovan said.

"Jim, didn't you explain to the colonel that we're going home, that we've had enough?" Jane said. "We've given up again, but this time it's for good. If any of our kin is alive, we don't want to know about it. We just want to forget now."

"Too late for that," Gary said. "He said that this will have to be finished to clean the record. I only follow orders, Jane. Some of them, like this one, I don't like, but I follow just the same."

"You planning to take those you rescue back to Fort Elliott?" Sean asked.

"That's the order."

"He don't know what he's doing," Sean Donovan said. "He just don't know at all." He walked away, sadly shaking his head.

"Sit down," Jane said. "I have to make supper." She opened the chest that held her cooking pots and then rummaged through the food chest. "Beans and hoecake and pork again. I'm getting pretty tired of that."

"When I get back," Gary said, "I'll take you to Tascosa and buy you the best meal in town. Then we'll go to the opera house and see the show."

"I'll hold you to that," she said. He watched her make the batter for the cake, cut the pork into thick slices and put the pot of beans on to boil. Without looking up from her work, she asked, "Did you see her at Fort Elliott, Jim?"

"Janice Tremain?"

"Is that her name? I didn't know it."

"Yes, I saw her," Gary said. "An uncle of hers came from back East to get her. Now he wishes he'd stayed home." He told her about the dance, and Jane Donovan watched him carefully as he talked. "So she had it against her if she kept silent or spoke out," Gary said. "But I guess it helped her to speak."

"I think I would have kept silent," Jane said softly. "It's bad enough to know of the wrong in you, but I think it's worse when everyone else knows it too."

"There's no wrong in you, Jane."

"Jim, there's wrong in all of us." She covered the pot of beans and put the frying pan on to heat. "In the history books you can read about all the great things that have been done, all the wars that have been fought, and everything seems so logical and just and well planned. Now I've been wondering how it actually was, if the sum total of good came out of a mountain of mistakes and stupidity. What will they say about this, Jim? Will the flavor of it ever be truly captured, or is it just for us to know; the truth, that is."

He shrugged. "I don't care to think about it. Call it laziness if you want." He got up. "I really should return to my men, but I'll be back for supper."

He walked slowly to the command post, a tent erected near the center of the compound. Lieutenant Shea was polishing his boots when Gary sat down.

"Why do you do that?" Gary asked. "They'll get dusty in twenty minutes of walking."

"A cavalryman always rides," Shea said. "Listening to the civilian complaints?"

"No complaints," Gary said. "Shea, what do you think of this?"

The man looked up. "The expedition?" He shrugged. "One duty is as good as another. Why? Gary, you worry about the darnedest things." He put his boots down. "The trouble with you is that you're not a realist. It's simply that the colonel wants his gold star on his last report card; that's why we're here. For you, it could mean an up in rank, the beginning of something important to you. For me, I'll try to conduct myself gallantly and get mentioned in a dispatch, and my father will find out about it and then I'll get a hundred dollars from him out of sheer pride. With that in my purse I can take leave, go to Tascosa, get drunk for a week and forget the whole mess."

"Then you do care," Gary said.

"No, I don't care, and you'd better not either." He waited a moment to see if Gary had anything to say, and when he didn't, Shea picked up his boot and polish. "Jim, are you still sore at me? I mean, I'm not going to have to square off with you over that business at the dance the other night, am I?"

"I haven't given up the idea yet," Gary said. "Pete, what got into you the other night?"

"Nothing. What did you want us to do? Rush her like she was some—well, we talked it over and decided, that's all."

Gary let his anger show. "Why the holy attitude? Have you forgotten that time in Tascosa? I got you out the back door while Captain Lefever came through the front, looking for you."

"A different time and a different place," Shea said. "One woman was what she was and didn't pretend to be different. Ah, why bother to explain?" He pointed his finger at Gary. "Janice Tremain slept with an Indian. All right, she says she was married, but not a marriage that a white man would recognize. You're an officer, Jim. What do you want to do, spend the rest of your life on back-yard posts and remain in grade? That's what would happen to a man who got mixed up with her. He'd be on the border line, Jim. A most unfortunate man."

"Look out for yourself and to heck with her, is that it?"

Shea shook his head. "Jim, so she's a little smeared. What does that mean, that we should all wear the same paint?"

"You're a hypocrite."

"Sure. Did I ever deny it? And you'd better examine yourself, Jim. If you can honestly say you're clean, then we'll talk some more about it."

Gary returned to the civilian camp and ate with the Donovans, but his mood was one of depression. Jane noticed it and honored his long silences. He did not remain long, even when Sean Donovan and his son thoughtfully went to visit the Murdocks, leaving Gary and Jane alone.

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With a brief good night, he went to the cavalry camp and settled himself for the night.

When the sergeant came by, Gary left word that the troop would be fed and ready to ride by dawn; he meant to move on without delay, without saying anything to Jane Donovan or offering apology for his briefness.

The trouble with me, Gary told himself, *is that I do most everything because I feel sorry for someone*. He decided he would have to quit that habit before it got him into something serious. He admitted that he had rescued Janice Tremain for that reason and almost ruined his military career by speaking critically of Frazer's decision, just because he knew that the civilians had had enough and he was sorry for them. And now he was adding it up and silently crying in his beer because he felt sorry for himself.

This is one hell of a mess, Gary thought. Then he went to sleep.

By noon they were deep in Iron Hand's country, and Jim Gary was not so naïve as to assume that they were unobserved. A hundred-man column raises considerable dust and noise regardless of the care exercised to do otherwise, so he assumed that browned runners were already scurrying ahead with the word that the Long Knives were marching.

That afternoon he found the first of the camps, deserted of course, but a broad trail led away and he followed it, giving up the idea of scouting out other lesser camps. They were moving, lodges, women and all, toward the main camp, under Iron Hand's wing, so he would meet them there, fell them if he had to with one bold stroke.

A very gallant thought, he knew, but hardly likely to turn out that way. Iron Hand would gird himself for war, and Gary wondered how he could prevent it; he knew he could not handle Iron Hand with a hundred men armed with pistols and sabers. Maybe that's what Frazer figured; he'd retire in a burst of glory, singing praises of the dead officers and men slaughtered by the warlike Comanches. Another Custer episode.

He did not expect Iron Hand to move his camp now; likely he would deploy his braves and meet Gary somewhere between. Or he might leave only the women, children and captives in the camp, tended by old men; that was a common trick. Gary could then have his unopposed way, but in trying to ride out, he would find himself surrounded.

Iron Hand, in spite of his paint, was a soldier, a tactician; he had chosen for his campsite a depression of land surrounded by three prominent ridges, and Gary topped one of these late in the afternoon, drawing his column to a halt.

His hand motion brought Lieutenant Shea forward from the second section, and together they looked upon the camp. Women moved about, doing their never-ending work, and the children played about, only closer to their lodges than usual, and here and there an old man crouched down with his blanket and solitary thoughts. The smoke from the lodge fires rose sluggishly in the still air, and the camp seemed normal to the casual eye.

Only Gary knew that every brave of warring age was gone, probably in a position to attack them at the first hostile move.

"Now what?" Shea asked.

"Draw them in one line abreast," Gary said. "I want a line of mounted blue on this ridge. Pistols and sabers at the raised position, and I'll court-martial the first man who lowers them." Shea frowned and Gary ignored this disapproval. He motioned toward the camp. "See those lodges on the fringes? They haven't been there very long. Iron Hand's camp is twice the size it was when I was last in it. All the subchiefs in fifty miles have moved in on him for protection."

"Protection from what? Pistols and sabers?" Shea nodded toward the hollow. "Before we get halfway down there, Iron Hand will cut us to ribbons." His eyes raised to the other ridges. "There's a Comanche with a rifle behind every depression."

"More like two," Gary said calmly. "Would you send Sergeants Davis and Ellsworth forward, please?"

"Yes, sir." Shea wheeled, and Gary waited there until the two enlisted men came forward. Shea and Riggs returned with them, but waited in the background, just within hearing distance.

"Gentlemen, I'm picking you to volunteer to go into that camp with me. Select ten privates apiece and bring them along."

"Volunteers, sir?" Davis asked.

Gary looked at him and smiled thinly. "Davis, they're always volunteers, aren't they?"

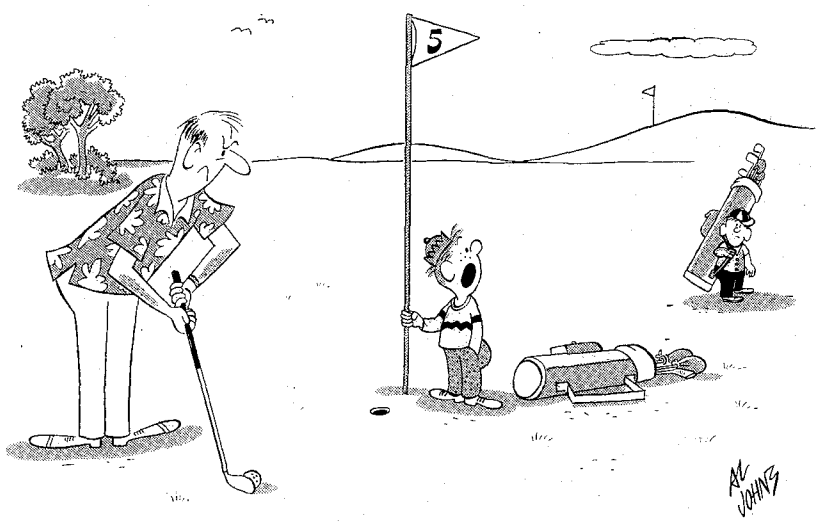
"Yes, sir. . . . Come on, Ellsworth."

When they rode back to pick the men, Gary watched the line form, a very long line, properly dressed, each man with his weapons raised.

Shea could stand this no longer. He edged up and said, "Gary, you'll never get away with this."

"It is a gamble, isn't it?" Then the sergeants returned with the men and Gary led them at a walk off the ridge.

TO BE CONCLUDED



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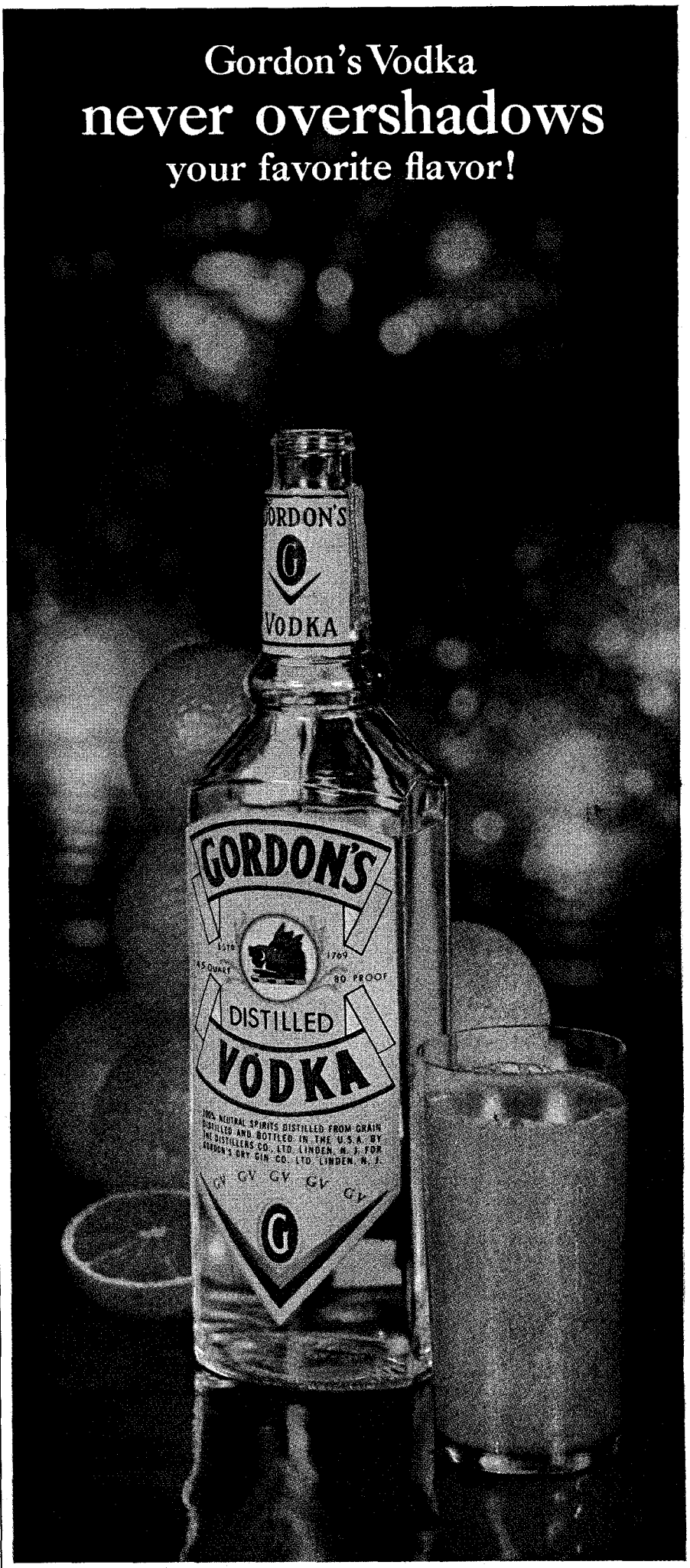

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The Dark Road (Continued from Page 43)

"I'm not going to Russia," Benton said. "I'd sooner stand trial for Antonescu."

"Not Russia, Harry," Feldman said softly. "The East Zone, just a little way in, just for a little time. It won't be so hard," he said, hating himself for the lie.

Benton was silent.

"This way, you have a chance, Harry. The other way, you're cooked." He looked at Benton pleadingly.

"You think I like it, Harry? You think I wouldn't go myself if they didn't know me? I've got to have someone new, an amateur. One job and that's all, I promise."

Still Benton looked at him, cold and unforgiving.

"It's the pros they catch, Harry. The ones who try it too often. Not the first time or the second."

"O.K., Lou," Benton said slowly and flatly. "That's a nice recruiting technique you have there. The Hard Sell. What's the job?"

Feldman shook his head impatiently, as if he had been hit hard and was trying to clear it.

"You know Magdeburg?" he said.

"I've driven by it. On the *Autobahn*. On the route the Russians let us drive to Berlin. You can see it in the distance. South."

"All right. A few miles south of the *Autobahn* there, you have a small town, an overgrown village. Kronstadt-bei-Magdeburg. I want you to make contact with a man there."

"One of your boys?"

"No, an old man. An old Lutheran pastor. Name Hans-Otto Daubigny."

"Daubigny. Sounds French."

"They were," Feldman said, "about three hundred years back. Huguenot refugees under Louis XIV. Thousands of them. Fifty years back, half the Prussian general staff had French names."

"What do I do when I reach him?"

"He's got something we want."

"What?"

"I don't know. Maybe it isn't anything he has. It's maybe just something he knows. Whatever it is, we want it. It's big, Harry," he went on. "Very big."

"Maybe you better put me in the picture a little."

"Well, a lot of the parts are missing, but this is what we have. Maybe you saw it in the papers a little while back. They shot a cop in Russia. A big one. Executed in the jail, they said. He's dead all right, but they didn't shoot him in Moscow. He got it from the border guards east of Fulda. He was very close. One of our patrols reported it, but they didn't know who it was then."

"What was he doing there?"

"Deserting, coming over, Westernizing. It was getting very hot for him, so he was coming over. He could have told us plenty. But he didn't think that would be quite enough to get the red-carpet treatment. His record was just a little too smelly. So he brought something with him. Insurance."

Feldman paused a moment before he went on.

"You remember that pilot who flew the Mig over. He got a hundred thousand dollars for it, and asylum. Well, figuring it on that scale, what this boy had was worth a couple of million."

"All right, Lou; you've built it up. Don't wear it out. What was it?"

"Maps of atomic plants, lists of all M.V.D. agents, Russian general staff plans. Damn it, Harry, I don't know. That's your job. We don't know; they don't know. This cop, Orlov, was shot routinely by border guards, shot dead. He didn't talk. Only this Pastor Daubigny knows."

"Why don't the Russians sweat him?"

"That's the whole thing, Harry. That's what the Russians don't know, not yet. One of our people got it out to us. What I've told you and one thing more—that Orlov spent one night in Kronstadt. At the home of Daubigny. All we know is that he had something on him when he got there, and he didn't have it when he was shot. That's all we know."

"Have you tried Daubigny yet?"

"Once. We got a man to him. A German, a pro, but Daubigny wouldn't give him whatever it was, wouldn't even let him see it. Didn't trust him. Our man wanted to bring him across, but he wouldn't go. Our man thought of killing him, but that wouldn't have got what we wanted. Then he thought of softening him up a little—you don't need much equipment, some cord or a pair of pliers—but he was afraid it would kill him."

"Nice people you have. How did you recruit that one?"

"That was his own idea. We don't work that way. But sometimes they revert to type. For heaven's sake, Harry," he burst out angrily, "this is a war! We have to work with what there is!"

"Like me?"

"Like you." Feldman was nearly through now, and he talked fast, "Daubigny said one thing. If we could send him an American, not one of our pros, he said, but 'an honest man,' he would at least promise to talk with him and maybe give him whatever it is, or tell him. I can't go; enough people over there know me. There's no one else suitable, so you're the one. Whatever it is Orlov left, you've got to bring it back here.

"One thing more," he said. "We also got word the Russians are wasting a lot of time backtracking Orlov. They haven't got near Daubigny yet, but sooner or later they will. You have to get there first, and get out what we want." He looked at Benton. "The old man," he said. "This isn't a rescue job. I don't want you slowed up. Get the papers. Daubigny had his chance and he wouldn't take it. He's not our responsibility."

"How do I get in?"

"Three Americans drive to Berlin for a few days' vacation. Papers, Russian transit permits all in order. Near Magdeburg there's a washed-out bridge just like ten other ones; you have to detour down and around. Have to crawl along. There'll be one of our boys waiting there. You get out; he comes in. You leave your papers for him. Whole thing takes ten seconds. It's just after sunset, and we have it timed. Two nights later, same time, same place, you're there and you switch again. Our boy goes back to his job and you come back here. But the whole thing depends on speed. You'll have to convince Daubigny fast."

"You mean I jump off in the East Zone without papers?"

"No, I'll have another set for you. East Zone. Now listen carefully. Your name is Paul Speyer, born Berlin 10 March, 1916, son of Wilhelm, Freiherr von Speyer (deceased) and Marta von Speyer (born Daubigny) also deceased. Your birth records were destroyed in the siege of Berlin in 1945 ——"

Johann Sebastian Bach had improvised one afternoon at the keyboard. And now Pastor Hans-Otto Daubigny sat in front of the organ in the old church in Kronstadt ready to bring life to the silent, crabbed notations of a man two centuries dead, and span the years with an arch of music.

Under the long sensitive fingers, the first chords arose to life: *Christ lag in Todesbanden*. So lie we all in the bonds of death, in this dark land. And he, Hans-Otto, widowed and childless, was the last German Daubigny. His branch of the family had descended from Jules-Agrippe d'Aubigny, Sieur de Coutras, a general of division under the French Sun King. In 1685 the aging king resolved to crush heresy in France by rescinding the great Edict of Toleration. The Sieur de Coutras, with tens of thousands of other French Protestants, left France forever.

Since then, he and his descendants had served the Electors of Brandenburg and helped them march from Electors to Kings of Prussia to German Emperors and then back to the dust heaps of history.

Jules-Agrippe would not have approved of Hans-Otto Daubigny; not any more than his father, the limping colonel, had done. He was a sport in the line, not a soldier, not even a *Geheimrat*, an ambassador. In 1914 he was a pathologist, his fingers stained with dyes and compounds and his head stuffed with socialist dreams of the brotherhood of man. He saw the German Social Democrats vote the war credits and rush to war as willingly as any *Junker*. His own talents had been put to use in the processes of manufacturing and testing chlorine gas. Later, almost at the very end, he had seen his handiwork in a military hospital. It was then that he had lost all faith in man and progress.

In 1922 he became a Lutheran pastor and went to Kronstadt. He had never left. It had taken longer than before; it had taken inflation and Hitler and saturation bombing and the concentration camps and the Russian liberation, but at the end of it he had lost his God as thoroughly as he had lost man. He simply could not bring himself to believe that men could be saved by any power.

He had held his tongue under the Nazis and they had left him alone. After a few bad hours in the beginning, the Russians, too, had left him alone. His way of life was this: six days he sat in a chair in his house and read, or walked slowly in the fields, occasionally passing a word with peasants and housewives, or he entered the small church and played the baroque organ. At night he drank brandy until he could sleep.

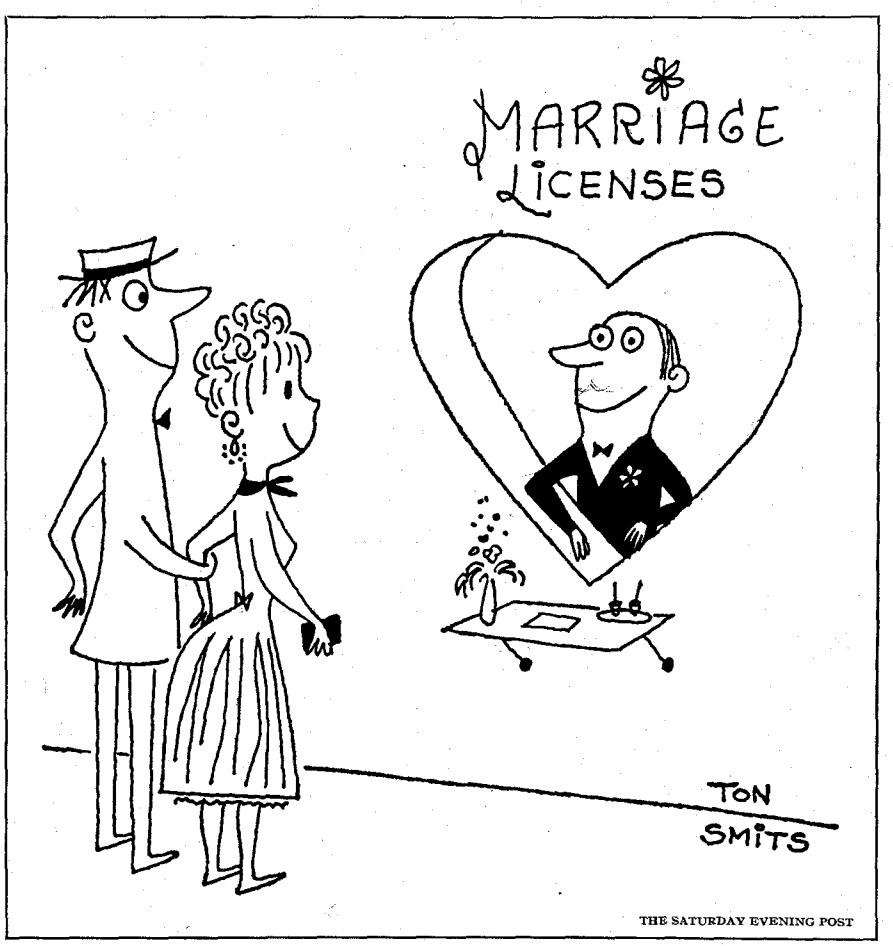
When people came to him for advice or help, he listened gravely and courteously to their troubles, but had no advice to offer beyond a few platitudes—which often satisfied. He was very careful to keep to himself what he really thought they should do. On Sunday he had one service, short and irregular. He read a formal prayer chosen at random. On either side of the prayer was one hymn, sung by the sparse congregation, while he played the organ. It was not much, but few people came.

To the children he was kind, but as a child grew older he lost interest in him, as if he could sense the growing corruption of the years. But for the young ones, he had candy, he made rough toys, he repaired their broken treasures with his sensitive hands. The children loved him; the villagers thought him harmless and slightly insane. Even party-member Stumpf, the innkeeper, and master of Kronstadt, reported him as harmless, indeed as almost an unconscious asset in his detachment and resignation, and advised leaving him alone. Stumpf had held much the same position in the Nazi regime and had then, too, given much the same report. Stumpf was a huge, powerful, bad-tempered man, with a real talent for intrigue hidden beneath a stupid, alternately jovial, alternately ferocious façade.

The last notes of music died slowly away in the old church. Pastor Daubigny played a few more chords, half unconsciously. "*Ein feste Burg* ——" A mighty fortress. He shook his head and turned from the keyboard. There were no fortresses any more, neither Luther's nor Maginot's.

He walked slowly out of the old church. He locked the door, but he put the great wrought-iron key on its nail alongside the entrance. Then he walked along the grassy margin of the dusty road to the parsonage, some fifty yards away.

Frau Holtz met him at the door. "The dinner, the Herr Pastor's dinner," she said in the formal servants' German. Then in (*Continued on Page 102*)



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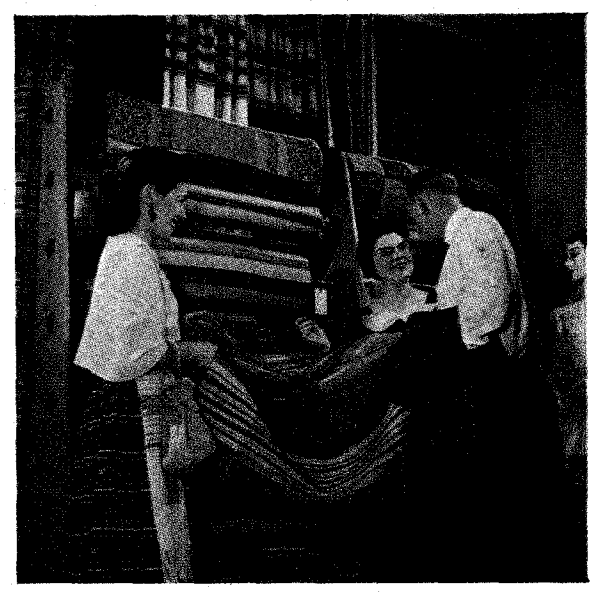

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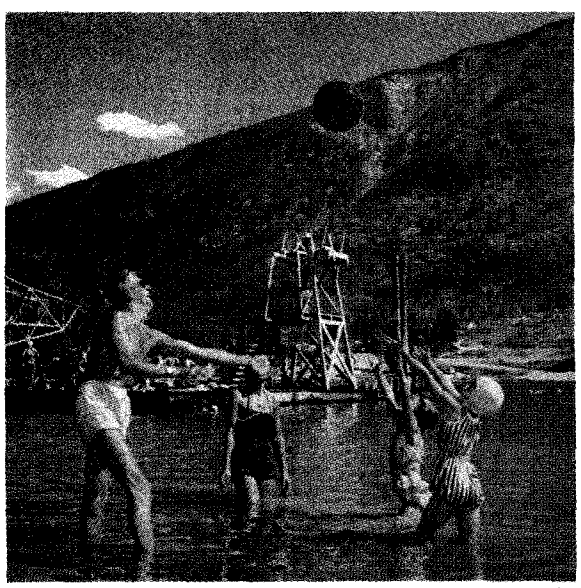

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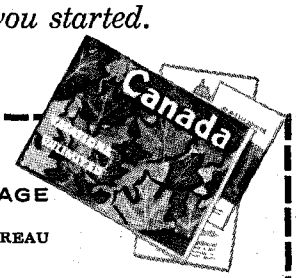

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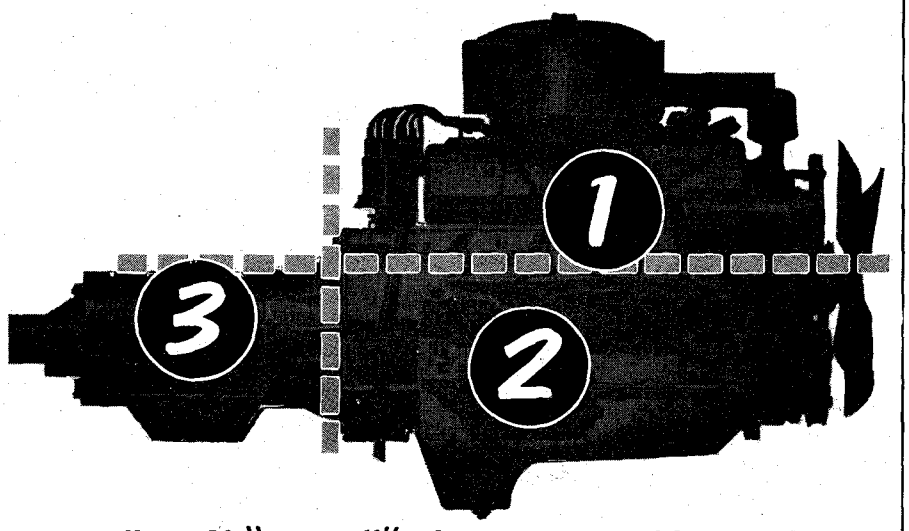

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(*Continued from Page 100*)

her own peasant dialect, "Half cold, half burned. You are never here at the same time."

She loved him as much as she could love anything, and she was completely loyal. And she was sorry for him. But below all this she considered him as stupid and helpless as most men, with the added handicap of book learning. She pursed her lips and shook her head impatiently as she spoke.

"It is no matter, Frau Holtz," he said mildly. "I'll eat now."

He washed his hands and then walked into the dark dining room with its heavy carved furniture. Frau Holtz brought in the food herself, stood over him a moment, exasperatedly, making sure he began to eat. He picked at it absently, eating quickly and efficiently, but at the end hardly knowing what it had been. He was thinking of Frau Holtz again. She was now about fifty-five, but in 1923 she had been young when she first came to Pastor Daubigny's house as a maid. She had left a few years later to be married. Within a year, she had returned as a widow. She had been there ever since, and now she was the housekeeper, and the home was hers more than it was his.

In the small things she was a master. The small things, he thought, and remembered a conversation of the week before. He had been in his study when she knocked, entering so closely behind the sound that he had no time to speak.

"No eggs," she said. "No more eggs; they have taken Neumann's hens. This dirty government!"

He looked at her warningly, but she would not be stopped.

"I hate them all," she said. "Taxes, rationing, stupid laws."

"We could not live without government, Frau Holtz."

"Could not live without them!" she echoed, her face dark with rage. She looked at him earnestly. "Listen, Herr Pastor, you are a good man, but you do not know about such things. Stupid, bossy. They take credit for everything; they say they keep everything going. As if we would not plant and harvest if they disappeared tomorrow. As if children would not be born and reared. They just get in the way of sensible folk."

"Render unto Caesar ——" he replied.

She looked at him pityingly. "That's the Bible, Herr Pastor. I'm talking about how the people live."

The bitter taste of the acorn coffee brought him back to the present.

It was still light in the long June summer. He went out in back of the house toward the old stable. As he approached he could hear faint scrambling noises and low laughter.

The girl, Magda, the girl they called his niece, was sitting on a wooden crate. In one hand she had a length of string, with a crinkled, rustling twist of paper tied to one end. She was drawing it across the stable floor while two kittens leaped and ran and skidded and tumbled in pursuit of it. From a nest in the hay, the mother cat was watching sleepily. The girl was laughing. She was in profile to him, the smooth right side of her face revealed, the scarred left side hidden. *Why, she's a pretty girl,* he thought.

She started up nervously as he entered. She dropped the string; her face became blank and impassive, as if a door had shut. She turned silently, to look at him, and the left side of her face came into view, with the livid burn scar down cheek and neck.

"It's all right, child," he said.

She knew him and she did not fear him—he was like God, but the reflex was too strong. She stood there stiffly, shrinking and withdrawn, with the taut neck and hunched shoulders of the psychotic. She realized, dimly, in the mind within a mind, that it was bad and hopeless, but the other was worse—the shaking and crying that would not stop, the long fall into darkness.

She stood there, tense and trembling. Once Pastor Daubigny had rescued a bird from a cat's mouth. It had lain in his palm, shaking and cold. The gentle, cruel teeth had never broken its skin, but after a while it had grown quiet and died. *I cannot reach out to her,* he thought. *I cannot touch her. This is what we have made of the world.*

He walked back to the house, back to the study and the brandy bottle. Frau Holtz met him at the door.

"Where is she?" she asked.

"In the stable. Alone."

"She has not eaten." Then, "I will go to her."

"I will go to her," but in the beginning it was she who had come to them. She had come from somewhere, without papers or memory, with only the rigid muscles, the shrinking and the scar. Sometime in the night she had wandered into the grounds. They had found her there in the morning, half starved, and taken her in.

It was Frau Holtz who first brazenly told the *Bürgermeister's* office that the girl was Pastor Daubigny's orphaned niece from Berlin. And Daubigny, mildly surprised at himself, had confirmed the lie. "Surprised," because it was against his principles to intervene in anything, to become involved. The reverse of the consciously righteous man, he thought, caught unaware of his instincts and led into sin. Can we be led into good the same way, he wondered idly, against all our beliefs and experience?

But once done, it was accepted. The girl, Magda, worked with Frau Holtz, quietly and usually in silence. The crying spells became less, and passed away. She could not be touched or confined. There could not be too many people or too much noise or excitement. Sometimes she went away quietly by herself into the stable or into hiding places in the fields and woods, but she always returned.

Daubigny had taken in one other stranger since then. Magda had led him in from the fields in some way, a sad-eyed, taciturn Russian, smelling of death, who drank his brandy and then talked, and who had left him a tiny sealed package in trust, and then had gone on before dawn, after a few hours' rest. He had been right, he thought, not to have wished involvement; the instinct to charity was wrong. His troubles had begun at that moment; he was slowly being pulled back into the stream of events.

He had not yet opened the package. Perhaps he should have given it to the first American agent, he thought, the mean-faced little German with the small, beady eyes. But the man disgusted him, annoyed him with insistence; and the old, imperious Junker Daubigny came out. He could not destroy the package. The agent made it very clear that if he did the Russians would be informed that the man Orlov had stopped there one night on his way to death.

"They will torture you," the man had said. "And you will have nothing to give them, so they will not stop."

Finally, he had agreed to talk with the direct emissary of the Americans, the "honest man." But he had still not decided what to do.

It was dark now, and he poured from the bottle again. *Wait,* he thought, *at least till you know what is in the package. There is no hurry,* he thought, as the brandy moved, warm and familiar, through his body. *Wait,* he was still

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thinking, when he heard the doorbell ring. *There is time,* he thought, as the knock came on the door of his study and an excited Frau Holtz told him that his nephew from Leipzig was here.

". . . your birth records were destroyed in the siege of Berlin in 1945," Major Feldman went on. "Your identity card from the People's Democratic Republic is in order. History," the voice droned on: "classified as German of the second class by Third Reich—one Jewish grandparent. Educated Gymnasium and private American-run school, Berlin. Refused admission to college because of ethnic background; refused permission to study abroad; refused permission emigrate; three months' protective custody, 1938, released for lack of evidence; drafted Wehrmacht, 1939, garrison duty, Poland; Afrika Korps, 1941–43, promoted *Feldwebel,* recommended for commission; commission refused because of derogatory material in files; evacuated by air and reassigned Russian front; demoted to private by order of *Sicherheitsdienst* review board; captured by Russians at Kharkov, 1944; re-educated, appointed cell leader of prisoner unit; released late 1945, given post as clerk in Leipzig H-O store. Now on two weeks' vacation, papers in order, to visit uncle, Pastor Daubigny, Kronstadt-bei-Magdeburg."

Feldman shoved the typewritten sheets across the table. "Memorize," he said, "all of it. Then get rid of it." He shoved over the forged papers. "These stay with you."

He held up more papers—a passport, the gray Russian transit permit. The American passport was made out for Charles Winthrop, employed by USAREUR in Heidelberg. His own face stared out at Harry Benton from the first page. Its date of issue was 1950, and it was full of entry and exit stamps, auto permits for half Europe. It was a little smudged and limp from long handling.

There were leave papers from the Command, to visit Berlin, traveling by auto, blue four-door sedan, in company of friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. Scott, both employed USAREUR also. Purpose, travel and recreation. There was the gray Russian transit permit. Provisional consent to pass on the *Autobahn* through the People's Democratic Republic, to Berlin, and to return, in not less than three days. Finally, a thick sheaf of American bank notes—twenties, fifties, hundreds.

"You might need these," Feldman said. "It's a risk having them on you, but you may have to buy something or someone fast. It's all there," Feldman went on. "In and out again. A breeze."

"Is there a Paul Speyer?"

"Well, no," Feldman replied. "Look, Harry; this is just a thin cover. It should take you along fine, but I'll tell you the truth; it won't hold up half an hour if they really start digging."

"So if they pull me in, I've had it."

"That's about it. Your job is to keep out of trouble." . . .

I haven't done so well keeping out of trouble so far, Benton thought the next day as he sat in the back seat of the blue sedan, moving north up the *Autobahn.* In the front, Mr. Thomas J. Scott, sleepy-eyed and rubicund, and Mrs. Scott, a lacquered blonde of about thirty-five, were silent. The car rolled on past Kassel, branched off the *Autobahn* near Göttingen, only a few miles from the East Zone border, and crawled slowly north on the narrow, winding, truck-choked road, through Braunschweig and up to Helmstedt and the border check point for the Berlin *Autobahn.*

West of Helmstedt, the German trucks were piled up in the inner lane for five miles. The Russians were indulging in one of their periodic slowdowns. But the non-German traffic moved quickly in the fast lane up to the Army control post.

The MP sergeant stamped their papers, gave them the routine warnings.

"Keep it under fifty," he said. "That's the limit. They don't usually run highway patrols, but once in a while they do. If they pick you up for reckless driving or speeding, you're liable to do thirty days in an East Zone jail, an' it'll be all legal. We won't have a thing to say.

"We'll clock you in here and phone to the other end. If you come in too soon, we'll know you've been speeding and we'll send a report on you to your commanding officer. If it's more than three hours, we'll know something's wrong. We're allowed to send regular patrols up and down the *Autobahn* and we'll look for you. If your car's disabled, get on the strip to the side and stay in the car. Don't wander around. They've got patrols, with dogs, either side of the *Autobahn.* O.K.," he said, "that's it."

In a moment they moved a few yards down the road and were in the Russian control point. A soldier waved them negligently into a small office, gesturing with a submachine gun. Inside, a bored-looking, elderly civilian and a young captain pored over their passes and permits, stamped them and waved the three travelers on their way.

It was nearly dark, and as they reentered the car, the soldier came forward and tapped a headlight with the barrel of his gun. Scott switched on the lights and pulled slowly forward, passing the head of the long line of German trucks still waiting patiently, after eight hours.

Scott jerked a thumb at the lead truck. "Operation Spoilage," he said. "They keep them there just long enough to ruin the perishable food going to Berlin. Not all the time; just once in a while to throw them off balance."

His wife turned around in her seat. "You'd better give me the American papers now."

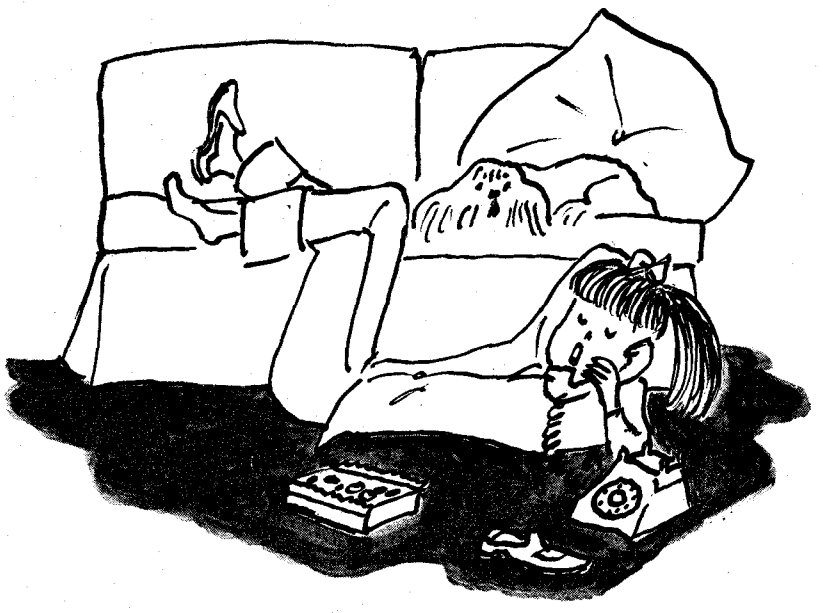
Harry Benton checked carefully and handed them over. Then they drove on in silence for an hour, passing nothing on their side, passing only three cars on the other side. To the south, the lights of a city were visible, not blazing but sparse and scattered. Magdeburg.

"Five minutes," Scott said. He pressed slightly on the accelerator. There was nothing in sight behind them, but he took no chances and exceeded the speed limit by about ten miles an hour, so that they would be certain to have a good

After Long Waiting

By Maude Rubin

Child in the house! How prayer
has reached for this—
This hoped-for reason for each
wall, each rafter.
Small hand, like opening apple
bloom; first kiss,
First dove-soft syllable, first
bubbling laughter!
Small blue-eyed bud, late
flowered from wintered loam,
Bloom in contentment—make
this house a home!



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distance between them and anything that might be coming behind.

Then they were at the wrecked bridge and the barrier and the *Umleitung* sign with its arrow pointing into darkness. Scott eased the car slowly across the *Autobahn*, and off it, along a narrow dirt road dipping sharply down. It was irregular and rutted; they were barely moving. At the bottom the road leveled out for fifty yards before climbing again. Scott crawled along in low gear.

"Now," he said. "Good luck."

Benton opened the door, held on to the frame an instant; then swung out and forward, moving away from the swinging door. A moment later a figure passed him, moving quickly ahead of the car, reached out for the door frame and swung itself in. The door closed without a sound. The car speeded up its pace slightly, moved up the rise and turned back to the *Autobahn*. Benton could see its taillight disappear around the bend and then he was alone.

He checked the map in his head. Cross the *Autobahn*, cut through some sparse woods, going southward away from the *Autobahn* and at a perpendicular to it. Go left on the first dirt road for two miles, keeping well to the side. Pass the church at the outskirts of Kronstadt. Pastor Daubigny's home was right next to it.

Whatever I do, he thought, *I'd better get off this detour before someone comes.* He moved quickly and quietly back the way he had come. As he reached the top of the dip, the sudden lights almost blinded him. He fell flat on elbows and knees, feeling the flesh tear and rasp, rolled despairingly off the road edge half under the ruined bridge.

The lights paused for a moment at the top of the dip; then the car moved slowly down, past Harry Benton, a few feet to the side. It went on slowly without stopping. Benton limped back to the road. He had skinned elbows and knees, but otherwise was unharmed. He peered carefully in both directions when he reached the level of the *Autobahn*. It was quite dark. In the distance, going east, a taillight was just disappearing.

He scuttled across the *Autobahn*, bending low, across the grass at the edge and into the trees. Then he stopped for a moment and took his bearings due south. He moved slowly along a path through the pines, and stepped cautiously on the earth of the forest, slick and slippery with pine needles, laced with tree roots and stones. *A broken leg*, he thought, *even a sprained ankle or a wrenched knee; that's all I need now.* But he did not fall; he did not even stumble. In a few minutes he was at the dirt road to Kronstadt and turning east. He did not walk on the road. He moved carefully next to the trees as they thinned out at the narrow grass margins of the road. He walked on, and slowly the forest began to disappear.

He nearly crashed through the hedge that suddenly loomed up before him. In back of it, even in darkness, he could sense the dark mass of the church. He followed the hedge back to the road and moved cautiously along it. Then he had passed the hedge and the limits of the churchyard. He walked a few yards on grass, then almost stumbled as he came to a path. He moved to his left again through a gate and up the path. There was a building ahead of him; he could see a faint light from a side window, though the front was dark. He nearly stumbled again at the steps. He went up the three steps slowly and quietly. Then he was in front of the door, hands groping until one of them touched the old-fashioned bell pull.

Somehow he had expected a light to switch on, but when the door opened there was only a lamp held up in front of him, high and to one side. Behind the lamp was a short, stout, powerful-looking woman of about fifty. She did not seem glad to see him.

"Please," she said, formally in German. "What does the gentleman wish?"

"I am Paul Speyer," he said, "from Leipzig. I have come to see my uncle."

She led him into a small, dim room and indicated a chair.

"Wait here a moment, please," she said.

She was back shortly. "Come this way."

She led him to another small room, its wall lined with bookshelves. At one corner was a desk with an oil lamp on it. Standing by the desk was a tall, thin old man, his face cadaverous in the soft shadows. He stretched out his hand while Frau Holtz watched suspiciously.

"Paul," he said, "Paul, it is good to see you."

Benton took his hand. "I'm surprised you would recognize me, uncle. It's been a long time."

"Too long, my dear boy."

He turned to Frau Holtz.

"This is my nephew, Paul Speyer, from Leipzig. . . . Frau Holtz is my housekeeper." He laughed. "She is the real master here, Paul. You had better be nice to her if you want to eat well."

Frau Holtz ducked her head warily, took Benton's outstretched hand with a sort of shocked surprise.

"You are welcome here, Herr Paul."

"Bring us another glass, if you please, Frau Holtz," Daubigny said. Then, as she turned to go, "Is Magda still up? I should like her to meet her cousin."

"No, Herr Pastor. She's asleep." She looked at him accusingly. "It's very late."

She went out toward the kitchen.

"No matter," Daubigny said to Benton, "you will meet her tomorrow. Really a sort of second cousin. I call her my niece; actually the connection is more remote. Sit down," he went on. "Over there. Do you like brandy?"

"Very much," Benton said.

Daubigny was still chattering nervously when Frau Holtz returned with the second glass.

"I will fix the guest room, Herr Pastor," she said, "and then, if you do not need me any more, I will go to bed."

They heard her steps go up the stairs and down a hall. Daubigny waited a moment; then he closed the study door. He reached for the brandy and filled Benton's glass. He held up his own glass and toasted Benton silently. They drank.

"Herr Daubigny ——"

"Uncle," Daubigny said; "Uncle Hans; uncle, whatever you will, but it is well to keep to it even when we are alone."

"Very well, uncle." He leaned forward in his chair across the desk. "You know why I have come," he said. "I must leave here two nights from now, about ten, right after dark. The sooner I get what I have come for, the sooner I can relax and start planning my return."

"You must be tired," Daubigny said.

"Not that tired, not too tired to accept a small package."

Daubigny looked at him sharply. "There was no agreement," he said. "I told your people I would consider it. I am now doing so. Tomorrow night we will talk of it. Now I will show you to your room." He paused. "The first thing you must do here is register with the police. Tomorrow we will go there." He smiled at Benton. "You had better tell me a little more about yourself."

"My name is Paul Speyer," Benton recited tonelessly, "born Berlin, 10 March, 1916, son of Wilhelm, Freiherr von Speyer (deceased) and Marta von Speyer—(born Daubigny) ——"

It was the sun streaming into the room that first woke Harry Benton the next morning. But just behind the sunlight came the gentle rapping on the door.

"Come in," he said, still fogged with sleep.

The girl who had knocked came a few feet into the room, walking with a stiff timidity. She did not look at him directly, but stared ahead, keeping her right profile to him. Her nose was short and straight and a little wide; she had the high cheekbones of the Balt. Even with the rigid, shrinking way she held herself, Benton could see that her figure was slimly curved and long-legged. Even as she was, she was quite beautiful.

"The Herr Pastor asked me to wake you," she said. Her voice was very low.

"Are you his niece?" he asked.

"Yes; my name is Magda."

"I am your cousin," he said. "Paul Speyer."

"Yes," she said. "I know."

She was still looking straight ahead, giving Benton the right profile.

"I have brought you hot water for shaving," she said, indicating the old-fashioned washbasin on the table before the mirror. She walked quickly forward and put the jug on the table, still keeping the profile toward him.

Damn it, Benton thought, *does she think I'm a casting director?* She tried to back out of the room, but the feat was too much for her and she had to turn, and then Benton saw the scarred left side of her face and a wave of pity came over him. He had pitied himself alone for so long now that when the feeling came for another, it was alien and strange and frightening. He turned aside, gazing out the window. He did not turn his head again until he heard the door close.

Later, he sat with Daubigny in the gloomy dining room and ate the coarse black bread with the sickly sweet carrot jam and drank the bitter acorn-and-chicory coffee.

"The girl," he said. "Magda."

"Yes?" Daubigny said coldly.

"That scar could be fixed. Quite easily. I've seen much worse."

"Do you think we have plastic surgeons for ordinary people in the People's Democratic Republic?"

"I think men can be bought."

"Perhaps," Daubigny said coldly, "and perhaps she shall cry and struggle if they touch her, and perhaps it shall be noticed, and perhaps they shall decide she is crazy." He shook his head pityingly and contemptuously. "Do you think we have time for the insane over here?"

"The girl's not insane."

"No, you are right. It is the scar and the scar tissue inside. Have you seen a really bad scar? It tightens and constricts, pulls the flesh and muscles out of shape. Well, she is scarred like that inside, and there is no help for her here." He looked at Benton sadly. "She is better off where she is. She has made her own adjustment. It is better not to interfere. She might be worse off."

Benton shrugged. "You may be right," he said. "It's none of my business, but just the same it's funny coming from a pastor. Is that what you tell everyone?"

"A pastor," Daubigny laughed mirthlessly. "I, a pastor?" He looked down at his plate. "No, I do not tell anyone anything." He laughed again. "They have Moses and the prophets. Let them hear them." He looked up at Benton. "We must go to the police."

They walked out of the house, down the narrow dirt road until it widened into a surface roughly cobblestoned, and became choked with shops and houses, crowded close together. A square, ugly brownstone building to the left, twice as large as its neighbors, struck his eye. Over the first of the two doors in front was a painted tin sign, POLIZEI. They crossed over and entered.

Seated at a high desk in front, whence he could look down on all those doing business there, was an unshaven, drowsy-looking, elderly policeman. He was a member of the regular, routine-work police, not of the special *Volkspolizei*, but Benton could see several Vopos lounging around in an adjoining room.

"Yes?" the policeman said sharply.

He had been policeman there for thirty-odd years, and for most of them it would have been "And how may I serve you, Herr Pastor?" But the Vopos were in the next room. His pension was very close. He dared not risk a report of lack of zeal. There was something reminiscent about the scene to him, and he remembered ruefully that he had last spoken to Daubigny like this fifteen years before.

"Yes?" said the policeman, Stieber.

"This is my nephew, Paul Speyer. From Leipzig. He is visiting me."

The policeman looked at Harry Benton, held out his hand. "Papers," he said.

(*Continued on Page 106*)

"Is that so? . . . What kind of diet?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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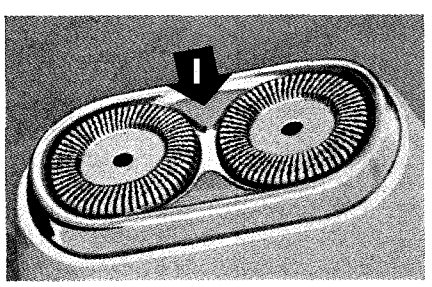

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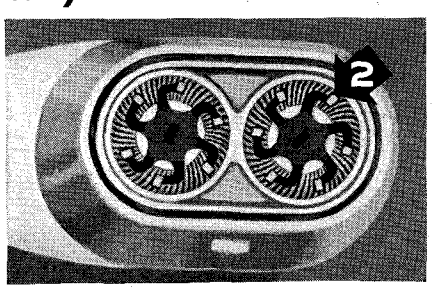

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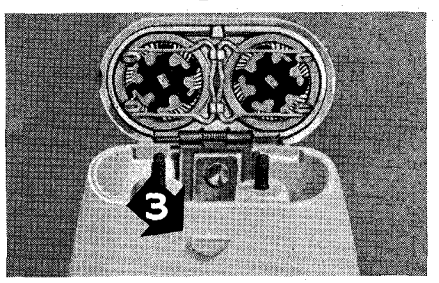

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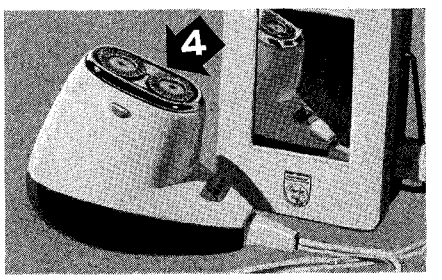

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(*Continued from Page 104*) Benton handed them over. The policeman, Stieber, looked through them very slowly, finally he made a notation on the leave permit, stamped it and handed the papers back. Then he handed a form to Benton. It was in triplicate and with faded carbons between.

"Fill it out."

Benton filled out the form with the grubby end of indelible pencil he was given, then handed it back.

Stieber peeled off the bottom copy, stamped it and handed it to him.

"To be returned here when you leave," he said.

Benton thanked him and turned to go.

But the doorway was blocked. The leader of the Vopo patrol had drifted in from the adjoining room and now was standing in front of Benton.

"Papers," he said gutturally.

Benton handed them over slowly, freezing inside. The Vopo thumbed through them, almost negligently. He extended the hand with the papers in it toward Benton. Then, just as Benton reached out for them, he drew them back.

"A few questions," he said. "Just a few questions."

The accent was strange. It was like no German that Benton had ever heard, and suddenly he knew what he was dealing with.

A gun, he thought; he should have brought a gun. With a gun there was always a chance, and if not, it would be over quickly.

"What is wrong?" Daubigny asked, pushing forward. "This is my nephew, Paul Speyer. He works for the government."

"Keep this old fool quiet," the Vopo leader said to Stieber. He turned to Daubigny. "We have no room for your kind."

Now, thought Harry Benton, turning sharply toward the Vopo leader and speaking loudly in Russian.

"The old ones will never change," he said, "but be patient with them; they will soon be dead." He paused. "That's Lenin, comrade," he said.

It was, as a matter of fact, something Harry Benton had thought up just then. But it sounded like Lenin in one of his lighter moods, and a citizen of a country where familiarity with the sacred writings was considered a prerequisite to public office would hesitate to risk exposing his ignorance. The Vopo looked warily at Harry Benton.

"You speak Russian well, comrade Speyer," he said. "Where did you learn it?"

"In the prisoners' re-education camp, where I was cell leader." He paused and looked knowingly at the Vopo. "Since then," he said very slowly and deliberately, "my work has required that I keep up my Russian."

It was a bluff, with not much behind it, but the Vopo could not be sure. There were many organizations, secret police within secret police. He had heard stories of men who had blundered into something in an excess of zeal, and then disappeared; and in his mind they balanced the stories of men who had failed to act and also disappeared. He stood there indecisively, the scales balanced almost perfectly. A feather would tip them one way or another.

"I can vouch for this man," a voice said in German from the door.

The man who had spoken and now moved into the room, almost seeming to fill it with his great bulk, was the deciding factor. The Vopo made a last halfhearted attempt, but it was clear that the crisis was over.

"Who are you?"

"Stumpf, party member." He showed a red card encased in plastic. "Your people know me," he said, and added ominously, "better than I know you."

"Baumann," the Vopo said quickly, "Gregor Baumann. On *Autobahn* patrol with these men here." He waved negligently at the lounging Vopos in the adjoining room. "We are working down the *Autobahn* toward Berlin. It's mostly night work," he added. "We stop off in the villages during the day. We'll be leaving tonight."

Stumpf nodded silently. The Vopo leader handed the papers back to Harry Benton; then went back to his men.

From his huge bulk, Stumpf looked down at Benton.

"Paul Speyer," he said. "Paul Speyer from Leipzig. A fine city, Herr Speyer; we must talk about it sometime." Then he was gone as swiftly and silently as he had appeared.

Benton and Daubigny began to walk back to the parsonage.

"Stumpf," said Daubigny, sensing the question before it came. "Party member Ulrich Stumpf, and before that, Party member Ulrich Stumpf under the others."

"Why did he help us?" Benton asked. "Is he a friend of yours?"

"I don't know why. But he is no friend of anyone's, and it was not done for friendship. There will be a bill presented. Soon. A large one."

"I brought money," Benton said. "Green dollars. A lot of them."

"You will need them all," Daubigny said slowly, "and more, before you are through here."

TO BE CONTINUED

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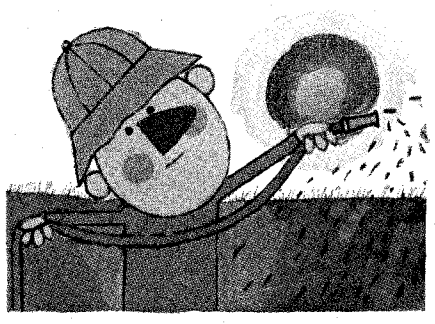
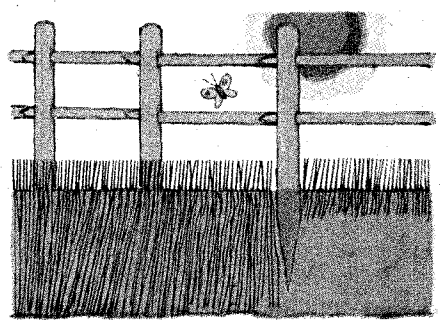
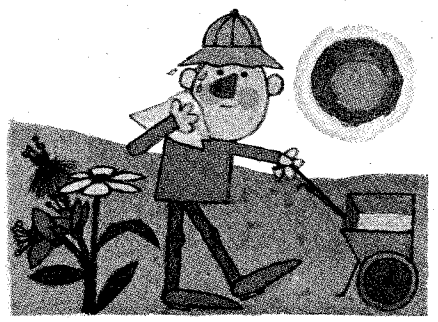


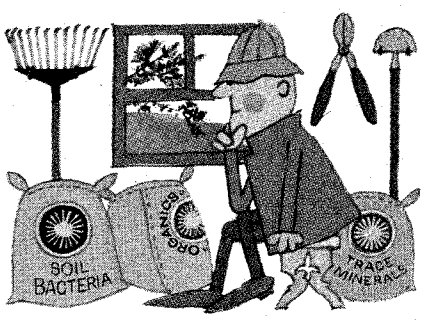
Or give grass a bath. With New Golden Vigoro you just spread it and forget it. Skip the watering-in. It won't burn the tenderest growth.



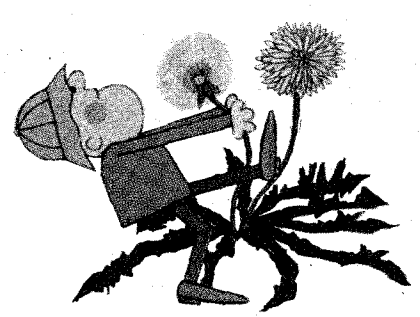
Or worry about roots. A Golden Vigoro lawn has vigorous roots. They reach deep in the soil, keep lawns greener in hot, dry weather.



Or feed your lawn every month. One Golden Vigoro feeding in spring lasts longer—weeks after other lawn foods have given out.



Or buy a lot of extras. New Golden Vigoro gives grass *everything* it needs (except sun, air and water) to develop thick, deep-rooted growth.



Or constantly fight weeds. Use End-o-Weed to kill weeds. Then feed Golden Vigoro for a thick, springy turf that helps choke out new weed growth.

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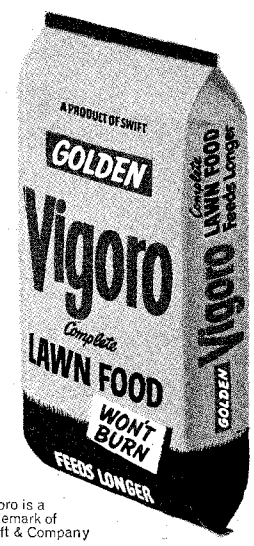

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My, how things grow with

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The Imaginary Heir (Continued from Page 35)

became an actress. Take it down, if you please. It is an amusing story." So she told me, in a dreary, reminiscent manner—but she always kept an eye on her watch.

Although I was a born actress, my background is not actually theatrical. My parents were rich, but not otherwise distinguished. I always remember them as a pair of those soft, gentle, pastel-colored birds that seem to cease to be when you separate them—it is impossible to imagine one alone; they can exist only in couples. Everybody in Budapest liked the Barlays for their sympathy and because they were so genuinely happy together. It did people's hearts good to see them exchanging their delicate little courtesies.

The Hungarian—when not otherwise engaged—is a sentimental and romantic creature, and so my parents had a wide circle of quite sophisticated friends. Horrid old dukes, notorious for their cynical dissipations, used to come to drink coffee at our house simply to enjoy the luxury of an afternoon's sugary remorse. "Ah, if only I could have been like that!" they said and went away much refreshed to make a wild night of it.

My mother was the only daughter of a wealthy landowner, and my father had inherited a title and a comfortable fortune. They had no earthly cares. Yet it would seem that their bliss was not quite unadulterated. They had been boy-and-girl sweethearts and, during their long and innocent courtship, they had playfully talked about the family they were going to have after they were married. I can see them in my mind's eye, hand in hand in a summery garden, playing their pretty little game of make-believe.

They decided, my poor parents, that they were going to have a son. There was, I believe, some battle of flowers about his name, but they agreed at last that he must be called Annibal. He was, as I surmise, to come into the world prefabricated at the age of four in the image of one of the cupids in the museum; spring into adolescence looking like somebody or other's statue labeled Youth Holding Dove; and pass gracefully into Apollo Anonymous.

For a year or two before her marriage, mamma was, somewhat to her mother's embarrassment, already talking of little Annibal as if he were well on the way. But to remonstrate with her would have been too much like mocking at a child.

According to my old friend and master, Jean de Luxe, my sweet, infatuated father was as silly, if not more so. The nearest they ever came to an argument was when, six months before their wedding, papa asked her whether he should send the growing Annibal to Horvath or to LaSalle for fencing lessons. She protested that she would not have her Annibal fighting with swords, and my father argued that it was his Annibal as well as hers—and what if, when papa was too old to fight, some brute insulted the boy's mother? Good old Jean de Luxe—even the most levelheaded of our friends found themselves involved in this silly fantasy—settled the matter by saying to my mother, "But, my dear, he will have wrists of steel, the eye of a hawk, and will fence like the Three Musketeers."

In due course they were married one idyllic day in spring—alas, so long ago!—and all the countryside and half the city danced at the wedding. The health of Annibal Barlay was drunk almost as if it were a christening! And thus this lucky couple went into their dream world in a great radiance, and everybody waited for little Annibal.

My grandmother, completely befuddled by this myth, had made a gold christening mug and spoon engraved with the monogram "A.B."; and even my paternal grandfather, who was supposed to be an astute man, put down a hundred dozen bottles of a very fine Tokay for Annibal's twenty-first birthday. He argued that, in case of accident, he could drink them up himself; but it was easy to see that Annibal had captured his imagination too.

Hence time went by and my parents' friends began playfully to ask, "Where's Annibal?" The Hungarians are a romantic people, but they take their nonsense seriously. They hate to be disillusioned, and there is nothing more dangerous than a disenchanted romantic—that is why the Hungarians are always revolutionaries. It was not that my father was a coward, exactly. He feared nothing but the ice-cold nakedness of exposure to everybody's laughter; for we Hungarians are great jokers, but our jokes are not to be laughed at.

Therefore, after a little while, telling the world that Annibal was to be expected in due course, and pleading my mother's health, he took her to the Italian Riviera—what time she and her old nurse Ilonka occupied themselves with tiny garments of china-blue to match Annibal's hypothetical eyes. I may add that Ilonka, a burly peasant woman, who could have balanced my mother on her great hand like a celluloid doll, was already fully convinced of her duty to Annibal and did a lot of fine sewing for him. Such is the power of suggestion.

Months passed. No Annibal. But—understand me—the less he was, the more he was! Ilonka was convinced that if my mother and father said that there was an Annibal, and her hands encompassed nothing, then she was somewhere at fault. At last, one fine evening while papa and mamma were at dinner, with a joyous cry, between two spoonfuls of chocolate mousse, my mother, laying down her spoon, cried, "Annibal is here!"

Thereupon papa wept and the household was turned upside down. Ilonka, as my mother's personal nurse, became an intolerable tyrant. It was like Hans Andersen's fairy story about the Emperor's New Clothes, with a different twist—the clothes were there, but the emperor was not. Nobody ever saw such a turmoil of washing and nursing, of disinfecting and window-sealing, of whispering and tiptoeing, for my imaginary brother Annibal in his secret chamber.

Gifts came in: spoons, silver-gilt mugs galore, cashmere layettes, and so on. Everyone plunged into the spirit of the jest, half-convinced by now there must be something—some canvas to support all this embroidery—some thread to give shape to this tenuous, lacy conception.

So Annibal came into being without ever having been born, and so he grew up. Jean de Luxe has told me—he was a cool old impresario—that, more than once when my parents talked about the child they hadn't got, he was hard put to it to keep his hands in his pockets for fear that he might applaud, and had to bite his tongue so as not to cry, "Almost perfect, children! Enough for today! Same time tomorrow!"

This, as you must understand, was before I was born. I am only fifty-nine years of age. Annibal would be nearly seventy by now—if he had ever existed. Poor Annibal—ah-ah! You see how easily one slips into the pattern of a tapestry?

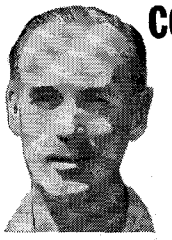
Time came when Annibal was old enough to have an English governess and a French tutor—Miss Smythe and M. de Mans—who also entered into the spirit of Annibal, but fell in love with each other and ran away to get married—to my parents' outraged disgust. What would servants think of next? After that Annibal was sent to school from where he sent home remarkably intelligent letters, which were quoted, not read. His grandparents remembered his birthdays, when there was generally a celebration with fireworks; only Annibal was, on such occasions, confined to his bed with an infectious disease—or there was a contagion in the neighborhood to which it might be dangerous to expose him.

In this smooth, ready-made manner my fictitious brother Annibal reached the age of eleven years. And then something unforeseen happened.

My mother on her thirtieth birthday announced to my father that she was, in

"John always takes a nap after eating."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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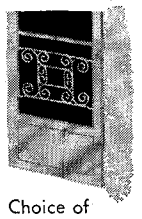

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honest truth, going to present him with a real child!

Now there is a considerable difference between an imaginary child and one of flesh and blood. I believe that the English essayist, Charles Lamb, was very eloquent on the subject of Dream Children—diaphanous things that came in imagination into the firelight when he had taken a little too much gin. Charming. But he should have had me! I was ninety-nine per cent meat and voice and did not care who knew it. He would have refilled his pipe and dreamed a different dream. Furthermore, as far as my mother was concerned, she learned reluctantly that there is a certain inconvenience connected with the bearing and rearing of a child, which is on the whole an earthy creature in itself. Call a baby a crock of screams and dreams. Enough.

This real child of my parents was to be born about August, under the sign of Leo the Lion, by which token it was to be dominant and creative. Guy de Maupassant was born under Leo. Mamma at once visualized him as a kind of poetic genius of military aspect with a blond mustache; a sort of General Wolfe, quoting Gray's Elegy while attacking the Plains of Abraham. Its name was to be Béla, after one of our national heroes.

Imagine my parents' horror when, instead of a dream, *I* was born!

Now, with nearly sixty years of poise and *savoir-faire* behind me, I am still nothing much to look at, but as a child, Jean de Luxe has assured me, I was like something out of a comic strip. As he said, "It is not that I mind frogs, but I find it unnerving when a frog wears a frilly blue bonnet and makes a noise like a cat." He was my godfather, and a broad-minded man—and he should have known.

I was, on the same authority, an intolerable nuisance, subject to all the more exasperating diseases of childhood, such as whooping cough, croup, thrush, mumps, chicken pox, tonsillitis, adenoids—anything to offend the sensitive eye and ear—and I had what are now known as allergies. There was no scientific name for them then; it was simply said that such-and-such a thing did not agree with you. I was allergic to feathers, every kind of vegetation and even to milk, so that, in the lap of luxury, I suffered with malnutrition; got rickets, and had to have irons on my legs for two or three years. No doubt I suffered; I don't remember. It is certain that my poor parents did. You have, in your time, awakened out of a bright dream like Caliban, and cried yourself to sleep again? So it was with papa and mamma.

So as dreamers will, they kept me, the reality, out of sight as much as possible and comforted themselves with the splendid vision of Annibal. My mother who, like most gentlewomen of her generation, had learned a little ladylike water-coloring, made dream pictures of Annibal in various stages of his development. The artist Laszlo Biro, commissioned to paint a family group, had to add an imaginary portrait of Annibal standing at my father's right hand and holding a book. I appeared as a noncommittal bundle of flounced muslin in my mother's lap; in the background, landscape with trees.

Now I am not saying that they, bless them, were in any way unkind to me. It was not in their character to be unkind. Only there was, as far as I was concerned, what the psychologists might call, I think, a mental block—a kind of emotional stoppage. I was less real to them than the enchanted mist which was Annibal. And, do you know, although I was a child of wonderfully quick wit and perception, I was eight years old before I realized that there was no such person as Annibal!

I discovered this terrific fact for myself. Hampered by my weak legs, I was debarred from active play, so I used to make myself as happy as I could in my own Cloud-Cuckoo Land, reading fairy tales and playing with my dolls, of which I had a prodigious family, each one with its own little characteristics. Also I had a dog, a great wolfhound, whom I called Galahad, because he would have fought dragons for my sake. I used to tell Galahad stories, some of which I had read, but the best of which I had got from my dear old nurse Ilonka. She was from the Rumanian border, and could tell a tale.

One night she told me about Zerbin the woodcutter, who helped a fairy in distress and was, thereafter, granted three wishes. Zerbin's first wish was that his bundle of wood should cut itself; his second, that the sticks should gather themselves together and tie themselves up into a fagot; and his third, that instead of his carrying the bundle home, the bundle should carry him. All went well—stick stuck to stick, a vine came of its own accord and bound a huge fagot which sprouted four legs, so that Zerbin could ride home as on a horse. He could have asked for the kingdoms of the earth, but this was the limit of his understanding, do you see? So he straddled his load of firewood like a lord; and now, if you please, it did not run fast enough for him! He cursed it and beat it with the back of his ax—upon which, the spell being broken, the collective bundle of sticks resumed their individualities, the knot in the vine gave way and Zerbin, the fool, found himself sitting all alone with everything to do again.

Now, I find a moral in this story; then, I liked to think that it was true. So, having caught and released a beautiful dragonfly in our garden—identifying it with the fairy in the tale—I made a bundle of twigs and told it to carry me back to the house. Then a cloud came over the sun—it was the shadow of dear old Ilonka, come to bring me home for supper. As she tucked me under her powerful arm, I remember crying, "I let the fairy go, but my bundle of wood wouldn't carry me home! I wasn't going to hit it, Ilonka."

"That is only a silly old story," she said, kissing me.

"A lie?" I asked.

"No, Miss Bella, a lie is different. A lie is something you tell to deceive people. A lie is wrong, but a story is good. A liar, little sweetheart, is worse than a thief; a liar will swear your life away. But a storyteller is as good as a holiday among new things—he opens the world."

I persisted, "But what if a story isn't true? What if you tell a story and it deceives somebody and he believes it? The story about Zerbin the woodcutter wasn't true."

"Oh, hush, my darling," Ilonka said, "you will see enough of truth before you are a hundred years older. Be thankful for a soft bed and a silly old nurse who knows how to tell a tale. Grown-ups also like to believe impossible stories; even I. Believe and be happy. Enough."

I nodded and said no more. I realized that there is more to truth than blind faith in a persuasive voice. I was swindled, and my heart was sore. In one step I had achieved a height of pity and of scorn which only defrauded children may reach.

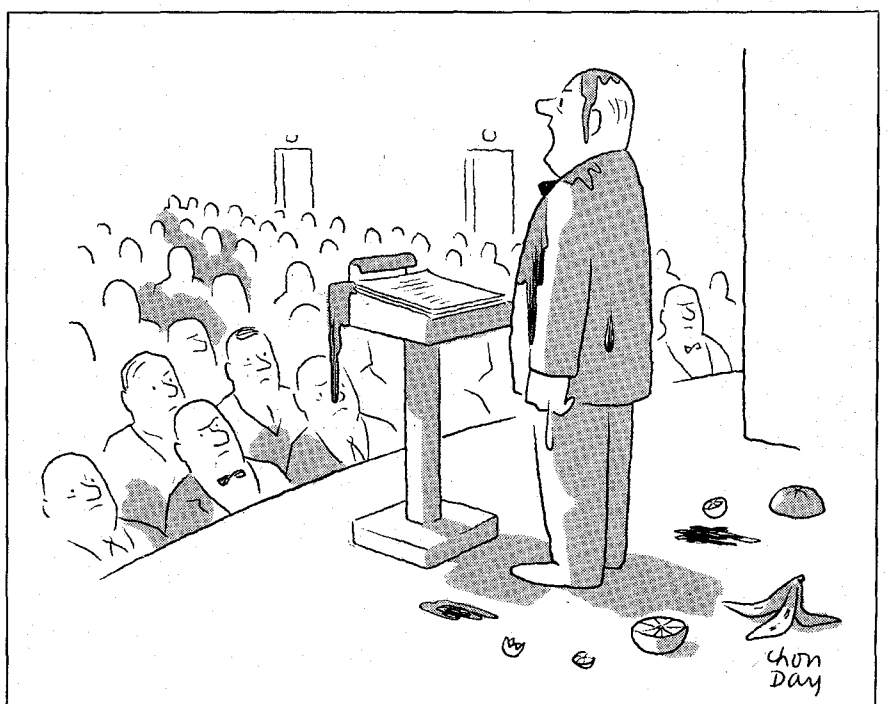
Young man, when you disillusion a child you may spark such an explosion of blind enlightenment as might blast you out of the world! The child will become wise to you, and the wisdom of a child is terrible. All of a sudden—poor me!—I knew that Annibal was a silly story around which my father and mother had built their lives. Thinking of my own shock of revelation, and loving my kind papa and mamma as I did, I lay awake half the night wondering how to explain to them that there was no Annibal.

My first gesture was to give away all my dolls and my storybooks. I never wanted to see them again. Meanwhile, I wondered to whom I could turn for advice; for I was only a child. Yet I had come to consider my parents as younger and weaker than myself, poor sensitive old things that needed to be sheltered from the facts of life. They were caught fast in the web of their fiction. And even stout Ilonka was with them in her heavenly-earthly way.

To whom, then, could I turn but that worldly-wise gentleman, the theatrical producer, Jean de Luxe? To him I uncovered my bruised being, while he fed me hot chocolate at an elegant patisserie. I said to him, "Monsieur de Luxe, my idea is that if papa and mamma may have a dream child, why should I not have dream parents? I shall make them behave as I want them to!"

"No, no," he said with a burst of laughter, "not so fast. Excellent as the idea is, you have not yet the wherewithal to carry it out. You are, God help you, my love, through too much talking to your dogs, and to your dolls, and to the butterflies and the wolves that you make with the shadows of your hands on the wall, an actress—a pantomimist and a *diseuse*—undisciplined, I grant you, but with a natural talent. Still, I do not think that you could without direction handle an imaginary set of parents.

"But you might deal with what is already in the Barlays' imagination. I mean, Annibal. Remember, from now on Annibal is your big brother and you are his adoring crippled sister. You love each other, and there are secrets between you."



"I thought I made it clear that a discussion period would follow."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Now Jean de Luxe gave me a small magazine and made me read it silently but thoroughly, carefully turning the pages; then he took the magazine away from me, and made me make the same expressions and perform the same actions over and over and over again, until empty space had bulk and weight. At intervals he told me to reach up and hug him with all my strength; in due course withdrawing himself, so that all my muscles were geared to fling themselves about an imaginary man in thin air, while Jean de Luxe stood by and chuckled, "Far from bad! Bear in mind that henceforward Annibal sends you affectionate private letters. Not at regular intervals. Sometimes Thursday, sometimes Monday. And when you receive these letters, you smile like Mona Lisa."

It is difficult to make a mysterious smile when you are swollen and sticky with self-consciousness, and have a brace on your teeth as I had. Thus the time came when letters came to me addressed in beautiful copperplate handwriting. The envelopes generally contained a small sheet of paper with a few scribbled words, such as: "Having read this, you little imp, scream, 'Annibal is interested in scientific agriculture!' Then with a hop, skip and a jump, make your exit. Burn this!"

And I did precisely what old Jean de Luxe said. Letter by letter, I believe, I almost drove my poor parents mad. But my good father, always recovering himself first, said to my mother, "Wilhelmina, the curse of my family has always been a lack of the agricultural sense. Sheep shave the grass like so many razors where steers might graze or crops rotate. We are lucky in our Annibal." Whereupon mamma would see him in English riding breeches and boots, mounted on an Arab horse—snow white, naturally—surveying a cover design of a landscape in emerald green and gold, studded with embroidered peasants and suitable black-and-white cows. As a finishing touch, at his horse's heels, two Dalmatian dogs exquisitely spotted ——

But sometimes, when I threw myself into more than ordinary ecstasies, they exchanged uneasy glances; and I was now convinced that there was some hope for them, because they knew in their hearts that they were dreaming and felt in their souls that it was wrong to impose their dreaming upon me. Loving them all the more for this, I became quite intolerable in my sisterly affection for the unborn Annibal. You have to be cruel to be kind, as the proverb says; and if there is anything crueller than a precocious eleven-year-old girl, may I be preserved from it!

Soon I was receiving a letter every other day and, in obedience to Jean de Luxe's instructions, dropping tantalizing details, such as, "Annibal has had a duel about a girl and—but I promised not to tell!" Or, "Annibal has grown a golden mustache, and the wife of the ——" My father took to walking up and down, while my mother lost weight.

Thus—oh, wise old Jean de Luxe!—I won my battle, jab by ruthless jab, letting my

(*Continued on Page 110*)

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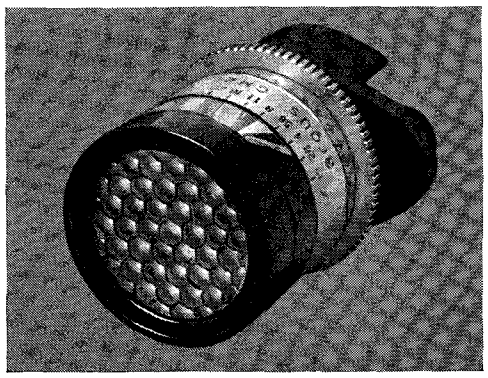

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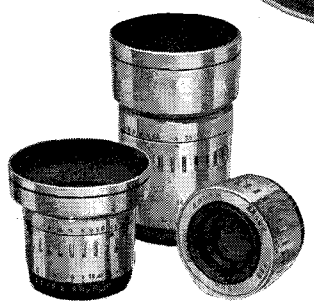

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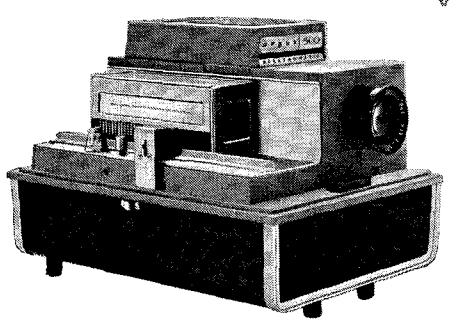

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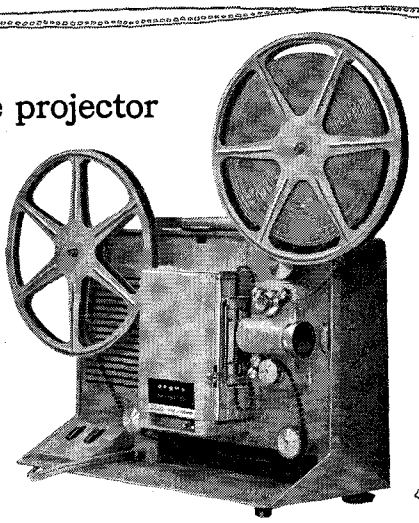

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(*Continued from Page 108*) kindhearted enemy defeat itself by the power of its own wrongheaded confidence. For I was striking at a hollow bag. Believe me, the poets are right—love conquers all—meaning, of course, true love for that which is. You can love a dream only within a dream, but the sleeper wakes to a loneliness, an emptiness, because a dream cannot love you in return, and the purest love starves itself hollow left to itself.

Hence, after a few months of imaginary correspondence with my nonexistent brother Annibal, the day came when I uttered a fine outcry and thrust de Luxe's last letter into what was later to become my bosom. It slipped through a hollow in my chest and lodged in my bodice.

"Darling, what is it?" my mother asked. Father cried, "Yes, what is it? Speak!"

I had to be given *sal volatile* before I answered, "Annibal has married the daughter of a farmer—a widow with three children, from Soskut—and he is sublimely happy! She is only twenty-six and looks younger!"

"What the devil is this foolishness?" my father asked. "Soskut?"

I went on, "That's what Annibal says. Annibal says that there is no worse rundown farming area in Hungary. Annibal says the water is brackish and the people are backward. Mamma always wanted Annibal to be kind to the people, Annibal says, and Annibal says that papa always wanted him to identify himself with the working classes. So he married Sari, and he is going to bring her home!"

"Exactly when?" my father asked, in a voice like nails going into an empty cardboard box.

"Day after tomorrow," I replied, clapping my hands. "Oh, mamma, may I have a new white dress, and will there be something for Sari's father? Annibal says he likes slivovitz, but he'll drink brandy if he can get it, or even wine. Sari's brothers like wine, Annibal says ——"

My father broke out in agony, "Damn what Annibal says! Where did you pick up all this?"

But my mother, looking at him beseechingly, begged him to be still and, with a troubled expression on her charming face, asked me if she might read Annibal's letter. Dancing from foot to foot, I sang, "Annibal says I mustn't, Annibal says I mustn't," until my unhappy father rushed out of the room clutching his head, while my mother sank into a chair and called for spirits of camphor.

The test a teen-age boy is least likely to flunk is the one he takes to get his driver's license.

CY N. PEACE

I was tempted then to fling myself upon her generous breast and confess everything; but the actress in me was already uppermost. I danced out and wept in Ilonka's generous lap, but she did not know what I was crying for. And I am not deceiving you, my friend, when I say to you that although I have played Camille while I had hay fever when the goldenrod was out, and once played Titania with congestion of the lungs and a broken ankle, that was my most punishing role!

A day passed. Then another. At last our butler Arpad came in with an appearance of distress, and said, "Sir. Madam. There are some people—I do not know what to do—but they say they have the honor to be related to this family. There is with them, it seems, Monsieur Annibal. What shall I do?"

I spared everyone trouble by screaming "Annibal!"—and rushing to the door to embrace, with all the art Jean de Luxe had taught me, somebody who was not there; some imaginary person about six feet tall and broad in proportion. I swear I almost defeated the law of gravity and clung to empty air. It was a good performance, especially when I led Annibal into the room by the hand and said, "Papa, forgive him!" My parents were aghast. But imagine their reaction when, in all-too-solid flesh, the family Annibal had married into came in!

His wife came first, a buxom Slovak blonde, leading a chain of children in various stages of objectionableness. Then followed her mother, a monstrous simpering woman who kept curtseying to the butler; and her father, a brutal son of the soil who kissed my father on both cheeks, banged him on the back and demanded something hot and strong to drink. In the rear came three of the most loutish oafs you ever saw in your life, who called for wine and kept fondling everybody.

Jean de Luxe had hired them, of course. They were actors, and they acted well. But my father could find nothing to say until my putative sister-in-law Sari held up one of the children for him to kiss. Then he roared, "What the devil is this confounded nonsense?"

Taking my cue—Jean de Luxe had foreseen everything—I said, "Oh papa, say something to Annibal!"

At this he burst out, "What Annibal? Where Annibal? Whose Annibal? To the devil with Annibal! Get these people out of here!"

Sari said very solemnly, "Sir, do you deny the very existence of Annibal?"

My mother answered for him and said with a dignity that touched my heart, "Madame, we have only one child, by God's grace; our daughter, Bella." And she clasped me to her breast.

The old man shouted, "No Annibal?"

My father replied, "No! Only Bella."

And then, do you know, he seemed to grow younger and taller, straighter and lighter, like a man relieved of a burden. He broke into an uncontrollable laugh. "No, there is no Annibal, and never was, thank heaven!" he cried. It is marvelous to see the effect of an old lie dying on the spot—it is as if the whole universe shakes its head to clear it and sighs a weight off its chest. "If you have an Annibal, take him away, and much good may he do you. Bella, my sweet, kiss me and forgive me for a fool!"

"Pardon me, too," said my mother.

Then, the unwelcome visitors having gone away laughing, I began to cry, and was much comforted.

After that there was no happier family than we three, and my easygoing, dreamy father became a realist and an extrovert. With my mother's encouragement, he speculated. He lost every penny he possessed. So, with Jean de Luxe's help, I went on the stage and supported them both in comfort for the rest of their lives. But I never married, and I do not dream.

"And how do you like that story?" Bella Barlay asked, smiling her three-cornered smile. "You have been very busy with your notebook."

I had to ask, "Is it really true?"

Here her face underwent a transformation. You have seen a leafless tree on a bleak horizon in winter, and it has filled you with a feeling of desolation; but suddenly the sun shines through and lends to its nakedness a glory and a refulgence. So her old face became irradiated.

"With development, it could be a good idea for a play," she said.

Hectic Home of the Dodgers (Continued from Page 29)

at Chicago's Soldier Field, the Coliseum is the nation's biggest stadium in terms of permanent seating. In annual attendance, no other arena comes close to it.

A three-game baseball series between the Dodgers and Milwaukee Braves at the Coliseum last year drew 171,326 people, a National League record. Professional-football records have fallen there too. The Los Angeles Rams attracted a new pro high of 102,368 fans for their game with San Francisco in 1957. In 1958, even after Baltimore had wrapped up the division championship, its game with the Rams in the Coliseum pulled 100,202. For the season Los Angeles achieved a new National Football League high in home attendance, with a startling average of 83,680.

Good tickets can be very hard to come by. On a day last fall when the Rams drew 100,470 against the Chicago Bears, a man fainted in the stands. As attendants carried him through the tunnel on a stretcher, a desperate fan was heard to scream, "What seat was he in?"

In addition to being the busiest and by far the most prosperous large municipal stadium in the country today, with a whopping $407,000 net profit for the fiscal year ending last June thirtieth, the Coliseum also is probably the most comfortable of these amphitheaters. It is certainly one of the tallest.

The height of the Coliseum has been a long-time source of comedy for professional jokesters. "I was walking up to my seat in the Coliseum," said Bob Hope, "when I passed a friend of mine. He was flying the mail to Pittsburgh."

"I've just hired a Sherpa guide," cracked Milton Berle. "I'm gonna be the first to climb to the last row of the Coliseum."

Fascinated by the height of the stadium—roughly that of a six-story building—Duke Snider, the strong-armed Dodger center fielder, was inspired at practice one night last year to try to throw a baseball up and over the rim. Duke hurled the ball with all his force and grimly watched it descend at the sixtieth row—nineteen below the top. Said he philosophically, "I guess anything higher would go into orbit."

Snider has made better throws in his time, but never a more expensive one. Injuring his arm in the stunt, he had to be removed from the line-up that night and drew a fine of $275.

Until the Dodgers came along, football produced the greatest revenue to the stadium management. The Coliseum is the "home" field of the Los Angeles Rams, the University of Southern California and the University of California at Los Angeles. How long the Dodgers will go on sharing the Coliseum is conjectural, although right now they seem to be stuck there for longer than they anticipated—and much longer than they are wanted by their landlord. The Coliseum Commission isn't eager to have its grass tromped on by baseballers, its "historic architecture" marred by a fence suggesting something out of Rube Goldberg and its grounds worn down through excessive use.

Other tenants in the stadium include groups sponsoring rodeos, fireworks shows, track meets, championship high-school football games, religious services and conventions. Some of the so-called "minor" events attract crowds very major in dimension. Normal attendance at the annual Sheriff's Rodeo, for instance, is 80,000. The Fourth of July fireworks show ordinarily draws 75,000. It is a lean year when less than 50,000 show up at the Coliseum Relays. And for Mary's Hour, a program staged by the Catholic Archdiocese of Los Angeles, crowds run as high as 90,000.

No single attraction in the Coliseum's thirty-six-year history, though, has captured the fancy of the citizenry as has the left-field fence. The Dodgers estimate that perhaps 250,000 of their 1,845,556 paying customers last year came out expressly to see the fence. At the opening-day ceremonies it so intrigued Goodwin Knight, then governor of California, that he lingered on the field just gazing at the fence. One of the Dodger functionaries—a Brooklynite who didn't recognize the governor—tapped him on the shoulder and said brusquely, "Supposing you do your sight-seeing from the stands, Mac."

Many voices in baseball have been raised loudly on the subject of the fence. Pitchers who have watched pop flies sail into the seats for home runs have screamed bloody murder. Left-handed batters, pointing to deep dimensions in right and center field—where a simple six-foot fence suffices—have complained about the injustice of it all.

This year the inequality has been lessened, with the distance in right center, for example, coming down from 440 to 375 feet. The result probably will be a home-run barrage exceeding that of last season, when more homers were hit in the Coliseum than in any other park in the majors. The distribution of four-base hits also should be considerably less lopsided this year. Of the 193 homers at the Coliseum in 1958, exactly eight went to right, two to center—and 183 to left.

It was little wonder that Hank Sauer, a confirmed left-field pull hitter for the San Francisco Giants, exclaimed, upon seeing the fence for the first time, "Let's start the game right now."

During the opening three-game series in the Coliseum, Sauer lobbed four homers to left. His light-hitting teammate, Danny O'Connell, collected a total of three homers during the 1958 season—all to left field in the Coliseum.

Walter O'Malley, the president of the Dodgers, doesn't complain about the fence. He admits he was lucky to get into the Coliseum at all. When he appeared before the Coliseum Commission last year to request dates in the stadium, he was received with less than open arms. The indifference shown by some of the commissioners was capped by outright hostility on the part of other Coliseum tenants.

The football people objected vigorously to having the playing turf in the west end of the stadium ripped up for a baseball infield. The commission suggested that the Dodgers establish home plate in the east end, far behind the end zone, where the infield wouldn't bother the footballers. An interesting chain of events followed. (*Continued on Page 112*)

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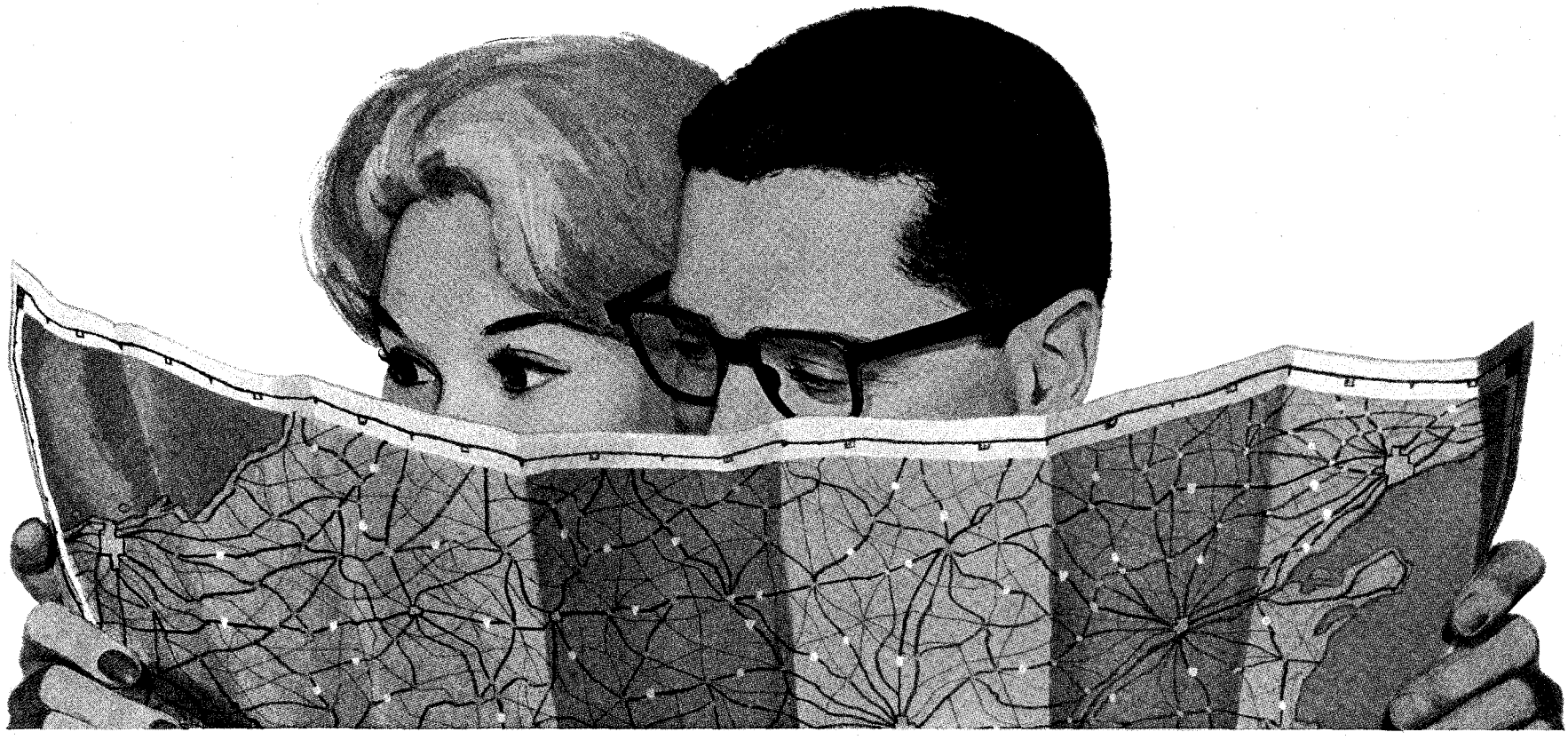

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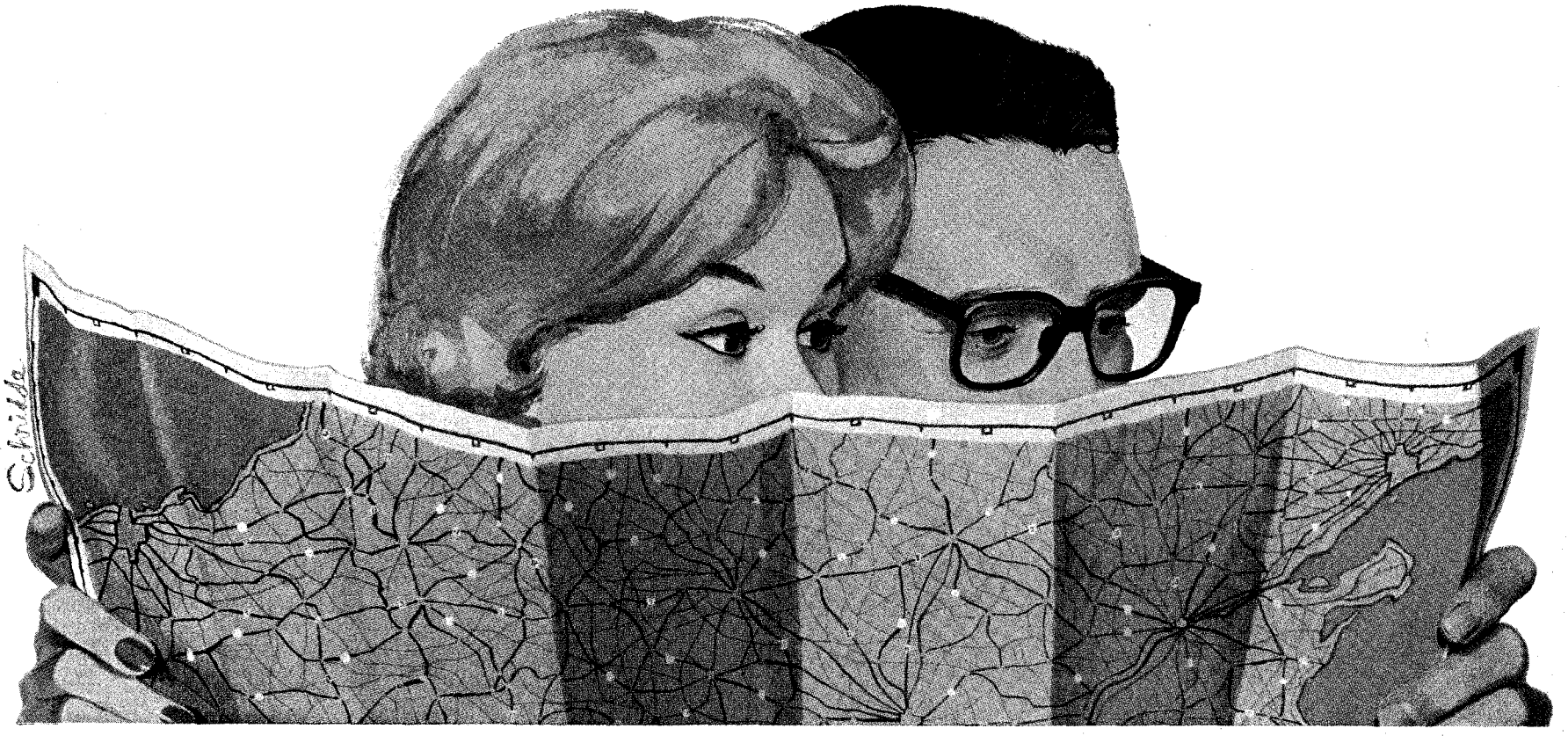

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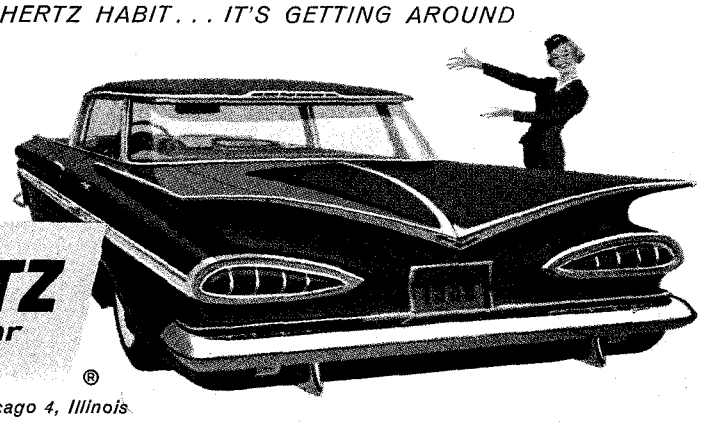

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(*Continued from Page 110*) First, O'Malley argued that home plate couldn't be located in the east end for day games because the batters would be facing the sun. The commission invited a scientist from the California Institute of Technology to inspect the stadium and calculate the position of the sun on the dates the Dodgers had day games scheduled. The scientist's report was never made public.

Next, a firm in Arcadia, California, proposed what it termed a flawless solution—a captive balloon, fifty feet in circumference, which would float above the stadium and shield the batters' eyes from the sinking sun.

O'Malley politely rejected the plan. He pleaded for the west end. When a stalemate resulted, the commission proposed a compromise. It told the football tenants that if they would agree to O'Malley's request, the Coliseum would reduce their rent, during the occupancy of the Dodgers, from the normal 10 per cent of the gross to 5 per cent. At these rates the footballers discovered they could live with the infield. So O'Malley at last rode triumphantly into the Coliseum, spurning the choice of a captive balloon, if he took the east end, in favor of a short left-field fence in the west.

The nation quickly got an insight into things to come when a group of players on the U.S.C. baseball team sneaked into the stadium several days before the opener. They told the grounds-keepers that they had been commissioned by Mr. O'Malley to "test" the field, and proceeded to try their luck against the left-field fence. In no time at all the college boys whacked two dozen balls over the screen, causing wide-scale publicity that neither the Dodgers nor the Coliseum appreciated.

A new source of fun-poking this year was the announcement that the Dodgers had ordered 20,000 toy bugles for sale to Coliseum patrons. The bugles are designed to render the four-note football "charge" tune of the U.S.C. Trojans—a touch that one spirited fan introduced at Dodger games last year. Columnists have had a field day speculating as to what the effect will be when thousands of these bugles blare forth in unison.

William H. Nicholas, who manages the stadium for the Coliseum Commission, says that he is learning slowly to tolerate the insults which baseball has brought to his arena. He actually lists the left-field fence as a minor problem.

Of more imminent concern are such things as juggling dates for the many tenants who lease the park and trying to find dates for those who would like to lease it. The Coliseum rejects as much business as it accepts.

"There are two reasons for this," says Manager Nicholas. "First, of the eight and a half months that we were open last year, the stadium was occupied one hundred twenty-six days, which amounts to almost one day out of every two. In a place our size, this can cause quite a strain on the staff. Secondly, we try to discourage a lot of lessees for their own welfare."

Last summer, a citizens' committee which felt duty-bound to recall the Los Angeles County assessor applied to the Coliseum Commission for a night date. "The commission urged the group to find a smaller place, like Wrigley Field, which seats twenty-two thousand," says Nicholas. "But the leader of the recall movement argued that the assessor was so unpopular that Wrigley Field couldn't hold all his enemies. Grudgingly we gave them a date—and the rally drew fifty-five hundred people."

Similarly, a Baptist musical, for which the sponsors forecast a turnout of 40,000, drew only 8600, and a motor thrill show, for which a crowd of 50,000 had been promised, attracted but 12,700.

Repeatedly the commission turns its back on commercial propositions, such as giant entertainment rallies during which automobiles and household appliances would be hawked. Nor will the Coliseum accept any shows involving animals, apart from the charity Sheriff's Rodeo.

The ban on animals has stuck ever since the time a lion paraded loose around the stands. This happened when tickets were moving so slowly for a wild-animal and thrill show that the enterprising promoter decided upon bold measures to stir advance interest. Locking the gates of the stadium, he permitted a toothless, clawless lion to "escape," and then notified, in order, the newspapers and the police.

"I was sitting in my office that afternoon," recalls Nicholas, "when I heard sirens screaming all around me. I ran out and saw at least forty policemen racing toward the stadium. They were followed by photographers and reporters. 'Where is he?' someone yelled. 'Where is who?' I asked. 'The lion!' he answered. I thought the guy was goofy."

Frightened by the charging posse, the king of beasts began to run. He climbed to the thirtieth row, looked around at his pursuers and kept going. Finally he gave up at an altitude even lower than that of Duke Snider's throw and walked into his cage at the forty-fifth row. Ticket sales still didn't increase noticeably.

Although emergencies can come up—and often do—the bulk of the commission's time is taken up by everyday ad-

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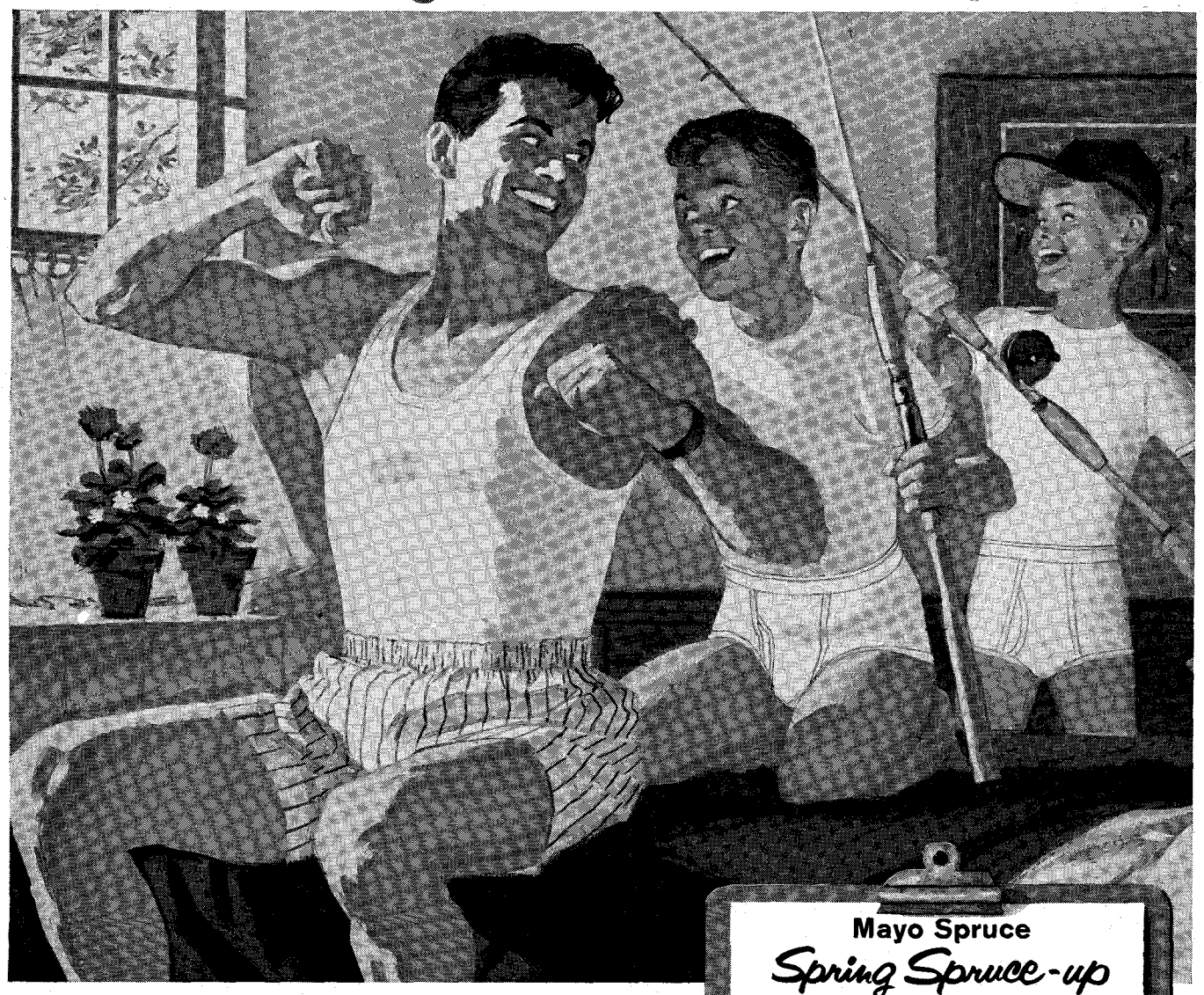

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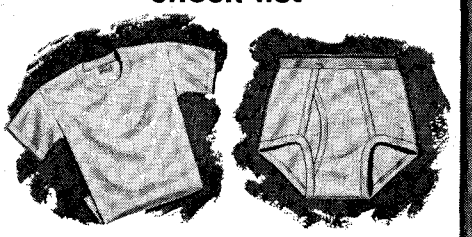

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ministrative concerns, such as the problem of working in seventy-seven home games a year for the Dodgers. In cases where schedules of lessees conflict, the commission has adopted a policy of honoring seniority. The two universities, for instance, have first crack at dates, followed by the Rams and the smaller established tenants. At the end of the line come the Dodgers.

Walter O'Malley had to do some fast talking last year to sneak in a couple of big Sunday and holiday double-headers on dates previously awarded to older tenants. He first persuaded the Archbishop of Los Angeles to delay for a week the Mary's Hour program, so that the Dodgers could play a double-header with Philadelphia. "I convinced His Eminence," says Walter, "that we could be just as good Catholics on the second Sunday in May as the first."

Next he prevailed upon former county sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, who sponsors the rodeo, to yield a Sunday in August, thus enabling the Dodgers to reap a fat gate against San Francisco.

It wasn't until he came to bat against the American Legion that Walter was thrown out. The Legion, which stages an annual fireworks show on the night of July Fourth, declined to share its date so that the Dodgers could play a morning and afternoon double-header with St. Louis. O'Malley then scheduled a twi-night double-header on July third—and drew 66,485 anyhow.

Operating a place the size of the Coliseum, with its crowded calendar, is a distinct problem, especially during the period when baseball and football seasons overlap. Before O'Malley was accepted as a tenant, he had to agree that all wiring, including the monstrous fence in left field and the twenty-foot-high backstop, would be taken down each time an event other than baseball was scheduled.

A crew with heavy equipment must often work all night, at double-time pay, to do this job. It requires another night's work to replace the wiring. O'Malley makes it plain that he doesn't care for the arrangement, particularly since he must foot a bill of $2600 each time the wiring is changed over.

On one occasion last year the Dodgers played on a Friday night. The screens came down afterward. The Rams played on Saturday night. The screens went up again for the Dodgers on Sunday. When they left town, the screens were removed for the rodeo.

To complicate matters for the Coliseum workers, the professional and college football teams insist upon different locations in the stadium for marking off their fields. The Rams, whose ticket program is geared to a large general-admission sale in the western rim of the bowl, prefer their field ten yards farther west than the colleges.

Wearily Jack Mohan, the maintenance foreman of the Coliseum, explains, "We not only have to move the goal posts between college and pro games, which we'd be doing anyway, but we have to change the chalk markings on the field and renumber the yard lines."

On a weekend last September, U.S.C. played football with Oregon State on a Friday night, U.C.L.A. played Pittsburgh on Saturday and the Rams played the Pittsburgh Steelers on Sunday. The next day the Coliseum crew began replacing the baseball screens and preparing the diamond for the Dodgers, who were returning home on Tuesday.

Night games create an additional problem, which has been intensified since baseball moved into the Coliseum. Crewmen have had to make three different focus markings on each light—one for the colleges, one for the Rams and one for the Dodgers. Every time the attraction changes, workers must make the treacherous climb to the top of the towers and adjust all 432 lamps individually.

In its day-by-day maintenance work, the Coliseum boasts that its standards of stadium cleanliness are the most rigid in the world. Immediately after an event, a crew of from sixty to 100 workmen—depending upon the crowd that day—converges on the stadium with brooms, brushes and disinfectant.

"They are ordered to sweep and scrub like soldiers whose weekend passes depend upon a favorable inspection," says Nicholas.

A disinfectant squad follows a broom battalion, wiping out germs along the entire thirty miles of Coliseum benches. The concrete aisles are splashed with disinfectant too. Once a month the stadium is scoured with fire hoses.

Before the gates are opened on the day of an event, workers inspect all the benches in a final checkup. This precaution has been taken since the day a commissioner took his seat at a football game and unhappily discovered that he was nesting atop the remnants of a chocolate ice-cream bar. The confection apparently had been dropped by one of the 3000 sight-seers who visit the stadium during the week.

A more serious crisis developed one time during Mary's Hour. Each of the 90,000 persons attending was handed a candle to be lighted at the appropriate time during the ceremony. The next morning Manager Nicholas was shocked to find tallow drippings on benches throughout the stadium. The commission ordered a full-scale cleaning—and presented an extra bill for $1700. Candles in the stands have been omitted from the ceremony ever since.

With thirty-two large, modern rest rooms scattered about the grounds, the Coliseum challenges any outdoor stadium to show finer toilet facilities. "Except on rare occasions," says Nicholas, "rest-room lines are never evident in our place. Our rest rooms are not only ample for stadium crowds of any size, but are maintained spotlessly during events."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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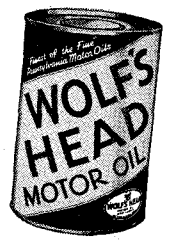

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With Little Worry

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After a tour of the Coliseum last year, the director of parks and gardens of Melbourne, Australia, was so impressed with washroom facilities at the stadium that when he returned home he wrote a letter to Nicholas in which he stated, "The highlight of my trip, sir, was looking at your johns."

The Coliseum furnishes free medical service to its patrons. A hospital containing six beds, two oxygen units and surgical equipment is located on the upper level. Babies are born there occasionally, and an average of five heart victims die there each year.

The last child delivered in the Coliseum belonged to parents who weren't even patrons. A man rushing his wife to a hospital on the Fourth of July got caught in heavy traffic outside the Coliseum. Nervously he summoned police, who led the expectant mother to the Coliseum hospital. The baby was born while skyrockets and Roman candles simultaneously exploded aloft during the annual fireworks show.

"At an average event," says Dr. Glen Jones, the physician in charge of the Coliseum hospital, "we will treat from fifty to seventy people, depending upon the weather. On hot days, the faintings get pretty heavy. Our most common case, however, is treatment for falls. People take nasty spills down those steep concrete stairs."

The Coliseum hospital, according to Doctor Jones, has built up a sizable hangover trade on autumn Sundays at Ram games. "People who have spent big Saturday nights rely on us for help," he says. "It isn't unusual for us to hand out five hundred aspirin tablets on a Sunday."

Over the last ten years the Coliseum has pumped back more than $2,000,000 of its profits into stadium improvements. Three moving stairways, costing $90,000 each, carry ticket holders to the upper level. New concession stands have been built to make purchases convenient in any area of the stadium. A new super lighting system illuminates the field brilliantly for night events, and improved exits permit 100,000 people to file from the park within eight minutes.

Nor have the participants been overlooked, either. It is the opinion of many athletes and sports officials that Coliseum locker quarters top all others for luxury. After Stan Musial, of the St. Louis Cardinals, inspected his large, private dressing cubicle, peeked into the health room containing whirlpool baths, diathermy equipment and countless other training aids, then showered in a tasteful setting of imported terrazzo, he observed quietly, "Getting dressed around here is a Hollywood production."

Still, the Coliseum doesn't please everyone. Football spectators have been complaining for years that a majority of the seats in the high, sprawling stadium are too far removed from the playing field to afford a good view of the game. Baseball fans grumble about the absence of a roof, which makes day games in the summer extremely uncomfortable for the onlooker. In the Dodgers' home opener against San Francisco last year on a warm spring afternoon, nineteen people fainted in the stands.

Many baseball and football fans criticize the policy of not allowing the sale or consumption of alcoholic beverages inside the Coliseum. Actually, the no-drinking rule was enforced only sporadically until last year, when Dodger fans began hauling shopping bags full of beer into the stadium. An order was issued by the commission to confiscate all beer and liquor at the gate and to frisk any patron sporting uncommon bulges around the hip. The owners were handed claim checks, so that they could get back their drinkables on the way out.

At a Ram exhibition game last fall, a television crew whose sponsor was a brewery discovered shortly before kickoff that nobody had brought along a supply of the sponsor's product to pour during commercials. A member of the crew was dispatched quickly to buy some outside the Coliseum. As he returned through the stadium gate, carrying a case of beer under his arm, he was intercepted by a policeman and relieved of his package. When he engaged the officer in angry debate, he was hauled off to the Coliseum jail at the west end of the stadium and booked. There was no "live" beer on the commercials that night.

The Coliseum was originally constructed by subscription in 1923, after bond issues for building a stadium in Exposition Park had been defeated twice on the ballot. Angered by this lack of civic pride on the part of the voters, Los Angeles newspaper publishers rounded up leading citizens and formed the Community Development Association, which underwrote a note for $800,000 with which to build the Coliseum on land belonging to the state.

The initial capacity of the stadium was 76,000, but when Los Angeles was awarded the 1932 Olympic Games, the state advanced $900,000 to increase the seating to its present figure. So for a total of $1,700,000 a stadium was built which architects say would cost upward of $15,000,000 today.

The Community Development Association dissolved in 1933 and turned over the administration of the stadium to the city and county. The state was granted priority on thirty Coliseum dates a year in exchange for the use of its land.

A short time later, however, the state grew dissatisfied and decided that it, too, should have a voice in the Coliseum's government. At one stage of its bickering with the city and county, the state threatened, under its date priority, to grab all the Saturdays in the fall and lease them to the universities for football, thus depriving the regular Coliseum landlords of their chief source of income.

The battle grew so hot by 1944 that the state introduced legislation in Sacramento to strip Los Angeles city and county of all Coliseum rights. But Earl Warren, then governor of California, refused to sign the bill and ordered all parties to settle this embarrassing argument.

Peace finally came in 1945 when a body called the Coliseum Commission was formed. It consisted of nine members—three each from the city, county and state. It was agreed that the stadium would pay the state $30,000 a year rental on its land—the rate has since been raised to $50,000. In order to prevent any two groups from ganging up on a third, it was also stipulated that seven votes would be required to pass any major issue.

This arrangement has worked out reasonably well. Right now the most serious matter facing the commission concerns the future of the Dodgers. Even though the Coliseum's revenue from the ball club amounted to $285,000 last year, the commission has made it clear to President O'Malley that it would prefer his finding a new home before long. It has stated publicly that it is quartering the ball club only as a civic service.

To try to insure the Dodgers' departure by the end of 1959, the commission inserted a one-year option clause in the contract, calling for an uncommonly high rental if the team remains in the stadium in 1960. The current rate paid by the Dodgers is $200,000 a year, plus 10 per cent of the gross receipts for nine specified games. For those nine games the Coliseum keeps all the concessions profits. For the remaining sixty-eight home games, the concessions money goes to the Dodgers.

In 1960, however, the club would be required to pay the normal Coliseum rate for tenants—10 per cent of the gross, plus all concessions profits. By baseball standards these are exorbitant terms, but O'Malley agreed to the option clause for two reasons. First, he was eager to get into the Coliseum after all the quarreling, and second, he was confident that by 1960 he would be inhabiting a new park in an area called Chavez Ravine.

As is well known, developments at Chavez have not gone as smoothly as the Dodgers hoped. Although Los Angeles voters approved the club's contract with the city in a referendum last June, a superior-court judge subsequently ruled it invalid. The State Supreme Court reversed this decision in January, but the possibility of other delaying action remained. Should O'Malley fail to get his Dodgers into Chavez Ravine next year, he faces the dark prospect of paying an outlandish rental at the Coliseum or moving to the tiny confines of Wrigley Field.

If it is any comfort to the Dodger leader, he isn't the only one who has been having Coliseum troubles. A man was arrested recently in Tujunga, a suburb of Los Angeles, for defrauding two persons of $2900. The complaint: He sold them an interest in the Dodger beer concession at the Coliseum. THE END

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when young
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roll along
Like burgomasters down a
street:
Amsterdam, and Rensselaer,
And Voorheesville, and
Watervliet ——

Our towns have names that
whisper by
Like moccasins along a
brook:
Saratoga, Tonawanda,
Mohawk, sachem
Schaghticoke ——

There are ghosts of
strangers, asking still
The way to Cohoes or
Poestenkill;
But natives cut their teeth
on these:
Schenectady and
Saugerties!

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Medicine's Legal Nightmare

(Continued from Page 31)

year, an annual cost of at least $45,000,000, the use of additional and expensive diagnostic and consultation services which are not medically indicated, and—perhaps most dangerous—a growing fear among physicians that they are not the best judges of good medicine.

Particularly bothersome to doctors is the fact that most malpractice claims appear to be unjustified. Medical leaders have described them as nuisance suits, shakedowns or outright blackmail.

Typical is the case of a Florida general practitioner who gave a penicillin injection to a housewife suffering from a finger infection. She developed a rash which lasted for two days, an allergic reaction which seems to strike as many as six out of every 100 penicillin-treated patients. A week later she demanded $10,000 for her forty-eight hours of anguish. To prevent what he termed "undesirable publicity," the doctor settled out of court for $400.

In another case, a risky heart operation was performed to save the life of a nine-year-old girl. The operation succeeded brilliantly; the child survived, and her deadly heart defect was corrected. During the last portion of the procedure, however, a heating coil slipped, and she suffered a burn about the size of a fifty-cent piece on one buttock. This burned area was later repaired by a plastic surgeon, at no cost to the child or her parents. The parents at first expressed their deep gratitude to the heart surgeon for saving their daughter's life. Then they demanded $160,000 from him as damages for the burn. The suit is still pending.

In still another incident, a Chicago doctor performed a sterilization operation on the mother of five children. He told her in advance that he could not guarantee the results of the procedure, but said it was usually successful. In this case, the treatment failed. The woman later became pregnant and gave birth to a child. She promptly sued the doctor, not only for malpractice but also for support of the sixth child. Her charges were later dropped.

Cases like these number in the thousands. Most of them have been thrown out of court or dropped when the physician announced he would fight. In some instances, however, the doctors have been taken to court, found guilty, and forced to pay thousands or tens of thousands of dollars in damages. Such judgments have caused the secretary of one California county medical society to complain, "In this state, it's no longer the practice of medicine—it's medical bank night."

On the other hand, there are cases in which the sued physician may call "Foul," but his negligence is only too apparent. Most flagrant are the so-called mistaken-identity incidents. In Illinois, for example, a limb was amputated from the wrong patient. In California, the right patient was treated, but the wrong limb was taken off. In Michigan, a woman was taken to a hospital for treatment of an infected finger, but wound up in the operating room and had her gall bladder removed.

Undoubtedly the most memorable of these mistaken-identity affairs was reported from a New York hospital, where two children were brought to the operating floor at the same time, Fred for a tonsillectomy and Billy for a circumcision. Somehow the children got mixed up and the wrong operations were performed. Later one of the surgeons declared he had done everything possible to avoid such a mistake.

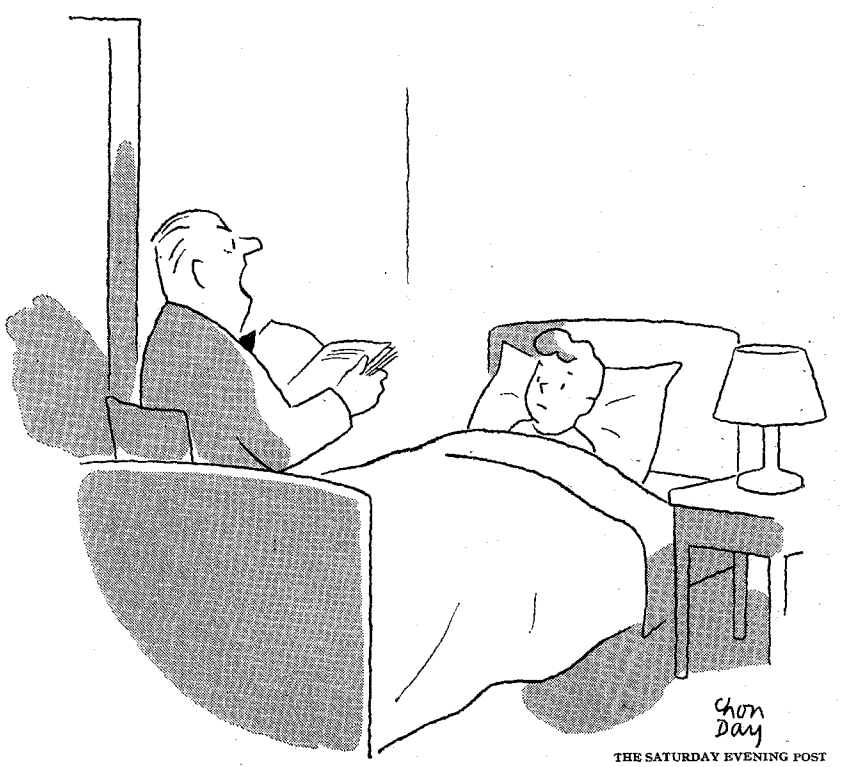
"I went up to the boy and double-checked," he explained. "I asked him his name. I asked, 'Are you Fred?' And he said, 'I sure am.'"

Insurance-company investigators decided to probe further. They went to Billy and said, "Before you went to the operating room, did the doctor ask you anything?"

"Yes, sir," replied Billy. "He asked me, 'Are you afraid?' and I told him, 'I sure am.'"

The investigators put down the mixup as a failure in communications and recommended a suitable cash settlement.

In unhappy accidents like these, the negligence is as obvious as a gouty toe and no experts are needed to prove it. But there are other cases in which the malpractice seems obvious, but in which testimony by expert witnesses—usually



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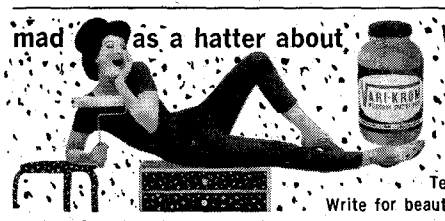

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by other doctors—is required by law. In these cases, according to many attorneys, most doctors flatly refuse to co-operate.

Lawyers have frequently described this attitude as medicine's "conspiracy of silence." They say it marks a widespread, dangerous and deliberate attempt of doctors to cover up one another's mistakes, either by refusing to appear in court against a negligent colleague or by actual lying on the witness stand. Physicians have vehemently and indignantly denied these claims. They say their reluctance to appear as a witness is typical of all professional men—dentists, accountants, architects, military officers, even lawyers. They object to the unfamiliar, unscientific, time-consuming nature of prolonged legal procedures. They declare that they themselves are being vilified by patients and lawyers in a "conspiracy of persecution."

There is no objective evidence to prove the formal existence of any such conspiracies. Certainly there is nothing to show that doctors meet conspiratorially in locked, smoke-filled rooms and swear solemn oaths never to testify against a brother physician. But the records show clearly that physicians have a marked distaste for appearing on the witness stand in behalf of a patient.

This distaste apparently exists regardless of whether or not the patient has a justified claim. According to one nationwide survey, only about 15 per cent of all doctors would be willing to tell a patient he had been injured by the negligent treatment of another doctor. Only about 7 per cent would agree to appear voluntarily as a witness for such a patient in court.

There is nothing novel about this situation. At least as early as the 1920's, a number of attorneys were angrily berating doctors for their refusal to testify against their colleagues, and for their willingness to take refuge in legal technicalities, particularly the statute of limitations.

"This statute-of-limitations loophole had been unreasonable in medicine," a California lawyer said. "Here's how it worked. A doctor left an instrument inside a patient in surgery. The doctor knew this. The patient, who was anesthetized at the time, did not. The patient didn't suspect anything until he began to have strange symptoms maybe three, four or five years later. Then he learned he couldn't sue the doctor because the statute of limitations had run out. This was not merely injustice; it was inhuman."

During the 1930's, while the malpractice problem itself began to skyrocket, attorneys grew increasingly bitter in their attacks on the "conspiracy of silence." Physicians reacted by becoming even less co-operative and refusing even more strenuously to testify against their colleagues.

"Twenty-five years ago I was employed by a firm of attorneys who specialized in the defense of malpractice actions," says Lewis Lercara, a prominent Oakland, California, attorney, recently appointed a judge of municipal court there. "Frequently negligence on the part of the doctor was clearly apparent. When leaders of the medical profession were called in for consultation as experts, they would emphatically state that the negligence was so serious that it was almost criminal. Yet they would show interest only in how the case could be successfully defended."

When such a case went to court, Lercara says, no expert witnesses would appear to speak for the patient, but the top experts would rally around their beleaguered colleague. One would testify, "Everything he did seems to have been proper." Another would state, "Some doctors do things one way, and some do them another. It's impossible to say which is preferable." Still another would claim, "There might be a slight difference of opinion here, but there's certainly no negligence."

"After five years I couldn't take this any longer," Judge Lercara says. "I became an attorney for the patients."

He and other lawyers claim that the situation has improved markedly in some areas, but medical organizations still wield tremendous pressure, not merely on their own members but also on dentists, nurses, druggists and even osteopaths, to keep them from testifying against a doctor of medicine. Sometimes, they say, the pressure is applied subtly; a doctor who has testified two or three times for patients suddenly finds that he is being snubbed at medical-society meetings, his wife is being snubbed at the country club, and he is no longer getting patients on referral from other physicians.

In other instances, doctors have testified under oath that they have been dropped from hospital staffs and even fired from such jobs as county health officers because they testified against other doctors.

This situation eventually reached the point at which alarm was expressed in medical circles. Some outspoken medical men suggested that perhaps their colleagues had gone too far, and they noted that all doctors were pledged in their code of ethics to "expose, without fear or favor, incompetent or corrupt, dishonest or unethical conduct on the part of members of the profession." Even medicine's own legal advisers were getting uneasy.

"I told my doctors that they couldn't have their legal cake and eat it too," says an attorney for an eastern medical association. "I told them they were getting too far out of line, and the courts wouldn't stand for it much longer."

The courts started to strike back in the 1930's. In a Pasadena hospital, a surgeon left a nine-inch drainage tube in a woman after a surgical operation. The patient discovered "something was wrong" many months later and then filed a suit, only to find that California's statute of limitations had run out. Both the trial court and the appellate court ruled against her, but the state supreme court reversed the decision, holding that the statute-of-limitations ruling was unjust and inequitable in such circumstances. It was decided that the statute of limitations should start to run not when the negligent act was committed but when it was first discovered by the victim.

Four other states have since adopted this interpretation.

Soon afterward the courts made their second and more drastic move. Noting the unwillingness of doctors to give essential testimony in court, they adopted and liberalized for malpractice cases the principle of *res ipsa loquitur*, translated technically as "the thing speaks for itself," or more commonly as "someone obviously goofed."

This principle was first expressed in England almost a century ago, when a barrel of flour fell from the window of a Liverpool warehouse and struck a passer-by who was minding his own business on the street below. The victim, it was claimed, had been "thrown down, wounded, lamed and permanently injured," and was entitled to suitable compensation.

During the trial, attorneys for the warehouse owner insisted their client was blameless. Furthermore, they argued, there could be no proof of negligence unless the victim would step forward, put his finger on the exact guilty party or parties and explain precisely how the accident happened.

Sir Frederick Pollock, the judge in the case, studied the matter diligently and then decided that the defense arguments were ridiculous. There was no way, he said, in which the victim—who was then lying unconscious under the flour barrel—could have immediately determined what had hit him or how.

"There are certain cases of which it may be said, 'The thing speaks for itself,' and this seems one of them," Sir Frederick declared. "It is the duty of persons who keep barrels in a warehouse to take care that they do not roll out."

Thereafter, the rule of *res ipsa loquitur* was frequently invoked in both England and the United States. In this country, one of the most striking examples is a case involving the discovery of a portion of a human toe in a package of chewing tobacco. Finding the tobacco manufacturer guilty of negligence, a Mississippi jurist stated, "We can imagine no reason why, with ordinary care, human toes could not be left out of chewing tobacco, and if toes are found in chewing tobacco, it seems to us that somebody has been very careless."

Application of the *res ipsa loquitur* rule did not mean that the defendant was automatically judged guilty. What it did mean practically was that the victim no longer had to secure expert witnesses to prove that the defendant had been negligent; rather it was put up to the defendant to prove that he had not been negligent.

The widespread acceptance of this concept in medical-malpractice trials was loudly protested by doctors and by their malpractice-insurance companies. They attacked it as unnecessary, unjustified, unfair, and un-American.

"Other men are innocent until they are proved guilty," said the head of a leading insurance company. "Under this rule, the physician is considered guilty until proved innocent."

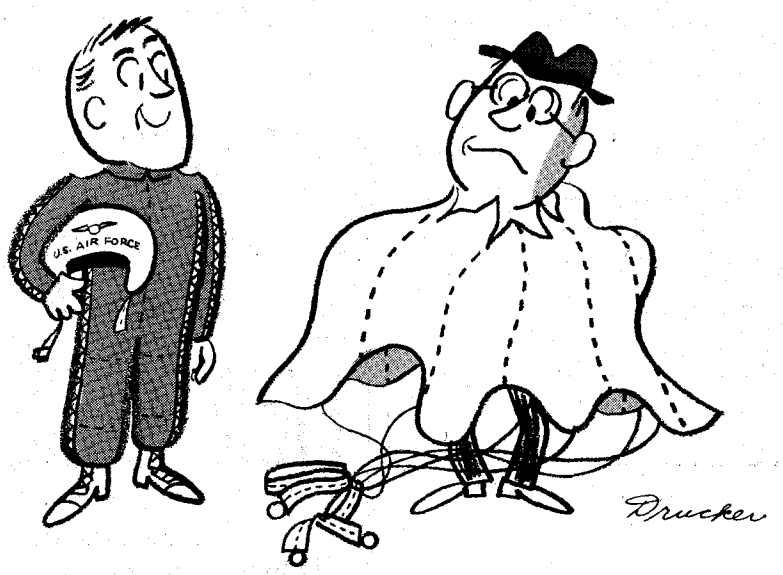
The courts were generally not swayed by such protests. Typical is the record of a celebrated Texas case involving a Mrs. Vergie Edwards, who gave birth in a West Texas hospital. For eleven days afterward, while she remained in the hospital, it was remarked that a "large mass" was still present in her upper abdomen.

"During this period," it was reported, "the mass in her abdomen was very noticeable, and her suffering was intense."

Edwards said her obstetrician and other doctors at the hospital diagnosed her trouble variously as "inflammation, tumor, locked bowels, and gas on the stomach." They treated her with enemas, hot packs and sedatives, but they did not take any X rays.

Mrs. Edwards was then sent home and told to continue the treatments. After weeks of suffering, she went to a second hospital and underwent surgery, when it was found that a second child was lying dead in her ruptured uterus. A week later she died.

Afterward her husband brought suit for malpractice against the first hospital and the doctors (*Continued on Page 118*)



The Perfect Squelch

The Air Force field was open to the public, and all but one of its visitors were pleasantly interested in the military displays. The exception, wealthy Mr. Utter, stubbornly refused to be pleased by anything he saw. His inevitable query to the harried officer assigned to show him around was: "How much did this contraption cost us taxpayers?"

After being interrupted by a dozen of these barked queries, the officer grew very weary. But he kept his patience until Mr. Utter poked a finger at a parachute and, after asking its price, demanded: "Young man, just what happens if one of these expensive things doesn't work?"

"If a parachute fails to open when one of our men jumps," the officer said, "we always demand that it be replaced by the manufacturer." Then, fixing Utter with a cold stare, he added, "We *never* forget the sacrifices made by our taxpayers."

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(*Continued from Page 116*) there who had attended his wife. At the trial he brought out the whole sorry account. Under the law as it then stood, however, Edwards was obliged to bring expert medical witnesses into court to substantiate his claims. He was unable to do so. Accordingly the trial judge handed down a directed verdict for the defendant doctors.

This was too much for the Texas Court of Civil Appeals. In a blistering decision which reversed the verdict, the chief justice of the appellate court at Amarillo said, "It is clear from the record that appellants were handicapped during the trial by the reluctance of physicians to testify with reference to the mistakes of other doctors. . . . It is a matter of common knowledge that they have a rule, known as 'professional courtesy,' which is endemic in the medical profession, and with reference to this case it seems to have become an epidemic. . . . There were eleven prominent doctors listed on the hospital's stationery . . . and from none of them was a sound ever heard."

In his ruling, the judge pointedly observed that the doctors had failed to X-ray Mrs. Edwards, but had "promptly made an X ray of Mr. Edwards' pocketbook and assets" and made him sign promissory notes to the hospital and the doctors.

In what is widely considered one of the most important reviews in this field, three distinguished California appellate-court judges have recently given this view:

> Gradually the courts awoke to the so-called "conspiracy of silence." No matter how lacking in skill or how negligent the medical man might be, it was almost impossible to get other medical men to testify adversely to him. . . . Not only would the guilty person thereby escape from civil liability for the wrong he had done, but his professional colleagues would take no steps to insure that the same results would not again occur at his hands.
>
> This fact, plus the fact that usually the patient is by reason of anesthesia or lack of medical knowledge in no position to know what occurred that resulted in harm to him, forced the courts to attempt to equalize the situation. . . .

The equalizing process started notably in California, but it was picked up quickly by most of the other states. The courts held, for example, that spinal anesthesia is a safe procedure; therefore, if a patient suffers nerve damage during this procedure, somebody has bungled. They held that an appendicitis operation involves the abdomen; therefore, if a patient undergoes this operation and comes out with a paralyzed shoulder, somebody has made a mistake. They held that a hot-water bottle can be applied to an unconscious patient without causing a burn; therefore, if a burn does result, somebody has been extraordinarily careless.

In all these cases, it was ruled, it is a matter of common knowledge that such unfortunate results do not ordinarily occur if due care and skill are exercised. This is obvious to both laymen and doctors. No expert testimony is required.

Unfortunately, the new policy could be stretched too far. "The great difficulty," warned the California courts, "is to determine where to draw the line. To apply it in all cases where an unexpected result occurs would hamstring the development of medicine."

For example, many scientists were nonplused when a judge ruled that "it is a matter of common knowledge that injections do not cause trouble unless unskillfully done or there is something wrong with the serum." This might have been good law, but it was poor science; it completely ignored all the research on allergic reactions, patient idiosyncrasies and the inherent danger in all drugs and all serums. One lawyer, quoting from Dickens' Oliver Twist, promptly retorted, "'If the law supposes that, the law is a ass, a idiot.'"

Equally startling was the decision of another judge who ruled that it is a matter of common knowledge that aortography for the diagnosis of occlusion of the abdominal artery is a safe procedure. This decision was later reversed. A higher court expressed its doubt that the general public knew what this aortography business was in the first place, and probably knew even less about its safety. In this instance, it appeared, things had gone too far.

To a considerable number of attorneys, all these legal developments—the wide application of *res ipsa loquitur*, the new interpretations of the statute of limitations, and even the acceptance of textbooks as "medical witnesses" in some states—were right and proper. They meant the patient could now get a better deal. But few doctors viewed such changes with any outward enthusiasm, and some of them exploded in wrath. Perhaps the most heated reaction was presented last year by Dr. Emil Seletz, a Los Angeles neurosurgeon, before the convention of the International College of Surgeons.

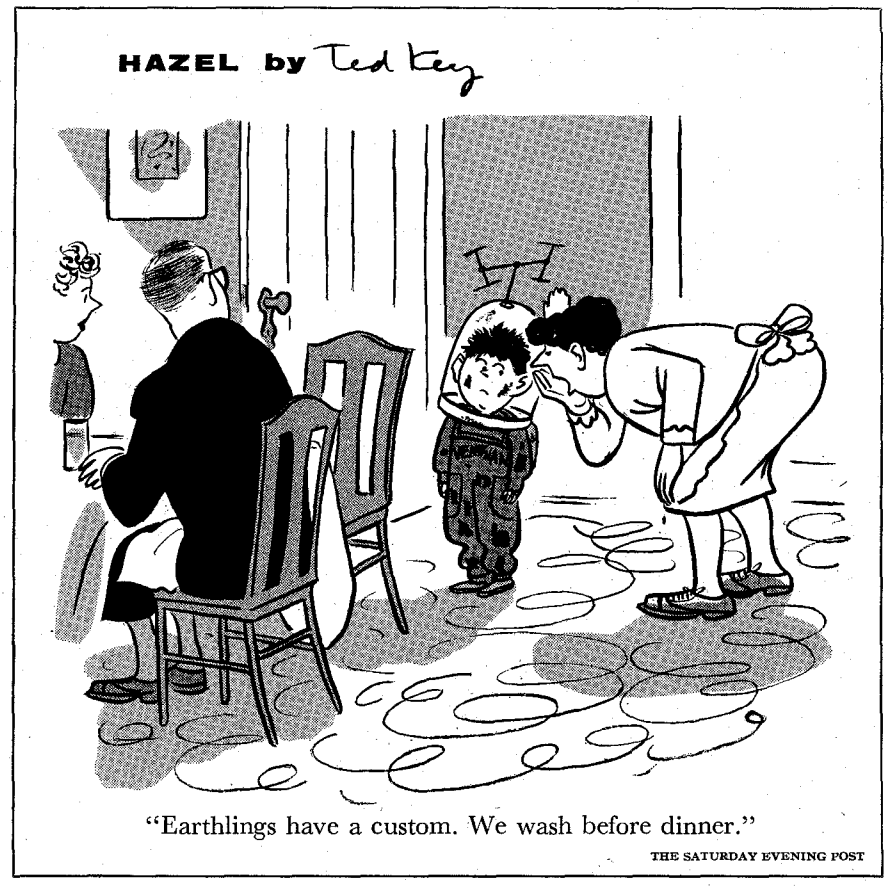
"The only selfless and self-sacrificing profession known to humankind is the practice of medicine," he said. "If the public knew how brutally every medical student and each doctor is screened, sifted, kneaded and pommeled by the colleges and boards before being permitted to practice, they would accord every qualified physician the veneration due a saint. . . . Malpractice suits against qualified doctors are legalized blackmail."

The surgeon declared that "if the truth was all that was sought, there would be no need for lawyers at all . . . the opposing lawyer is in court for the sole purpose of making money." The main objective of attorneys in malpractice cases, he said, was to "aid in the holdup and run with the loot."

Doctor Seletz's comments were viewed dismally by judges and lawyers. They caused equal anguish in most medical groups. A spokesman for the American Medical Association warned that such blasts were not only unwarranted but might endanger attempts which were finally being undertaken to repair the long-standing breach between law and medicine.

Some of these repair jobs were being done in Arizona, Maryland, New York and Minnesota. The most significant efforts were under way in Southern California, where the malpractice problem was considered to be highly acute and doctors were being most forcefully reproached for their unwillingness to appear in court.

"About twenty years ago," says Dr. William F. Quinn, now the president of the Los Angeles County Medical Association, "we tried to find some way to make medical testimony available to patients' attorneys in malpractice cases. But we couldn't get much co-operation then. Our doctors didn't trust the lawyers, and the lawyers didn't trust us. We were too early."



"Earthlings have a custom. We wash before dinner."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1955, after months of planning and meetings, the medical society and the Los Angeles Bar Association agreed to go ahead on an experimental program. A panel of medical experts—all of them volunteers for the assignment—was set up to represent practically every field in medicine. Under the program, any patient's attorney could go to the panel and select one or more of these experts for consultation. The expert had complete access to all records, X rays, laboratory reports, hospital files and affidavits. He could examine the patient and question any doctor, nurse or hospital involved in the case. When he completed his investigation and made his report, he could go into court—if so requested by the attorney—and testify without any fears of punishment or reprisal.

When the system was first announced, some attorneys hailed it as a victory for the legal profession.

"This program wasn't set up to help lawyers," they were told by Doctor Quinn, who headed the medical committee. "It wasn't even set up to help us. It was organized for the benefit of the public."

It was soon found that the Los Angeles panel not merely gave patients a better break but often helped to settle cases before they went to court. In one case, for example, a panel investigator completed his study and turned in a report that blasted the defendant doctor.

"The doctor not only applied the wrong procedures," he said, "but he deliberately tried to conceal his wrongdoing, and he sent the patient an extortionate bill. If I am called to the stand, I will be more than pleased to testify to that effect."

The defendant physician quickly decided to make a cash settlement out of court.

In another case, a plumber who was unemployed brought suit on the ground that his family doctor had failed to detect an obviously broken wrist. A panel specialist investigated and brought in his findings.

"Your man has a broken wrist now," he told the plumber's attorney, "but it's a fresh fracture. It couldn't have been broken in that way when his family doctor examined him."

Under questioning, the plumber finally admitted that he might have been mistaken in his allegations. His attorney immediately dropped the suit.

According to Stanley Johnson, executive secretary of the Los Angeles Bar Association, the panel system—now being used about sixty times a year—has brought a healthy improvement in medicolegal relationships. "Before the panel was established," he said recently, "it was most difficult to obtain the testimony of doctors in malpractice suits. The only natural result was criticism of the entire medical profession by both attorneys and the public. This criticism has now, for the most part, been eliminated."

Late last year, somewhat similar programs were put into operation in San Francisco and San Diego under a formal policy established jointly by the California Medical Association and the California Bar Association. Other panels are now being tested in other parts of the country.

"No one expects that these panels will be foolproof or that they will solve everything," claims Judge Donald Odell of Los Angeles, who took a leading role in developing the statewide program in California. "But they can be remarkably effective. Moreover, we've found now that most doctors are pretty reasonable fellows and that we can work with them. At the same time, I think the doctors are finding that lawyers are trying to be reasonable too."

The establishment of these teams of experts, ready and willing to march to the witness stand, apparently represents one of the first practical steps taken in the United States to solve the malpractice problem. It may also mean that at least some medical groups—while still denying vigorously that there ever was such a thing—have finally decided to end the "conspiracy of silence."

But the panels obviously can help only after the damage is done. They cannot prevent malpractice.

"To prevent malpractice," says a California medical leader, "we first had to find out what really caused it. We started looking into that about ten years ago. We have just started to report our findings."

Some of those preliminary findings have already been released. They have been described as important, challenging and revealing. In addition, in some quarters, they have caused complete pandemonium.

Editors' note—Next week, in his concluding article, the author discloses some startling new facts about the doctors and hospitals most often involved in malpractice cases and about the patients who sue them.

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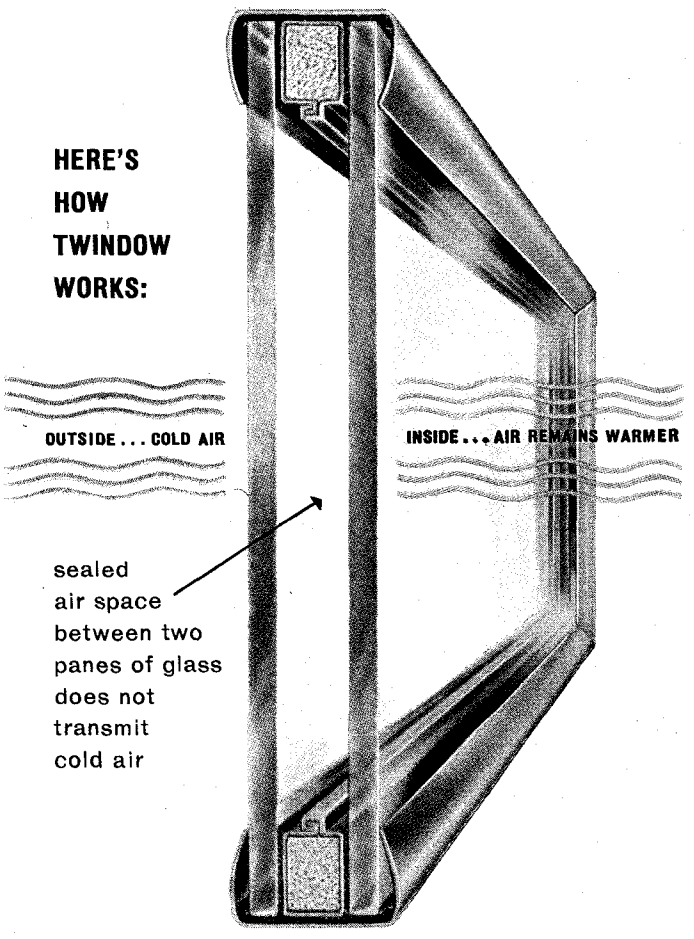
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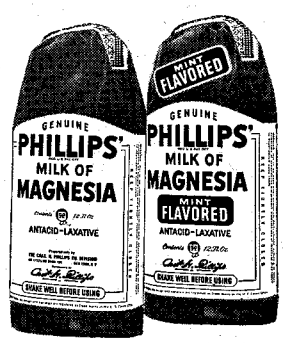

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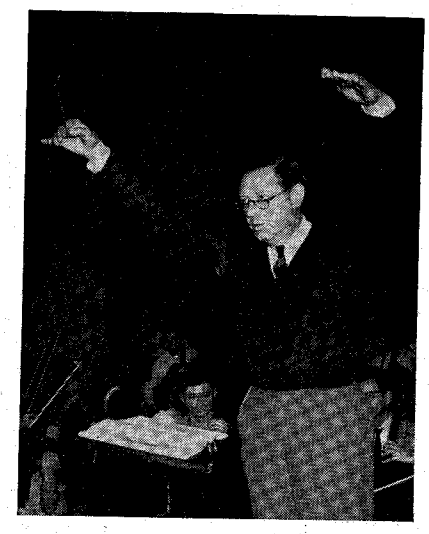
Keeping Posted

Writer on a Podium

Paul Horgan, the distinguished author on page 22, appears in a somewhat offbeat role in the picture—correction, he isn't off beat, so let's call it an unusual role. He is leading the Dallas Symphony Orchestra (during a rehearsal). This happened in 1957 when the orchestra presented a composition by Ernst Bacon based on Horgan's brilliant book, Great River: The Rio Grande, which in 1955 brought him the Pulitzer prize in history. Walter Hendl, Dallas conductor who later became associate leader of the Chicago Orchestra, overheard Horgan remark at a party that there was one more experience he yearned for in life: to lead a big orchestra. "So," recalls the author, "my Walter Mitty-ish dream came true." Horgan, telling the musicians to go right ahead if he missed a beat, took off on Schubert's Symphony in B Minor. "But before long I stopped them while we were all together."

Horgan's high talents also embrace music and painting. In the latter he excels as a water colorist. He originally studied to be a singer, but literature took over as his major love. His twenty books and many stories have won him a host of awards; he received the Legion of Merit for World War II service as chief of the Army information branch of the Information and Education Division, and in 1957 Pope Pius XII made him a knight of St. Gregory the Great. Paul was born in Buffalo, but he grew up in New Mexico and that region has remained his favorite living place.



Paul Horgan's dream comes true.

Tales of the Authors

Graham Fisher, ably complemented by his wife, Heather, conducts a busy free-lance-writing enterprise out of Kent, England, which makes its mark on British, Canadian and American magazines. Graham, who portrays Britain's Prince Charles on page 32, says that their daughters, aged 15 and 10, "follow in mom's footsteps as far as making paw toe the domestic line is concerned." In 1957 Mr. and Mrs. F. came over and had a long, searching look at the United States, and "in a hundred ways were stimulated, intrigued, amused and sometimes irritated." Graham was especially intrigued by one American host who insisted on wearing a baseball cap while watching the World Series on TV.

After writing the Los Angeles Coliseum article on page 28, **Mel Durslag** ran into actor William Holden, and the cinema star said that he had once served for eleven months on the Coliseum Commission and then resigned after never attending a single meeting. The actor is pretty busy—part of this time he was in Ceylon making The Bridge on the River Kwai. Anyway, his name was omitted from the list of commissioners placed on the cornerstone plaque of the new Sports Arena in Exposition Park. Holden wasn't altogether crushed by this, since he has a 10-per-cent interest in River Kwai, which so far has grossed $12,000,000.

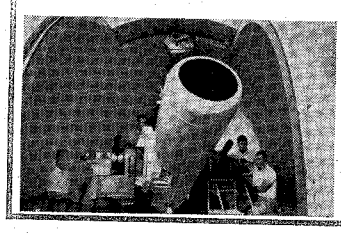
Manager Nicholas of the Los Angeles Coliseum and writer Durslag.

Agony of an Artist

Artist **Kurt Ard,** that harassed chap pictured in his Copenhagen, Denmark, studio, has just finished painting the cover which appears on this week's Post and is beginning to worry all over again about whether he has picked the right style of dress for the lass in his shopping scene. Ard and his wife started tussling with the dress problem all of a year ago. Just as they decided on a style and Kurt sent the Post a preliminary sketch, Paris switched styles, shortening skirts and doing various other complicated things. Ard's second finished sketch coincided with a Paris switch to the Empire mode. Art editor Ken Stuart then sent over a photograph of a dress from a fashionable American shop, but before it arrived the artist, yearning to end this job before he reached retiring age, dispatched to Philadelphia a finished cover, using a sort of prophetic-compromise gown designed to get by whatever Paris may do next, he hopes. In a way Mrs. Ard was sorry to see the project end. She came out of it with two new suits and three new dresses.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:

"The Men Who Chase Missiles"



After a blast-off at Cape Canaveral, what happens on the down-range island outposts?

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